



BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH
CYRIL MAUDE

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Behind the scenes with Cyril
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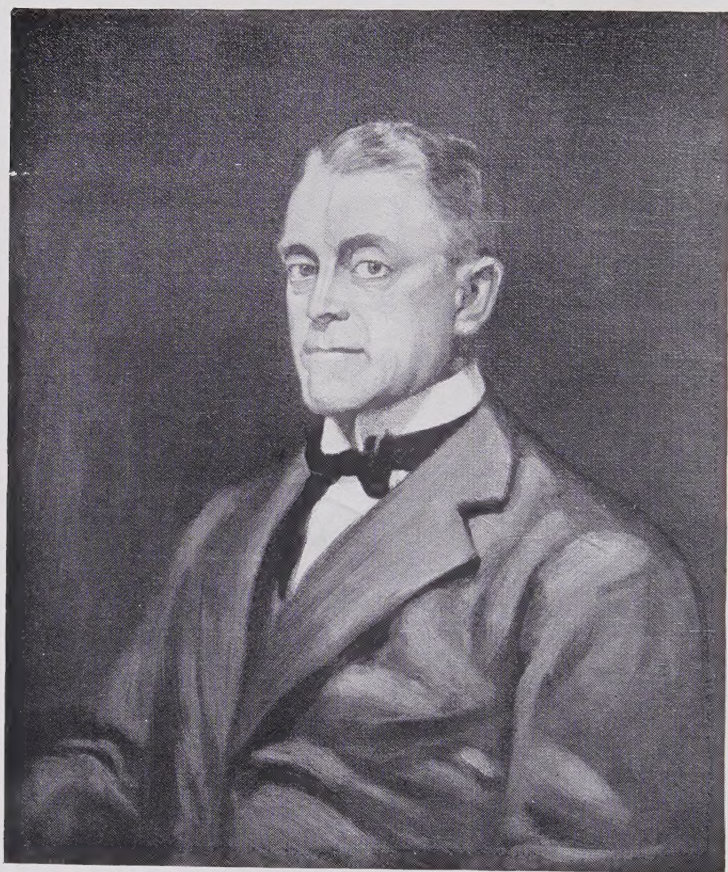
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**BEHIND THE SCENES WITH
CYRIL MAUDE**

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CYRIL MAUDE

From a Picture by T. E. Stephens

[Frontispiece]

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH CYRIL MAUDE

BY HIMSELF

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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TO
BEATRICE

PREFACE

FOR some years past I have been urged by friends, both on and off the stage, to write the plain and simple story of my career. They seem to think the ups and downs of it might prove interesting to others. I wonder ! Anyway here it is ! Shall I confess, before I start writing, that there is only one set of people who all through my professional career have at certain moments filled me with awe and fear ? They were the first nights of new performances : those people the Theatrical Critics, who sat in judgment upon me in the stalls below ! But now that my acting days are over, I see how groundless and foolish were those fears, for throughout my career, however much I might dread what I should see in print next morning, the kindness of the critics has been wonderful both in England and in America and in our Dominions. I owe them a real debt of gratitude for the help, whether it took the form of censure or of appreciation, that they have always given me in the columns of the press. Dare I hope their brethren of the craft, the Literary Critics, will be as lenient to the faults and failings of this, my book ? Here it comes out trembling from the wings (not the wings of the stage this

time, but of my publisher!) and nervously makes its first appearance before the public, my kind public, which has always been so blind to my failures and so kind to my successes. After all the book does not aspire to be anything greater than the story of an ordinary working man's life, whose job it has been to try and hearten up folk when they felt sad and tired and make people feel that there was laughter in the world as well as tears. It has been a real joy to me to review my past and above all to recall the wonderful kindness I have met with all through my life. Possibly the most interesting things in the book are the accounts of life among the Movie Actors—the Auto-graph Board—and the splendid little playlet by George Bernard Shaw, whom, together with W. B. Maxwell, I thank cordially for their kindness in allowing me to reproduce what they wrote. My thanks are also due to *The Times*.

CYRIL MAUDE.

October 1, 1927.

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BEHIND THE SCENES WITH CYRIL MAUDE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

No, I won't disguise the fact that I am genuinely glad to escape from the thralldom of theatre life. I know well that it is a thing from which many an old actor or actress never wishes to be released. For them it is everything, the essence of perfect happiness. They love the atmosphere of the theatre both by day and by night ; the strange, mysterious empty stage of the day-time ; the great gloomy auditorium swathed in dust sheets ; the uncommunicative stage door keeper, so full of stories he could tell but thinks it wiser not to, and at night, they love the bustling in of actor and actress and the shambling in of the stage hands and dressers and the important bearing of the members of the orchestra as they pass through the stage door. They love the lights and the appeals of the call-boy : "Half an hour, please—a quarter of an hour, please—orchestra in, please—beginners, please." They adore the smell of the grease paint and

the desultory chat over the doings of the day with other actors and actresses and the speculations on the possible run of the play. "Will it last out the season?—I wonder!"

Then what a thrill they get from the pause before the curtain goes up, and from listening for the applause which is bound to follow some special line—and a thousand other nightly joys! Perhaps they love best of all the merging of their own personalities into those of the parts they are playing and the forgetting all their own private troubles and grievances in the character they assume for the next couple of hours or so. And there is always the wonder as to what the audience is going to be like, not only in size, but in temper and feeling, in quickness or in dullness. Audiences vary in a very remarkable way from night to night. They are never the same exactly. Their composite personality is just as variable as that of any human beings. Of course, they would miss the rehearsing of the play and the gradual shaping of their parts in their hands and in the hands of the producer, and I must own that the theatre work which always most appealed to me was the "production" of a play. That is surely the most interesting of all! And then there are the friendships one formed, and many are the delightful people one found oneself working with! Many generous, good, kind-hearted people, some successful through pure brain

power, some through beauty, and some through that most useful quality of all, and the most difficult to account for—personality ! I know of actors and actresses who succeed entirely through their personalities, and through nothing else. They repeat exhibitions of this, their marvellous gift, in each play, and each time they are considered brilliant. I have known them to be quite brainless, but owing to marvellous personality appearing to be wonders beyond compare. What a gift ! Yes, surely it is personality that pays, or is magnetism the right word for it ?

For the women of the theatre I have a very great sympathy. No woman enjoys growing old, but for the actress it is a terror far worse than for anyone else. The more successful she is, the more disastrous the very thought of old age becomes. True, she may become a grande dame—there is always that on which to fall back—but even that is a “come down” after being a leading lady—a Star ! There are many heart-burnings to bear, but how nobly most of them hide their disappointments, their griefs—bless them ! Dear comrades of the theatre in England and in America, you are great in your brave endurance of “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” How I, for one, admire you for it ! And for your true-hearted comradeship, and for your charity towards one another. *A great little community !*

And yet, and yet—I am glad to get away

from it all—that theatre life. It is a very confined sort of existence, I think. One's outlook on life ran very much in a groove. One was continually meeting the same set of people every night instead of people of varied interests. One's day was always, to a certain extent, ruled by the remembrance that one would have to be at one's very best by night-time—one was apt to become very introspective and self-centred !

I have often been asked to describe the difference between English and American audiences, and I have always found it difficult to do so. Of course, the American is more accustomed to theatre going than the Englishman is. The Englishman shows his pleasure or his pain *during* the performance more markedly than the American does, but the American exhibits more gratitude than we do at the end of the acts, calling and recalling the artists much more frequently. On the other hand, there is hardly any applause at the end of the last act in America, while in England the most vociferous applause is reserved for the close of the performance. The American sense of humour I have always found to be precisely the same as the English, and I think I have had as good an opportunity of judging on that point as any Englishman ever had. I have loved to act in America just the same as in England, more so perhaps, in a way, as I did not have such terrible managerial responsi-

bilities in America, where I was starred for the most part by an American management. No man could possibly be more kindly and generously received, both as actor and man, than I have been by Americans of every class. I have made thousands of good friends, and only regret one cannot be in both hemispheres at once.

If by any chance this book of mine (which I have felt so diffident about writing) may by good luck come under the eye of one of those thousands of friends, both in England and in the United States, I only hope it may do nothing to obscure that friendship or hurt their regard for me. Next to my own country I love America, and I only hope and pray that the affection of one country for the other may ripen more and more as the years go on—for it is in their mutual understanding alone that one can foresee that peace which is so needed in this old worrying world of ours.

CHAPTER II

FAMILY AND EARLY YEARS

My wife's ancestry dates as theatrical a very long way back. Her father was a famous actor, especially of Dickens parts. His name was Sam Emery. I have always heard that his Peggotty and Quilp were marvellous. He played with Fechter at the Lyceum many years ago. He told my wife when she was a little girl that the great tragedian was immoderately fond of sheeps' heads, and that under his dressing-room window collected a great pile of well-picked bones. His father, John Emery, was a still greater actor. A painter too he was, and a violinist as well. Many are the famous old playbills in which the collector will show you his name, and his portrait was often painted by Zoffany and other famous artists of that period. He seems to have excelled in the parts of rough north countrymen. Her grandfather was a Machel Emery, who, I fancy, mostly played in the provinces, but apparently both he and his wife were great artists.

My wife was born in '61. She began her stage life at Preston, where she was actually a real live baby on the stage. Afterwards I

remember her telling us how she had appeared as The New Year at the Old Princess when she was about thirteen years old. She used to love to sing in an imitation baby voice :

I'm seventy-five, I'm seventy-five,
And trying to keep you all alive, etc. etc.

—the song she sang in that pantomime so many years ago—52 years ago !

My eldest daughter, Margery, went on the stage for some years before she married and settled in America, and if her daughter Winifred Emery Burden should ever choose the theatre life, she will be able to boast a descent of five generations of actors.

On my mother's side, I am descended from a murderer, among other gentlemen of more or less distinction, for my ancestor was that Tracy who killed Thomas à Becket. When Henry said, " Who will rid me of this turbulent priest ? " my forbear at once sprang to attention and said he would do it, and so he did, assisted by other knights. The Tracys settled in Devon some years before that too, I fancy, and that particular one appears afterwards to have repented of his sin, and built, in expiation, a church at Bovey Tracey, which is one of the show churches in the district in which I have now taken up my abode.

Later on my mother's family lived in Gloucestershire, at a lovely place called Toddington, near Winchcombe. " Hales Abbey "

also belonged to the family, and many are the days of delight on which I have happy memories of fishing in the monks' old fishpond there. Sudeley Castle, a most beautiful old semi-ruin, one of the loveliest in England, also at one time belonged to a very distant ancestor. Lucky are the visitors who gain permission from the distinguished owners nowadays to view the wonderful old rooms, full of priceless treasures !

Toddington House itself was designed and built by my great-grandfather Sudeley, the head of my mother's family. It is a wonderful house, looking rather like a queer sort of cathedral, with a corridor all around the inside lit by very valuable stained-glass windows. There is a riding school, or perhaps I ought to call it a riding corridor, in which I have happy, but slightly terrifying, remembrances of being taught to jump by a funny old groom called Shepherd. I have a picture of him, looking very queer and antiquated in his old-fashioned groom's livery with a gold band round his hat. He used to take me out hunting with the North Cotswolds, and one day he managed my career of short cuts so skilfully that I was in at the death, and Lord Coventry, our own delightful old Lord Coventry, of whom you could until very lately frequently see pictures in the *Sketch* and *Tatler*, presented me with the brush and duly "blooded" me. I was only about six years old then. My conceit about it

must have been painful to witness that day, and I have a vivid remembrance of absolutely refusing to have my face washed until after lunch ! A descendant of the Tracys revelling in blood, you see !

I remember, too, how my Uncle Sudeley used to keep a great number of wild animals, such as zebras, gazelles of all kinds, and cranes, and even a somewhat dangerous hump-backed Indian bull, along the pretty river-side. The only three adventures I can recall in connection with our little family and the wild beasts and birds were, that on one occasion one of my small brothers was chased a great distance by a crane considerably bigger than himself, to try to rob him of a large and succulent bun he was carrying away from the Stillroom at the “Big House” ; and another day I recall so well our nurses and the children crossing by mistake one of the paddocks containing a selection of savage antelopes, and how we were chased across the paddock, some of us small people running ahead with the nursery-maid, and our gallant old and much-loved nurse, Davies, manfully defending the rear with an open umbrella. What a scene for the movies it would have made ! I can also see in my mind’s eye an attack made by the Indian bull on one of my uncles Tracy, when a queer old African dug-out canoe which my Uncle Sudeley kept on the river drifted across to the side of the river where the bull was allowed to

room. It was a thrilling sight. I couldn't quite catch my uncle's language—the breeze was blowing in the wrong direction!

What heavenly times my brothers and a small sister and I had in those lovely summers at Toddington, to which we were annually invited by that kindly uncle, who was so devoted to my dear mother! How I delighted in everything—the lovely ponies he let me ride; the Arabs, too, which he bred; the White Farm, on which he raised everything white, cattle, chickens, ducks, peacocks, turkeys, everything; the fishing; the shooting! I narrowly escaped shooting a keeper one day—no one could be more careful than I have been ever since! It was all so wonderful for us boys year after year—we almost began to imagine we owned the place, and that it would go on for ever.

Then we had also the interest of watching the building of the lovely church which my uncle was erecting, and in which is the beautiful tomb of my grandfather and grandmother. She, by the way, was a dear sweet-faced little old lady, who I well remember presenting my wife with a beautiful little old gold and turquoise bouquet holder and scent bottle of exquisite workmanship on our wedding at the Savoy Chapel, and I can see her now making a quaint little curtsy to Winifred as she made the gift! She was one of two heiresses—who were known as Sugar and Slate. *Her*

fortune came from sugar, and her sister's from slate. The slate has lasted best, as you shall see! All the school children in the village were dressed alike. We used to have great games with the children of the Vicar, a dear old gentleman, a brother of Father Staunton's. When, many years later, owing to great financial disaster, Toddington and all its glories passed out of the family, the Vicar swore to having seen my grandfather riding moodily up and down the drive on his old white horse! I wonder! Still, if you cannot believe your clergyman, whom are you to believe? I used, as a child, to be greatly awed by the family vault which lay in the crumbling churchyard, and at the bones and skulls lying about occasionally near the newly building church.

The steward, too, I remember so well as an old gentleman of great dignity, and the house-keeper as well, in her rustling black silk gown! Then there was the old coach-house, in which, among other curious old vehicles, was the family coach which used to take my people to Court—and the stables, with their beautifully plaited straw in front of the stalls, were always a joy to me. A dream, all passed away into the hands of others, who, however, maintain the beautiful place in all its old-world dignity and beauty.

My father's family originally came from the north of England, but our own particular branch settled in Ireland in Cromwell's time.

I remember the head of our family in old days telling me that Cromwell told our ancestor that if he went to a certain place of the name of Dundrum in Tipperary, he could take possession of it—that he went there, and found a lovely young lady crying at the foot of a gibbet, on which her father had been hanged the day before ; that he commenced a flirtation with her on the very spot, and that they subsequently married !—but how true the story may be, or how much my dear old cousin was chaffing me, I never found out !

The Maudes are a very old family, and, together with the Tracys, we can look back on an ancestry which embraces Ethelred the Unready, William Rufus, Edward III, Charlemagne, and a whole lot of people who never seemed to be able to do much towards helping me on the stage, which is, thank Heaven, the greatest democracy in the world ! No one cares a jot who one's ancestors were ! Such a blessing ! I was greatly interested once, though, about my forbears, because I was recommended to go to a certain great dentist in New York, who bears the name of Tracy. I told him who my mother was, and he at once produced a large book showing his entire pedigree of Tracys, and proved to me that at least two of my ancestors were Governors of Virginia in the times of the Charleses. He bore a marked resemblance to many of my Tracy relations, I used to imagine, as I gazed

full of fear into his aristocratic face bending to take searching glances into the innermost secrets of my molars ! So, used I to think, as I wriggled on the dental chair, did that Tracy of ancient times gaze into the face of à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral as he approached him with murderous intent !

My father was in the 14th Madras Infantry during the Indian Mutiny, but had no fighting, although his brother Frank was one of the most famous of the great V.C.s of the Indian Mutiny. I had many other famous Army Maude relations, including General Sir Frederick Maude, V.C., and his most splendid son, Sir Stanley, who captured Bagdad in the Great War, and the gallant old Sir George Maude, who managed the Stud Farm at Hampton Court for Queen Victoria, and was a great favourite of Her Majesty ; as was also a certain old Lord Hawarden, who was her Lord-in-Waiting, and was, I have always heard, very much privileged by her in the rather risky stories he was permitted to tell her. I wonder ! My brother Ralph, too, did fine work as a soldier in the Great War and got the D.S.O. and the Croix de Guerre.

My father and mother were married in great state at Toddington, and I own an amusing old copy of an *Illustrated London News*, in which a picture is given of the happy pair being driven away from the front of the house, in a post-chaise and four, with postilions.

At the end of the account of the wedding, the reporter went on to say how "after the bride and groom had departed, the bridesmaids and other ladies and gentlemen came and walked among the people in an easy and familiar way." Save the mark ! I should have loved to see how they did it, bless their hearts !

I was born at 19 St. George's Square, Pimlico, as were my five brothers and a sister. Pimlico seemed to me then, as it always does now, a particularly dreary part of London, from which we were always thankful to escape into the country. One of the most famous characters in Pimlico of those days was the Duc d'Albanie, who walked about wearing gold spurs and a Stuart tartan plaid, and was supposed by us all to be a descendant of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He was a strangely distinguished-looking old gentleman, absolutely the image of Charles I, and some Stuart adorers of those days used to curtsy and kiss his hand, and look on him as the rightful king instead of the reigning sovereign Victoria !

In those days we children used to be taken to call on various old uncles and aunts, of whom we stood in great awe, and for drives in queer old broughams and barouches. One great house that belonged to an ancient and very distinguished cousin always had a particular thrill for me, as there was a porter always at the door sitting in a huge porter's chair. All my old relations of those days

seemed to me terribly stiff. At one particular house the dances were always so formally conducted that young men were afraid to go to them. I first lost my timidity with those dignified old relations when a great-aunt of mine came into the drawing-room to see me with her "false brown front" on one side!

Once when I was a boy of about sixteen I was asked to act in some private theatricals at the very big and smart house of a cousin of my mother's—Lady Magheramorne. I had to say "What the devil" several times in the play, and at rehearsal one day a kind old cousin of ours came to me and said, "Please, Cyril, cut out those 'What the devils'—no *gentleman* ever says 'What the devil.' " I wonder what the poor old dear would have thought of some plays nowadays! I saw one such play, which shall be nameless here, in New York some years ago, in which the language was simply fearful. Oaths, blasphemy, and bad words of all kinds left the audience agape after each act. A young man took his old grandmother to see the play, by which she was alternately horrified and fascinated. After the second act the old lady bent down, and fished about with her hand under her seat. "What are you looking for, granny?" said the young man, to his aged and much-revered and saintly grandmother. "I'm looking for my God-damned programme!" she replied. At Lord Magheramorne's party the audience

was a very smart and very stiff one. All the smart ladies and gentlemen sat very bolt upright and laughs were difficult to get. As a budding amateur boy comedian, I had a heavy task before me, I can assure you. My cousin, Jimmie Hogg, the eldest son of the house, played the part of Pygmalion Phibbs. I played the part of John Brownjohn. All of a sudden came my chance (which, to tell you the truth, I had never foreseen). I had to call Jimmie "*Piggie*." *Never* shall I forget the roar that went up from that stiff lot of people, and the rest of the stupid old farce went like wildfire.

I remember at that time, when Magheramorne first got his title (he was Sir James M'Garel Hogg before that), he went to some big party. The butler, who had the task of announcing the guests, knew that his lordship had acquired a new title, but could not for the life of him remember what the new name was. "What name, my lord?" said he obsequiously. "Magheramorne," replied the new peer abruptly. "Beg pardon, my lord, I didn't quite catch——" "Magheramorne," rather grumpily was again the reply. "Oh yes, my lord," said the butler, rather hopelessly, and then in a loud voice he duly announced him as "the late Sir James M'Garel 'Ogg."

The first boarding-school to which I was sent was one kept by three elderly ladies, called the

Misses Selby, in Surbiton. Curiously enough, the two things I remember best about that school were the rings worn by two of the ladies. One wore a huge man's ring, which she managed to keep on only by wearing a bit of tape tied round it. Around this ring I remember some of the more romantic of us little fellows wove a thrilling love story. But her second sister's ring, a diamond one, had for us a more sinister thrill, for she always wore it when she spanked us in the bathroom !

Soon I was taken away from the Misses Selby and sent to a school kept at Eversley by a dear old man called the Rev. Cowley Powles, a great friend of Canon Kingsley, who had the living at Eversley, a picturesque village near our school. My greatest friend there was called Baillie, and is now the Dean of Windsor. Lord Curzon of Kedleston was also there, but I cannot remember him well. Lord Longford, too, who was so unfortunately lost in the War, and was at that time called Tom Pakenham. His mother, a great friend of my mother, asked me to look after him when he arrived as a new boy. This was made rather difficult for me the first night he arrived, as he looked critically around the room at the other boys, and said, "What a strange *community* !" Poor Tom had a bad time at first, before they found what a splendid fellow he really was, and so did I—"looking after him !" The great Canon Kingsley, who

was then at the height of his fame, both as preacher and novelist, suffered from a stutter, and corrected it in reading the commandments, in a most peculiar way—by dropping his voice very suddenly and unexpectedly from a very high note to a very low one, and then going up and down again. It had a most disastrous effect on the little boys who were inclined to giggle. Dear old Cowley Powles used to preach the most pathetic sermons on the last Sundays of a term, reducing almost every boy to tears. He was a delightful old gentleman though—everybody loved him! At that school was also a boy who became in after-life a very distinguished amateur actor, Alan MacKinnon, who was mainly responsible some years later for the foundation of the Oxford University Dramatic Society. How well I recollect his giving me a great talking-to about going on the stage, telling me I should lose caste, etc. etc. Many years after I found myself sitting beside him at a Founders' Day Dinner at old Charterhouse. I was out of the bill, not having been able to find a play in which there was a suitable part for me. The piece I had recently produced at the Playhouse was only a very moderate success. Suddenly I was handed a letter sent on to me by my manager at the Playhouse, marked "Very Important." It was an offer of a very large weekly sum by Sir (then Mr.) Oswald Stoll, to appear in a sort of fairy play. I had, up to then, never

appeared at a music-hall, and by many actors it was at that time considered rather *infra dig.* to do so! I handed the letter to Alan MacKinnon, remembering what a lecture he had given me when we were boys together about losing caste by going on the stage. I felt sure he would say, "How disgusting—have nothing to do with it—a low music-hall!" To my astonishment he said, "Oh, Cyril, write at once and accept!" *Tempora mutantur!*

At Powles' school some of us younger boys used to have a terrifying time being taught swimming. We were thrown into the water by a rough usher and, after nearly drowning, we were hauled out in a miserable state. And there was another brute of a master there who used to cane us on the tips of the backs of our fingers. A dreadful torture.

When I was fourteen I was sent to Charterhouse, to a house kept by the Rev. Gerald Davies, who afterwards became one of my warmest friends. One of the greatest head masters of past times ruled the school with infinite care and success. Dr. Haig Brown was indeed a fine character, and had a wonderful personality, and so had his wife, a dear and delightfully genial old lady. They were really a great pair! They had a large family, mostly of daughters, who were all known as "The Olives."

My chance of distinction there in the entertainment line came very soon, as I had a good

treble voice, and sang a solo at the end of my first term, at the great concert. It was then that I first experienced my terrible nervousness which has always attacked me, sometimes so disastrously, on first nights. I have *never* played at my best on a first night! What agony I suffered that particular night! Shortly after that I was found to have a capacity for acting, and was chosen to play the principal comic parts in the Under School theatricals—and my first small triumph was in the part of Hassarac in *Ali Baba*, and afterwards as Clorinda, one of the ugly sisters in *Cinderella*. I am afraid the terms in which I had to act were terms of terrible neglect of my work—I thought of nothing else but my part! Beginning to find I had the power of holding an audience and, better still, making them laugh, I will own that I began to dream of really becoming an actor some day. As a child of six, I had told my father that I wanted either to be an actor or the head clergyman of St. Paul's. I fear the Church about this time began to lose in the race for my services!

Once a lecturer on life in Turkey came down to Charterhouse; several of us boys were used by him as illustrating models, and I was chosen to be dressed up as a black boy to be bastinadoed. I was enchanted. I am afraid I drew further attention to myself in what remained of my character as a black boy the next morning in chapel, for having arisen from

my couch extremely hastily I had forgotten, boyishlike, to wash my ears properly, and I created, as I walked up the aisle, for those who noticed it, a very Turkish sensation !

Among the very clever amateur actors of that day who came down to amuse us at Charterhouse was Major de Lacy Lacy, a jolly old red-faced chap, who gloried in parts such as the gardener in *Good for Nothing* ; and then there were Sir Henry de Bathe and Spencer Ponsonby Fane, who were simply glorious in *Cox and Box*. Old Sir Henry I used often to meet some twenty years ago at the Beefsteak Club, and Sir Spencer, of course, one saw following Queen Victoria at those wonderful Garden Parties of years ago. Whenever I met either of them, I always thought of them skipping about and singing down at Charterhouse. How they enjoyed themselves too—dear old fellows—much more, I am sure, than they did when walking in royal processions !

Rosina Vokes also used to come down with her charming husband, Cecil Clay, and delight all of us boys with her wonderful performances. At that time she was at her very best, and the naturalness of her acting, the grace and daintiness, I, for one, can never forget. Her performances were great lessons for those of us who began to dream of play-acting as a profession. How kind and generous those two Clays were to me—even, to my great astonish-

ment, asking me to their marvellous Sunday lunches, where their Moselle cup was a speciality and a dream for which I only wish I now had the recipe. It was at one of these lunches that I first met Charles Brookfield, that delightful wit—with whom, later on, I was to find myself acting in a brilliant little play written by himself—*The Burglar and the Judge*—in which, as a burglar, he had to take out my gilded set of false teeth, after making me dress up for his delectation in my wig and gown, and dance too, if you please !

One day Brookfield and I had to go and rehearse for a performance of the little play at a big private house in Chesterfield Gardens. Brookfield hid behind the drawing-room curtains preparatory to making his entrance. Suddenly there was a violent ringing at the door bell ! Some opposite neighbours sent over to say that they thought it right to tell the people of the house there was an evil-looking man hiding behind the curtains !

At Charterhouse, too, I had the honour of working with, and greatly valuing as a friend, Ernest Pollock, now Lord Hanworth and most distinguished lawyer and gentleman. He seems never to have changed in appearance, and only the other day I happened to be listening to an appeal (in a court at the Old Bailey) which he was hearing, and I at once had a delightful little note from him saying how much he wished he could speak to me.

Colonel the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel was at Charterhouse in my time too—always delightful, whether as boy or man! I had great reason to be thankful to him years later on when my second daughter, then Mrs. W. La Touch Congreve, was sent for by His Majesty to receive the V.C. awarded after his death to her very gallant young husband, who, during the first advance on the Somme, was shot a month after they had been married. Keppel's tender kindness to her on that occasion, a trying one both for herself and His Majesty, was wonderful—he even took care that she met no one in the passages to and from His Majesty's room.

Sir Richard Webster, afterwards Lord Alverstone and Lord Chief Justice, we used to see down at Godalming sometimes. He was the only Lord Chief I ever saw *in bed*! He sent for me once when he was ill to have a short talk. He looked most dignified even then, and with a bad cold in his nose too! E. W. Hansell was another great lawyer whom I have known well, as I was at school with him. Then there was that delightful actor, so greatly appreciated by the public to-day, Aubrey Smith (known to me always in those days as "C.A.," when he was a small fellow). How little I could realise, when he used to play "Tip and Run" with me, that later on he was to become one of the biggest cricketers of his day, and captain the Sussex XI, as well as taking a team

out to Australia, and be known for ever, for a certain peculiarity of his bowling, as "Round the Corner Smith."

These are only a very few of the first-rate boys who became later on such first-rate men ! Father Waggett, too, the famous Cowley Father and preacher, was at Charterhouse in my time. He never seems to have altered one atom—always the boy he was, and a delightful one too. That excellent actor and good fellow Fred Kerr was also a Carthusian. They tell a tale of him at a big public dinner. He was bored to death by his neighbour at the table and suddenly came and squeezed in by a friend of mine saying, "May I come and sit by you, old fellow ? Not that I *want* to sit by *you*—but I can't stand that d——d fool I've been sitting next to any longer !" There were two great Old Carthusians also that I never had the honour of claiming as great and trusted friends until later on in life—Johnston Forbes-Robertson and "S. P."—Major-General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell of Boy Scout glory and fame. But of them more later on. I am very proud, though, to remember that my name is carved in stone in Charterhouse Cloisters, next to that of Forbie—great good fellow, and one of the very finest actors of our time !

I am able to look back on my life at Charterhouse as a happy time, marred only by my inability to excel in what I most wanted to—*games*. I had very bad sight at the time—

bad astigmatism of one eye and short sight too, and a very bad knee which eventually had to be operated on—and so all my dreams of being made a great cricketer or football player, or even a good lawn tennis player, were never realised—and that is a great disappointment to a boy! I have always had since then a great pity for boys who could not succeed, through no fault of their own, at games, and a great admiration for those far-sighted English schoolmasters who watch for such disappointed youths and find something for them to do which makes up for their disappointment—something at which they *can* succeed. At Charterhouse there was no river to speak of except for bathing and canoeing—rowing is such a recompense for the boy who is not good at games!

One of the greatest friends I have ever had in life was at Charterhouse with me, and that was W. Foxley Norris, now Dean of Westminster. He was good at everything—cricket, football, and, above all, sketching in water-colours. He has never changed either—always a boy—and a great man!

CHAPTER III

CHARTERHOUSE AND AUSTRALIA

IT was strange at Charterhouse the way boys at certain houses were looked down on for that very fact. There was a house known as Uskites, kept by a worthy old gentleman known as Mr. Stewart, at which, if it had been a workhouse, or even a criminal school, boys therein could not have been more despised ! Was that a last relic of ancient prejudices, or do such things exist even nowadays at Public Schools ? If I were head master of some big school I would make careful inquiry into such things and wipe out any iniquity of the kind with a very firm hand. I hate even now to think how those poor young Uskites suffered—bless 'em ! The French masters, too, in those days used to have a very bad time. Poor unfortunate men ! Can any fate be more trying than that of the foreign master in an English Public School, when he does not know how to control such young imps as we were then ? One thing I suffered very much from in those days was a tendency to have terrible nightmares. We boys slept each in separate cubicles, and the poor young fellows who shared the

dormitory in which my cubicle happened to be suffered agonies of fear of my screams and loud-voiced prayers on one of my bad nights ! They said they were simply *terrifying* ! “ Please, Maude,” I used to hear more than one plaintive voice call out, “ *are* you going to dream to-night ? ” In the middle of one of my dreams I would be woken up by my house master, a couple of monitors, and the matron, tapping at my cubicle door, and hear the anxious voice of my dear old master saying, “ Merd, Merd ” (that is exactly what his “ Maude ” used to sound like), “ Merd, Merd, what *are* you doing in your cubicle ? ”

Charles Allan also was a very well-known amateur actor of that time who used to come and display his undoubted talents for us boys. Later on in life he went on the stage. He was a very patient fellow, who bore the chaff of Tree and Comyns Carr most wonderfully. I remember it was said that when Tree played Hamlet, Irving came to see his performance. Now, Allan was playing the second grave digger with Tree. They always told me (I don't know how true it is) that Tree greeted Irving behind the scenes after the performance anxiously awaiting his praise, and all Irving said was “ Allan was good ! ” Charlie had a way too of saying unfortunate things, for one day I was assured by Tree that having taken him back to supper at his house one night after the show, kindly intentioned old Charlie

raised his glass, and said, "Talking of cheap clarets." He was a most lovable old fellow, and was also a boy until the end.

I came across a letter the other day, written by one of the masters, strongly advising my mother not to let me go on the stage. I might not have been able to make a living at anything else, but what a lot of terrible first nights it would have saved me later on! Many years after I left school, and when I had become manager of the Haymarket Theatre, I was requested by Doctor Haig Brown to go to old Charterhouse Chapel in London and read the lesson at the Thackeray centenary service there. I was proud enough to do it! But it was paralysing work, standing up there and reading that wonderful chapter from the Apocrypha in "praise of great men and those that have gone before us." There in front of me sat many famous men, and that pathetic line of old gentlemen pensioners of the Charterhouse, just such as Newcome had been; many of them far, far more worthy than I was to read the great chapter! Among others, the fine old actor and great Savage Club character, "Mr. Odell." I was told once that Mr. Odell was sitting in the silent room at "The Savage" when a new and rather objectionable youth, who had just become, by some mischance, a member, came into the same room and sat down to read. Odell, despite the fact of its being a "Silent Room," went on laughing and

talking with a friend or two. The new member rose from his seat and, ringing the bell for a waiter, told him to go at once to the old gentleman and request him to be quiet, as it was a "Silent Room." The waiter went and told Mr. Odell, and came back to the young man, who said, "What did he say?" "Oh, sir," said the waiter, rather enjoying it, "he said, 'Tell the young gentleman if he comes here I'll kick him in the back,' or words to that effect." At this the young man grew terribly indignant, and went up to Odell and said, "I hear, sir, that you want to kick me in the back." "I did intend to do so, sir," said Odell, "but now that I've seen your *face*, I don't want to *touch even* your back!"

About this time my uncle, Raymond Maude, who was then farming down at Compton, near Godalming, married the only daughter of Madame Jenny Lind, and I had the honour of meeting this great artist several times. I was also made to sing before her—a dreadful ordeal. She always seemed to me a very sweet and kindly lady. She gave me letters of introduction later on to Sir Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barret. She and her husband, kindly Otto Goldschmidt, were very great friends of my delightful old grandfather, Captain Francis Maude, famous for his great interest in, and work for, the Church Missionary Society, Belvedere, the Seamen's Home, and other charitable works. My grand-

father lived to the good old age of eighty-seven, and up till within two or three years of his death was known to have been able to run and catch a bus !

I used sometimes to go and enjoy the Bach Choir concerts, which Otto used to conduct, and in the choir of which society Madame Jenny Lind used to sing. I wonder how many other great opera singers have humbly gone and sung in a chorus ! Otto was a great character, and the kindest and gentlest of old men. He was famous for saying rather *mal à propos* things. Once after a jolly Christmas party at my grandfather's house in Onslow Gardens, he and I were the last to leave, and as we sat over the fire with my aunt talking over the party, she begged me to tell some story to amuse the old gentleman. Whereupon I told him how I had heard of a man in New York who was a terrible drunkard, and his friends, in order to prevent his incessant attacks of D.T.s, had taken his pocket money and replaced it with a lot of marked beans with which he might, by an arrangement they had made with about three shops, purchase sweets and fruit, but of course the beans were absolutely useless at drinking-saloons. Now there was a great scare of hydrophobia in New York at the time. It was a very hot summer, too. The drunken gentleman, or rather, I should say, the gentleman who wanted to get drunk, at last thought

of a way in which he would be able to procure drink. He went to a saloon and ordered a whisky. In those days, at a bar they served the whisky and the water in two separate glasses, and the absorber usually drank down the whisky first and then the water. Our bibulous friend drank down the whisky eagerly, and then began to give low growls and bark like a dog at the water. The barman, who shared the general fear of hydrophobia, and had always heard that anyone inclined that way would surely bark at water, said, "Here, clear out, sonny, we don't want none of your sort here—clear out and never mind the change—just *git*, and quick, too, *if* you please!" The drunkard saw his chance now, and did the same trick at several bars, and with the same happy result, but soon became very drunk, and *by mistake* came back to the bar he had started at with his machinations. However, by this time he was so drunk that he drank down the *water* and then *barked* at the *whisky*. This was too much for the barman, who said, "Oh, it's you again, is it, and now I've found you out! What, not got no change! Well, I'm durned. Here, just you clear out of this!" He thereupon chucked him out of the saloon door. The boozier fell upon a little dog, which began to bark furiously, and the gentleman then said, "'Tain't o' no good, sonny, I've tried it on here myself!" At the end of the story Otto said brightly,

“ Ah, my dear Cyril, yes, and tell me, was it his own dog ? ”

After I left Charterhouse, I was sent to a crammer's at Guildford, as well as working hard at French with a certain old Pasteur Hardy at Dieppe. Then I made up my mind at the age of nineteen that I should do best by becoming an actor. I started working to that end, but fell sick of what the doctors said looked like diabetes. One doctor, in whom my father and mother placed great faith, said that my only chance of life lay in going for a voyage to Australia and back in a sailing vessel. A passage was therefore secured for me on board a small barque of 750 tons, called *The City of Adelaide*, belonging to Messrs. Devitt & Moore and Messrs. Green. And away I went.

We sailed from the London Docks on May 5th. Towed down as far as Gravesend, we continued our journey next day at 3 a.m. A stowaway was found on board and put ashore with the pilot. We anchored that night in the Downs, as it was too rough for the tug to tow us. On Saturday, 7th, we were towed along, however, and left to ourselves by five that afternoon. At 8 a.m. we passed the Isle of Wight on Sunday, the 8th. On Monday, the 9th, the pilot left us, and by the night we were off Torquay. On Tuesday, the 10th, we got a fresh breeze from the east and sailed at eight knots an hour. Never shall I forget the way the good ship rolled.

My sufferings were appalling, but I soon got better with the help of some drops of chloroform on a bit of sugar ; and I have never been really bad since ! The only time we sighted land on that voyage was when we saw the Cape Verde Islands, a wonderfully beautiful sight, too. On the 23rd we were in the tropics, and every day had a fresh interest for me. Sharks, dolphins, albacore, bonita, and flying fish in great numbers. Especially amazed was I, as I note in an old letter I raked up the other day, by seeing a great albacore leap out of the water, twiddle round in the air about five times, and then go in again ! On Thursday, June 2nd, we crossed the Line. In the evening we saw Neptune and his wife, a barber, a lawyer, a doctor, and two policemen coming aft. They gathered together by the wheel. The lawyer then read out the following decree—" His Majesty, King Neptune, decrees that all mortals who have not crossed his realm before, be subjected to the usual treatment or pay the fine ; wherefore, let the following subjects advance ! " We passengers paid our fine meekly, but three of the men were shaved and physicked by their Majesties. And then on Monday, June 6th, we had " The burial of the dead horse "—an old sea custom performed on the thirtieth day out ; that is, the day on which the sailors get their first month's pay. Along the deck came a procession leading a horse made out of a tar barrel covered with coco-nut matting, and

with a tow mane and tail. One of the men was seated on, or rather *in*, it. The horse's master then offered the horse for sale, showing us all its best points, and describing its priceless pedigree. The poor beast was then swung out to the yard-arm, shot, and dropped into the sea, while a blue light was burned to illuminate the end of the fiery steed. As was the case with Neptune the other day, songs ended the show !

We used to have an interesting time catching the smaller sea birds with bits of thread which we let fly out aft. What a rough time I used to have in my cabin aboard that little ship ! Everything I possessed seemed to fly about all over the place, books, clothes, tobacco. Dressing in the morning was extremely difficult to accomplish, holding on to the bunk as I had to with one hand and dressing with the other ; or else wedging myself in between two corners, and trying things that way.

About June 21st we had got far enough down south to begin catching molahawks and albatross—the breasts of which I cured and brought home for muffs, and the wing bones for pipe stems.

By July 9th we got into a very stormy area.

“ It is blowing a heavy gale and the sea is lashed with foam. Rain falling all the time. I am getting accustomed to gales now, but this is certainly the worst we have experienced as

yet. It is a very grand sight to watch the huge mountains of waves rising up behind us as if they would engulf us, and then to see how beautifully we rise on their tops, giving us a sort of mountain view over the sea. A heavy thunderstorm too last night, with the lightning flashing incessantly. This afternoon as I was standing on deck, holding on to the main brace, the ship gave a tremendous lurch and rolled so far that it dipped in a huge mass of water, bending the davits like fishing-rods, splitting the boat, and carrying away the lashings. They cut the boat away, and she was soon destroyed by the angry waves! In the afternoon, a heavy sea struck the ship and smashed in part of the bulwarks. Then in the evening, just as we were finishing tea, there was suddenly a tremendous smash overhead, breaking the skylight, and water came rushing down all over the place in the saloon. We had been 'pooped.' The captain rushed up on deck, and found the man who was steering had been smashed absolutely through the wheel, and was lying, with his jaw and some of his ribs broken and his face laid open, in the lee scuppers. The first mate was at the wheel at once, and brought the ship's head round luckily, for we were getting broadside in front of the tremendous sea, which had carried away the wheel-box, all the chickens and all but one duck, every bit of the compass and fittings, half the wheel, shifted the tank, etc. We all set to work helping to bail out the cabin, while the doctor attended to his patient and I held a candle over him."

A cheery voyage, which I would not under-

take for anything again ! Eighty-five days we were going out to Adelaide.

When I arrived at Adelaide, I found that I was following in the wake of the young princes, King George and his brother. I was very kindly asked to go and stay with the Governor of South Australia, Sir William Clarke Jervois. They were full of a story there of the way " Prince George " had burst out laughing at a big ceremonial dinner a few nights before, when he caught sight of the Governor's butler carving the mutton. H.R.H. had been told that the butler always carved as if he were *killing* the joint ! Well, that night he caught sight of the butler in the act, and simply roared with laughter, and called out, " Look, *look* at him look at your butler ! *Killing* the mutton ! "

I stayed in Adelaide and Sydney and Melbourne, until near the end of October. Owing to the great kindness and hospitality extended to me, I had a most happy time. I find among my letters home, one describing a ball at a queer little place called Port Augusta, at which were danced twenty-three square dances and only a very few polkas and a waltz or two. Rather different from a modern dance programme !

Here is a bit out of a letter I wrote home a day or two before we started back for England :

" Everyone is very busy preparing for the voyage, and the ship is littered with cages full

of parrots, bales of wool, etc. My live stock consists of two lovely little talking parrots, nine love birds, and a lizard. The lizard is a great big beast, and very vicious. I would sooner have my fingers caught in the hinges of a door than between his jaws! When we caught my lizard the other day, we gave him a lot of stout, but after a severe attack of hot coppers, he has recovered! I went on Tuesday last to shoot on the mountains overlooking a place called Woolundunga Flats. We started in a buggy and pair at about 7.30 a.m. The buggy was a very shaky-looking concern. They nearly always put old boots on the brakes here, as they say boots wear better than wood. Our destination was a small plain surrounded by precipitous mountains. After a snack at 10.30 and having watered our horses and taken them out of the buggy, we three men started on our expedition in search of wallaby. Wallaby stand about a foot and a half high. [I remember being astonished at the amount of parrots in the trees.] I wish you could see the teams of bullocks that come down to Port Augusta, bringing the wool down from the stations, guided merely by the long whips of the drivers. The skeletons and carcasses lying around in this desert country fill one with horror; cattle and sheep that have died from want of water, or from drinking too much of it after long-continued thirst. I have got some native cherries, with the stone outside the fruit instead of inside it."

The journey home was a long one—110 days—and glad enough I was to get on shore again! I remember, when I saw my dear mother

awaiting me on the dock-side I thought she was the loveliest woman I had ever seen !

As soon as I reached home I started working again for my goal, the stage. I was put to live at a queer and very rapid sort of a boarding-house in Harley Street. Great was the gambling that went on there—the boarders were mostly South Americans. I worked every day with an old actress called Miss Rose Le Thiere, who used to make me read long extracts from Dickens while she did embroidery ; and her old mother, Madame Michaud, used to teach me dancing. (Her grandmother taught Queen Victoria.) I went also for lessons in elocution with that excellent actor, Charles Cartwright, who, I remember, made me study Hamlet's soliloquies. Miss Le Thiere lived in a small flat up at the top of New Bond Street. She used to be met every night on her return from the theatre, in a bus, by her old cat, which solemnly attended her home. I also took lessons in fencing from a sergeant in the Guards, and at Angelo's in St. James's Street.

CHAPTER IV

STAGE BEGINNINGS IN U.S.A.

THEN I fell sick again, and my father and mother must have been in despair about me. At last they decided to send me, with my brother Ernest, to work on a farm in Canada. My brother at that time wanted to learn farming, and I needed the outdoor life. We were sent out under the ægis of a firm called Ford & Rathbone, who made a business at that time of sending out young Englishmen and placing them on farms as pupils, after paying the farmers small fees which later on were partly paid back to us in wages ! The farmers used us as hired men. I was put on a farm owned by a Mr. Leavens, a Quaker. They thee'd and thou'd me. It was a rough life on the farm there, up near Meaford, Ontario. We fed for the most part on pork—weeks and weeks of it—varied occasionally by squirrel !

“ There is an iron chimney passing through my room. It is very cold to-day, and I am sitting close up against the chimney to keep warm. My room is about 35° this morning. Breakfast is at 6.30 always—meat, biscuit, bread-and-butter, apple-sauce, and tea. I don't think I could stop up here for more than

a year, if that, dear father and mother, for it is so fearfully dull and stupid. [What a life it was!] I do stable work and chopping and sawing wood. Our meat here is nearly all pork ! ”

Later on my brother and I were moved down to a farm near Oakville, Ontario, where life was a wee bit less rough. The father of the farmer there was in his dotage ! He was always requested to say grace, and said it in the maddest of ways. He used sometimes to creep across the sitting-room of an evening and take a book one was reading out of one's hands and hand it back upside down ! One day when we were working in the fields, we heard terrible screams from the house—the old father had fallen down a long flight of stairs, and was so injured he never recovered. His old wife used to write terrible poems, which she used to send to Princess Louise, whose husband was at that time Governor-General of Canada.

In the winter, we did a lot of amateur acting in the village, which helped to pass the dull evenings. The old farmer afterwards became, as he wrote and told me years after when I was going out there starring, the Curator of the Cemetery. “ If you come to Toronto, I shall welcome you gladly,” he wrote. With the grim remembrance of my life in Canada, I wondered if it was not to be at the cemetery he was going to welcome me !

At last the time came in the spring of 1883 when I left the farm and went down to New York to try to get a job as an actor. I stopped at a very second- or third-class boarding house down town, and struggled and struggled to get work of some kind or other connected with the stage, while my brother went down south to work on a farm on St. Simon's Island, near Savannah, which belonged to a daughter of Fanny Kemble! At last, through the kindness of a friend, I managed to get the worst possible kind of engagement with an old German tragedian, by the name of Herr Daniel Bandmann. We were to start operations in Denver, playing *Camille*, *The Woman of the People*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *East Lynne*. Here is a copy of my first contract to act :

“DEAR SIR,

“I hereby engage you to travel with me on my forthcoming season, and to advance you in my profession to the best of my ability—to pay your travelling fares from here, and to supply you with all necessary stage costumes, excepting those mentioned at the bottom; you to find your own board and lodging for a term of ten weeks, to pay before the end of the present month fifteen dollars towards joining in Denver to me, and to provide yourself with a sufficient supply of tights, shoes, boots and wigs and private modern wardrobe. To play the part for which you are cast, to double in one piece if called upon [I

played about four parts in each play] and to submit to my tuition [he never gave any] and obey all regulations of every theatre to go on. This contract to begin April 28th and to last ten weeks. Should I feel inclined to continue it for a further term of three months, to pay you 15 dollars a week, you to hold yourself in readiness to start not later than April 23rd.

“Yours truly,
“DANIEL BANDMANN.”

Just about that time I presented my letter of introduction from Jenny Lind to Irving. He was most kind to me, asking me if there was anything he could do for me, offering to lend me money, etc. Henceforward, he said, I was to look on him as a true friend. Ellen Terry and Bram Stoker were also most kind ! I also presented the letter from Jenny Lind to Edwin Booth, who was most kind but said he could do nothing for me ; and all the advice he could give me was to “go round to all the managers, and *ask* ! ”

I went round to see Mr. Vandenhoff to ask him if he would give me some lessons in elocution and acting, and please what would he charge ? He told me he would not give me lessons, as it would only be taking a lot of money out of my pocket for nothing ; but if I insisted on taking them he would teach me. He told me he charged sixty dollars for a dozen lessons, so, of course, I knew I couldn't take them. He made me recite, and was pleased with my efforts and said I should get

along all right, and then he pointed out my faults and told me to come and see him sometimes and ask his advice ! Kind, wonderful old man !

Young Perry Belmont was good to me in New York, coming to fetch me from my awful boarding-house to his father's millionaire home in Fifth Avenue, and taking me to the play. Just before I settled to go on that wretched tour with Bandmann, I had changed my abode from the miserable place down in Grove Street to one kept by a Mrs. Bond at 91 Seventh Avenue, a place at which some of the members of Wallack's Stock Company resided.

How lonely I used to be in those days ! I see in one of my old letters to my beloved mother I wrote, "How short the distance between us seems when we say good night !" Just before I went off with Bandmann I wrote :

"I have got two suits, one of which I am keeping for theatrical purposes. Dear mother, I have to confess I have been rather extravagant the last two months. You see, I have had to get several articles of apparel and my board has come to ten dollars a week ! I have spent between February 28th and April 26th :

	\$
Two suits and a coat	81
Hat	5
Board	80
Laundry	12-50
Beer	8
Cars	8
Necessaries, and treating people	34"

Two hundred and twenty dollars in all—about forty-five pounds, or not quite six pounds a week! But what a huge amount it seemed to me then!

At last my strange and unprofitable tour began. The leading man was a heavy, sad, worn-out-looking fellow of about forty. There was another juvenile man, whom I remember as a clever and very kindly youth, a good friend in need later on when I wanted one, and a good actor. His dress in those days was peculiar, and I am sure he would be the first to laugh at the remembrance of it now. He always went about in a frock-coat and a round straw hat. He was an Englishman, by the way. He had, through having a very strong growth of beard, always a blue chin! There was also a pretty and lady-like young American actress (I've forgotten her name). She was a sort of extra-special pupil of Bandmann's. She later on married a millionaire, I heard. The leading lady was Miss Louise Beaudet, a very clever half-French actress—brilliant in her way. I can't remember much about the rest of the cast—except that there was an old actor who had once owned a Southern paper. He used always to go and call on the local editor and mention who he was, and get, in consequence, the most wonderful notices imaginable! Once he was prevented from playing in the grave scene in *Hamlet*, the part of the first grave-digger, a part in which he particu-

larly fancied himself. (Bandmann was so annoyed at the small size of the audience on that particular night that he simply cut out the scene altogether.) But my old friend, Mr. Delano, got a flaringly fine notice for his performance of that part all the same next day !

We played first in Denver at the Tabor Opera House. The piece was *East Lynne*. I played the part of an old butler, and got my first laugh with a gag which I was told to put in by Bandmann. After a small tiff with a maid-servant, I had to make my exit saying, " Oh, what a long tail our cat's got ! " I went off delighted at my first laugh. I've been rather ashamed of it ever since !

We played in all kinds of queer Western towns. In Leadville, which is a small town situated at a great altitude in the Rockies, and was then a very successful silver-mining town, I have a distinct remembrance of feeling so giddy that I had to hold on to the desk at the entrance to the hotel as if I had been a drunken man. Actors often used to have to leave the stage there with their noses bleeding. It was a wild little town full of disorderly houses of the worst possible description, and gambling-hells. One often used to hear pistols being fired at night there. Butte City, Montana, was a tough place too, and we were told that a little while before we got there the miners had been in the habit of throwing nuggets on to the stage when they were pleased with the

acting. I was never hit by a nugget, nor did I see one thrown at the Bandmann Company. It was a tough sort of company in a tough lot of towns. Our scenery was about the shabbiest in the whole wide world! Our dresses were appalling. We used to paint our legs the colour of our tights when there were holes in them. I have found a letter to my mother which perhaps I had better quote, describing that first journey of mine in search of fame and fortune on the stage :

“ We left New York Wednesday, April 23rd, at 8 p.m. We crossed the Grand River at about 8.30 p.m. on Thursday night. The whole train went on a ferry boat. You may imagine what an immense ferry boat it was to carry a whole train. We arrived in Chicago Friday morning at about ten and left there about midday. Having passed through lovely farming country in Illinois and Iowa, where in many parts they have hedges like in England, we reached Omaha at about 9.15 on Saturday morning. Then after leaving Omaha, we passed over those wonderful prairies, smooth as a lawn almost. Three hours after leaving Omaha, we came in for a cyclone, and saw a big water spout, which must have done some fearful damage. At six o'clock on Sunday morning we came in sight of the snow-capped Rockies, and at 11.30 Sunday morning we reached Denver. The route by which we came was about 2,500 miles. Of course, I couldn't afford to go in a sleeper. On Sunday afternoon we rehearsed *East Lynne*. Monday morning we rehearsed *East Lynne* again and *Camille*,

and played *East Lynne* at night. On Tuesday we rehearsed *Camille* and played *East Lynne* again at night. Well, to cut a long story short, we rehearsed about four hours each morning and played *Camille* Wednesday and Thursday—Friday, *Romeo and Juliet*—Saturday matinée, *East Lynne* and *The Woman of the People* at night. Bandmann does not join us until Saturday next at Colorado Springs, so Miss Beaudet has been our stage manager as yet. Yesterday, Sunday, we started at eight for Leadville, the most wonderful journey I have ever made, passing along as we did by the snow-covered Rockies on our left, with the boundless prairies on the other side of us. We passed by wonderful grotesque formations of rock, some looking like ancient feudal castles, and others like faces. All this time we were going up and up. At one place at which we stopped we were much amused at the sight of a very lean cow trying to chew an old pair of pantaloons. She must have been almost as hungry as I was usually then. We passed many ranches and saw cowboys galloping about driving cattle. Here and there we passed rough-looking families on their way to church in clumsy waggons.

“I shall never forget the look of one mountain. It was of a beautiful magenta and light brown colour, spotted with snow, which had the look of silver studded all over the mountain. The effect from a distance was most fairylike. Passing through Colorado Springs, Pueblo (where we dined), and then through a marvellous cañon, 18 miles long, a rocky gorge with the rocks towering above us hundreds of feet hanging over our heads ready to crush us

as it seemed ; we were thrilled by the grandeur of the scene. On our left ran the noisy, rushing Arkansaw, and as we curved and wound in and out among the mountains it seemed as if we must surely be dashed to pieces on the rocks. When we emerged from the narrowest part of this awful pass, there in the distance rose the mountain tops again, white with perpetual snow ; in some valleys we would see occasionally a little farm with two or three acres under cultivation, but I suspect the owners trusted mostly to their chance of finding gold. Log cabins and mud huts. Passing through Salida we went through Brown's Cañon, another gruesome place. From now on the mining became more and more evident—little huts perched on out-of-the-way rocky places, and blastings here and there—sluices everywhere to carry water in which to wash the ore—and furnaces in which to smelt the ore. We reached Buena Vista at 7.53 p.m.—7,957 ft. above the sea—and Leadville at 9.45 p.m., which is 10,200 ft. up. Between Salida and Leadville, we had been ascending about 18 feet a minute. Some of the company find a great difficulty in breathing here. There is a population of 1,400 people. They are, of course, mostly miners, and a pretty rough lot. During the week we are to play our repertoire of, now, four plays, and go also to Pueblo and Colorado Springs. One of the company played so badly in Denver that he was given the sack, etc. etc."

Later on in another letter I find :

" We were delayed about ten hours on a journey, through an accident to a train just

in front of our own—sixteen freight cars thrown off the track and two men killed and two badly wounded—a ghastly sight. Monday evening *Narcisse*, Tuesday *The Merchant of Venice*, Wednesday *Romeo*, Thursday *Woman of the People*. I got a good notice for Old Gobbo in the Wednesday paper, saying that I made the most that was possible out of Old Gobbo. Bandmann was very complimentary to me last night. Yesterday afternoon I went trout fishing and caught a fine trout which we enjoyed for tea. In the evening, *The Merchant*, and next day back here in some carts looking, when we arrived in Walla Walla, very like tramps, covered as we were with dust. To-night *Richelieu* ! ”

And all the time in this tramp-like play-acting, no salary and a great uncertainty as to how long the tour was going to last ; but always buoyed up, apparently, by a certainty of eventual success as an actor—*why* I can't think ! “ Two more weeks and I begin to get a salary—\$15 (£3) a week—precious little, but still something ! ”

“ The last time I wrote to you was from Helena, Montana, where we played *Narcisse*, *Hamlet*, *Merchant*, *East Lynne*, *Richard III*, *Woman of the People*, and *Othello*. ”

I remember our being delayed for a night at one wretched little place through not being able to “ make connection. ” (The trains did not fit in as to time !) We had to sleep any-

where we could, all of us, mostly in wooden bunks in a shed ! I couldn't even get a bunk. So I got hold of a bit of carpet and lay down on the bar-room floor and slept, while rough miners and others drank and expectorated around me. In the morning when I awoke I found a fat old commercial traveller by my side. He had shared my narrow strip of carpet !

And so on to queer little places like Bozeman. (I wonder what they are like now !) I see we played *Don Cezar de Bazan* too ! I had an adventure in Missoula, Washington Territory.

“ I went to look at an Indian Encampment—the place is swarming with Indians—and as I stood in front of one of the wigwams, a squaw said something to a great big mongrel, which at once flew at me and bit me in the leg. I rushed back to the little hotel and had the place cauterised. The Indian Chief at the Camp only laughed when I showed him what his dog had done ! ” He was a picturesque person.

I remember the doctor who cauterised the wound had won all my money the night previously at poker, which some six of us had played from eleven until seven the next morning—the morning of the bite ! That wound gave me subsequently a very bad time, as my tights that I wore and continually changed in the plays were woollen and dirty, and my leg got poisoned badly. At Portland, Oregon, I

went to a surgeon who informed me, after treating the leg for some days, that I had only just escaped lock-jaw.

I came across another fulsome letter from old Bandmann copied into a letter home :

“ DEAR MR. MAUDE,

“ It is with pleasure that I give you a few lines of recommendation. I hope you will stay with me. I hate to let you go ! You have talent in abundance which is not developed yet, but which you are certain to make good use of in anything you undertake. Your behaviour has been unexceptional. Don't forget that you can always have an engagement with,

“ Yours truly,

“ DANIEL BANDMANN.”

I can see him now in my mind's eye, with his greasy ringlets and long hair and his evil face !

When we got down to San Francisco we were told our services would no longer be required unless we would play for less money. “ *Less ! LESS !!* ” (We played at San Francisco at a theatre called “ The Mission St. Morgue ” by those who knew its true value.)

I determined to get back by some means or other to New York. For some days I tried to get a job of any kind on a tour of variety business in the music-halls, but had no luck, and so with the kind help of a loan from one of the actors, who had somehow managed to save a few dollars, I determined to go back

with him in an emigrant car. We purchased some tin cans and plates and bought some tinned meats and fruits and straw mattresses and blankets and started on a nine days' trip back to New York. A sorry journey indeed amidst filthy surroundings—our only fellow-passengers some Chinese and some men going back to Chicago to work in the meat factories. Sometimes, I remember, we used to lie along on the tops of the cars to get air and change, and have conversations with the Chinese. We stopped at nearly every station all the way across the continent. Women used to come along at the various places and sell us fresh milk and fruit. When at last we reached New York I went at once to Mrs. Bond's again, and lay for an hour in a hot bath—I was filthy !

CHAPTER V

IN AND OUT OF WORK

THEN again began a tedious and terribly tiring pilgrimage from agent to agent trying to get work—apparently a hopeless task at first !

The boarding-house at 91 Seventh Avenue was a strange Dickensian sort of place. Mrs. Bond was a kind, fat old lady who took a tremendous interest in all her guests. Several of the actors and actresses playing at Wallack's Theatre stayed there, including Gerald Eyre, a fine actor, and his wife ; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glenney—an excellent light comedian—and his old father, a famous old Irish comedian, and a gay old spark ; he was a great friend of Lord Mandeville's, and used to be entertained lavishly by him at the Hofman House, which in those days possessed a famous and beautifully decorated bar. The old gentleman lived in a room at the top of the house, which you could always identify from outside by the fact that there were two or three siphons of soda cooling on the ledge. I remember he used often to go upstairs singing a song of his own composition, of which the principal words were, " What is home without a siphon ? " One evening as we all sat round

the table at dinner, in came old Glenney fresh from a cheery bout with Lord Mandeville and very beaming indeed. "Dad," said Charles Glenney, "let me introduce you to Miss Kelly"—a young lady who was dining with him and his wife. The dear old gentleman beamed more than ever at her, and said in a perfectly audible *aside*, "God's truth, ain't she beautiful!" and sat heavily with a very sudden flop in his chair! One night old Glenney came home very late and in a fit of bibulous abstraction got into the bath. He was not discovered there until next morning.

E. J. Henley, a brother of the poet Henley, was also a boarder, with his pretty young wife. He was a brilliant actor, with a wonderful personality. He died later of consumption of the throat. He and I wrote together a version of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, which we had great hopes was going to be accepted by Mr. Palmer of the Madison Square Company for production in New York, but we were unfortunately disappointed. The two sons of the famous Buckstone of the Haymarket Theatre, London, Jack and Rowland, also stayed there. The former's wife, Miss Adela Measor, was a brilliant little actress, and their kindness to me in the days of adversity is a memory to be treasured. Rowley was exceedingly good to me, too. He died, poor fellow, last year, as did Jack. He was a great character, and, I understand, extraordinarily like his famous old

father. He used to tell me a story of how that wonderful old father—who, by the way, was a great favourite of Queen Victoria's—one day found an old beggarman leaning against one of the pillars of the Haymarket Theatre, of which Buckstone was manager for forty years, spitting tobacco juice over the new paint. "How dare you, sir, how dare you spit at one of my clean new pillars?" said old Bucky furiously. "Well, I'm going to do it, and I don't care a damn!" replied the old ruffian. At this old Buckstone became absolutely mad with anger, and said, "Confound you, sir, do you realise who *I am*?" "Of course I do," replied the ruffian, "a b——y bad imitation of old Bucky!"

The maid-servants at the boarding-house bore the names of Eliza and Maria. Eliza I well remember coming to my room to call me to see a visitor—"Gentleman waiting to see you downstairs in the s'loon." She was doing something with her two hands as she spoke, and as I looked closely I saw that she was combing out her false fringe! Maria was one of the very ugliest old women I ever saw in my life. One night when we were all having supper of bread-and-cheese and lager beer in the kitchen, the custom of the place, Maria, who had been out to fetch some bottles of beer, came in looking more terribly hideous than ever, and said with great glee, smiling in a ghastly fashion with her mouth all awry,

“ Well, well ! I sure am glad to get back safe. I’ve been follered by a feller all the way home.”

About this time I managed to get an engagement with an actor called Eric Bayley, who, together with the famous actress of the name of Florence Gerard, was about to play *The Colonel* in New York. Henley and Rowley Buckstone were also in the cast. Miss Gerard was very attractive and an excellent actress, but even her charm could not make the play a success there. I played the part of Basil Giorgione, an æsthete. I had a drunken scene to play, in which I must have been execrable. We played at the theatre owned by Mr. John Stetson, of whom I remember hearing it said that he was very autocratic and very illiterate, and standing one day watching his orchestra rehearsing, he noticed that the trombone was not playing. He stopped the music, and glaring at the poor unfortunate trombone said : “ What the hell do you mean by not working, sir ? Why ain’t you playing ? ” “ Oh, sir,” said the astonished man, “ I’ve got forty bars’ rest.” “ Damn,” said Stetson, “ I’ve paid you to play, and play you shall. Don’t you talk of rest until the hot weather sets in.”

Eric Bayley, by the way, was soon compelled to close the doors of the theatre and disband the company, owing several of us two or three weeks’ salary. I managed just then to get a small job in *Called Back*. Edward

Sothorn, the famous Anglo-American actor, and a charming fellow, was our leading man. He and his brilliant wife, Julia Marlowe, afterwards, as we all know, became very famous, and their names became a household word in America. One thing I remember about him then—when, by the way, he was practically a beginner too—was the extraordinary mass of white powder he used to put on his face after making it up with grease paint, in order, as he explained to me, to keep the moisture from coming through during the performance. He was always kind and charming to me, as indeed he is now. *Called Back* lasted only about a week or two, and I began to get into despair about ever getting work. At last, however, I managed to get a job as assistant stage manager (prompter, really) in a pantomime, but that didn't last long either.

I wrote to my mother, "I should like to come home very much now, as I am utterly sick of going about with busting companies. They leave one worse out of pocket than when one starts with them."

Just before I left New York for England a company arrived at Mrs. Bond's of somewhat different calibre from the Wallack's people. They were called "The British Burlesque Company." The gentlemen of the company used to come down in their shirtsleeves to dinner. The delightful and famous Miss Cissy Loftus, who was then quite a child, and a very pretty one

too, stayed there with her father and mother. I don't know that she showed any talent in those days. I wish I had realised then what a wonderful artiste she was to become later on. I used to meet very few interesting people in those days, as I knew hardly anyone outside of my poor boarding-house surroundings, but I remember being asked to tea by two kind old ladies to whom I had a letter of introduction from, I fancy, Jenny Lind again, and meeting there the great Matthew Arnold, who was very helpful and encouraging, and treated me just as if I had been somebody of importance instead of being, as I was, a poor helpless, and almost hopeless, struggling young actor.

I returned to England in the autumn with a sad feeling of having been so far a poor failure, and then began a ceaseless endeavour to get work of some kind in the English provinces. Charles Wyndham just about that time produced a play called *The Candidate*, which was an enormous success, and by some means or other, I can't imagine how, I managed to get an engagement to play the part of Alaric Baffin (so splendidly played by George Giddons at the Criterion) in a second-rate little fit-up company taken round the smaller towns by Mr. Tom Smale and his wife, Miss Charlotte Elliot. Mr. Smale up till that time had been business manager for Charles Wyndham, and I rather fancy was getting a little past his work about then. We carried our own pro-

scenium and scenery, and used to play mostly in small town halls. I got twenty-five shillings a week, and, with a pound a week from my mother, managed to exist. I remember three of us living together, I think it was at Greenwich, one week, and our bill at the end of it worked out at sixteen shillings each—and we had fed well too!

Occasionally in those days I would get a Sunday evening off in town, and find myself dining at a rich uncle's, where the footmen were in plush breeches, silk stockings, and powdered hair. I used to think how much better fed the footmen were than I was, and glance down anxiously at the frayed silk of my dress coat.

There was an old lady in the company who played the part of an exceedingly fine and fashionable Grande Dame. She used always to get a little bit tight on a Saturday night, and invariably when she was in that state sent out just before the last act for a hot rum! You may well imagine our anxious feelings as we watched her drink it. By the way, another elderly lady with whom I played many years after used to indulge in that way, and I used anxiously to make my dresser watch at the stage door for her arrival and let me know how she seemed—"She's very bad to-night, sir," he would say, "she patted the cab 'orse when she drove up to the door. She's always extra bad when she pats the cab 'orse!"

Dressers, by the way, are great characters sometimes, or used to be anyway! I had a dresser many years ago at the Vaudeville Theatre, who was very communicative. In those days nearly every London theatre used to close for six weeks in the late summer, when the London season was over. On my return to the theatre one autumn, I asked this dresser how he had been amusing himself during the summer evenings. "Well, sir," said he, "I went to dawnces at Crosse & Blackwell's Jam and Pickle Factory—the girls is very pretty there." "Ah, were they nice girls, and did you enjoy dancing with them?" I asked. "Yus, sir, they was very nice indeed on a Jam night, such as a Raspberry Jam night particularly—but on a Pickle night they was *awful*!"

Among the members of that first touring adventure of mine in England was a man who afterwards became quite a prominent figure in the theatre life of London, Henry Dana, whose real name was Torrens. He had been a cow-boy of a superior and gentlemanly kind in his younger days. He was quite a good actor, and then suddenly gave it all up and took to the business-management side of our life, and soon became Tree's most trusted friend and adviser.

I have a vivid remembrance of a fat comedian in that company, of whom we were extremely ashamed when we all met on the railway platform of a Sunday morning to go on to the next

town. His Sunday-morn appearance was most distasteful, as he was usually unshaven, with little bits of the previous night's grease paint sticking in the hair at the side of his head !

It was a queer life wandering round the country in that little fit-up company, playing in little halls, and living all of us on next to nothing really. Yet we all seemed to manage to keep very well.

And when work was over and one had anxious weeks wondering about further engagements, I stayed in gloomy lodgings in Warwick Street, Pimlico. There was a man who used to come and sing outside my rooms, and I can hear his raucous voice even now as he sang :

Sum di,
Sum di,
Sum di you will luv me [expectoration],
Honly this,
Honly this [expectoration again],
This that once I luv'd you [expectoration again],
Honly this, I luv you now,
I leeeeeove you now.
[Terrible fit of coughing and more American
Southern habits.]

CHAPTER VI

WINIFRED EMERY

ABOUT now I became a member of the Green Room Club, which was situated then next to the Post Office in Bedford Street, Strand. It consisted of one room, and was a cheery and delightful place, full day and night of most of the best actors of the time. I used to feel extremely shy in it. It was autocratically governed by a genial old gentleman called George Durlacher, who had a little dog which always ran about the Club, and was known by the name of Calley, abbreviated from Call-boy. Among the actors I remember best there at that time was E. S. Willard, who had just made his enormous success as the Spider in *The Silver King*. One night, years later, he came to dine with us and my youngest daughter at the age of six fell violently in love with him. After he had left us she owned the fact of her attachment for him to her mother, who remarked that he was rather old for her. "But, oh, mum," she said, "do you think he'll *keep* for me?" Willard's chief hobby was collecting gems. He became an enormous favourite in America, and did colossal business, at the period when it was possible for stars to make

really great fortunes. Alas, he died tragically only a few years ago. Charles Warner, of great fame at that time owing to his success in *Drink*, the clever adaptation of *L'Assommoir*, used to be a great deal at the Club. He, like Willard, was always kind and thoughtful for us young strugglers. His death was tragic too ! Kind-hearted Fred Terry, brilliant actor then as he is now, I remember as one of our leading clubmen.

After I had played with the Smales in *The Candidate* for about a year, they acquired from Charles Wyndham other comedies which they added to our repertoire, and also a burlesque of *Aladdin*, in which I managed to make a huge success, got up as Mr. Gladstone. It was a very difficult make-up, but I devoted enormous care and study to it, and really managed to look exactly like the Grand Old Man. I also played the widow Twankey, and have a vivid remembrance of making a terrible failure in a song which I sang for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Hastings. I can remember clearly now, although it is forty years ago, how the first verse of that new song began :

In life's anxious race as you'll frequently see,
Some win and some linger behind ;
And if you'll reflect a few moments with me,
No doubt many reasons you'll find.

Our country so wealthy contains men who say——

But—after that, every word left me, and the orchestra went on playing. I cannot

imagine any more awful feeling, and I never attempted a song afterwards until I found the words coming off my lips automatically.

The lives of us young people on tour were lonely and demoralising. We hardly ever met any people of our own class outside the members of the company, and I remember with shame and indignation our being usually classed in the little towns we visited as "them theatricals"; and when we applied for rooms, we sometimes had the front door slammed in our faces! I had one spell of waiting for work for several months when my prospects seemed hopeless, but I employed the time in getting to work and organising a small company called "The Casuals." We studied and rehearsed several small plays, and used to be engaged at various big houses in London, giving performances for afternoon and evening parties. Included among other members of the little company were Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Frederick Harrison, and Mr. Nutcombe Gould. Our performances appeared to be a welcome novelty at that time, and as we gave no trouble, merely appearing at one end of a drawing-room with screens arranged for entrances and exits, and we were all young and enthusiastic and worked hard, I think I may say we were deservedly popular.

It was in 1886 that I first met my late wife while I was on tour with the Criterion Comedies at Greenwich. She was then a beautiful girl,

twenty-seven years of age, with golden hair and a lovely complexion. She was at that time Ellen Terry's understudy at the Lyceum. Indeed, she was more than an ordinary understudy; she sometimes had to play Miss Terry's part for weeks at a time. She was indeed a child of the theatre. The stage had been familiar to her as long as she could remember. To act seemed the ordinary course of events to her, and by the advice of her mother the first thing she did was to accept a trial engagement with Wilson Barrett on a three weeks' tour to play small parts. She seems to have delighted him with her work, for at the last town on that little tour, Hull, Mr. Barrett said to her, "I am going to open the Court Theatre, Sloane Square; if you come with me I can only give you the smallest of parts, but if you like to remain in Hull I will make you my leading lady." The temptation to remain in the provinces was of course enormous, but she referred the matter to her mother, in whose judgment she had the most implicit belief, and her answer was, "You have every aptitude for the stage, and the country will do you little or no good. Come to London with Mr. Barrett, for depend upon it once he is in town he will never think of sending for you." In Barrett's first production at the Court (the *old* Court Theatre, Sloane Square, which was afterwards to be managed by the famous Clayton and Cecil) she had the smallest

of parts, but in the next play, one of H. J. Byron's, she had a better part and one in a new first piece offered her. "You must choose which of the two you will appear in," said Barrett, "but if you take my advice you will select the one-act play." She took them both home and read them and followed his advice. It was a little play by an author unknown to London, called *A Clerical Error*. That little piece did almost as much for her as it did for Jones. Winifred had the most marvellous gift of tears in her voice, and I think most old playgoers would tell you that her pathos was one of the most poignant the English stage has ever produced. She used, in those days, to talk eagerly of the possibility of eventually leaving the stage, if only, as she said, someone would settle three or four hundred a year on her for life ! We were engaged to be married for about a year. I came across the criticism of a contemporary writer about that time, and a famous one at that, who I see says :

"In the columns of a well-known monthly there was recently discussed the question as to who was the best actress on the English stage, and although I have no clear recollection of the issue, I can unhesitatingly acknowledge my own preference for Winifred Emery. I have seen her in laughter ; I have seen her in tears ; I have seen her in the doldrums, and I have seen her as the merriest of unsophisticated maidens, and from an art point of view I am unable to say in which manner she is

most to my liking, and how few are there on the stage of whom it can be said they are equally at home in pathos and humour, in drama and farce."

Her method of acting was exquisitely delicate. She got her effect so subtly, and she was so pretty, and the mellow contralto of her voice was so unusual. It came upon one as a surprise, that full, round, low-pitched voice. After listening to the pretty musical tinkle-tinkle of certain other comedy ladies, her first soft, velvet-like note fell on one's ear with a sudden delight, and a delight that held one unwearied to the end. One of her peculiarities was that she did not raise her voice. There was no touch of so-called restrained force in her acting; she was intense enough in all conscience where the opportunity for intensity offered, but in her intensity there was no taint or blemish or rant; the full effect was produced by mental rather than physical effort. Her absolute naturalness of style she surely inherited from her father, one of the most unstagey of comedians. Nothing less than her very best ever satisfied her. A slovenly performance to her was an impossibility. Her reputation was the result of unfailing conscientiousness. Among her early work was the understudying of Madame Modjeska, an actress whom she confessed to be her absolute ideal. She was very hermit-like in her tastes, and in those days disliked society and publicity.

She lived at that time down in Greenwich, very, very quietly, devoting herself to her work. Shortly after we were engaged to be married she went for the second time with Sir Henry Irving and Dame Ellen Terry on tour in America, and just about then my success on the stage really began to come along. One day, almost in despair of getting work, I looked in at a certain theatrical agency where the kindly manager told me there was a small chance at, I think, two pounds ten a week, of a part in a new play by George MacDermot, the great MacDermot, of music-hall fame, entitled *Racing*, shortly to be produced at the Grand. It was a strange conglomeration of farce and melodrama, and I was engaged to play the part of a duke whose catch sentence was, "I'm damned if I can make it out." It seemed to me very poor stuff and I had little hope of making good with the character, but MacDermot seemed pleased with me at rehearsals and to my infinite astonishment I made a real success in it, and I remember the excitement with which I read the next morning a wonderfully good notice by Clement Scott, whose praise in those days was indeed worth getting, and a week after this production to my astonishment and delight I was sent for by the great George Edwardes, manager of the Gaiety Theatre, and offered a small part at £3 a week and understudies in the new burlesque. Those were the days of Fred Leslie, Nellie Farren,

Marion Hood, Connie Gilchrist, Edward J. Lonnen, and George Stone. I had the part of an old innkeeper, a sort of superior chorus part, and I had practically to open the piece with a song, the words of which were :

Come, set your glasses clinking,
And set your minds to drinking :
Come, have a care,
Come, have a care,
Come, have a caaaaaaaare.

This I had to sing moving about among the villagers, pouring out air from a bottle into their horn cups, but there was such a row the first night that not a note of my voice could be heard in singing these exquisite words. George Edwardes had made alterations in the size of the pit, and the Gaiety first-nighters in that part of the house were simply furious, and the yelling went on practically all through the performance. Nellie Farren was in tears, and Fred Leslie furious. Another night during that play there was a great scare of fire, and I can well remember the smoke curling up from the back of the stage over the crowded scene. Mind you, in those days, electric light had only just been introduced into theatres, and the electricians knew very little about wiring, and there were several narrow escapes from fire owing to sparks flying from the wires on to tinderlike old canvases hanging up in the "flies." I dressed at the top of the theatre with George Stone, a very excellent comedian,

and Leo Stormont, and I remember how we begged Mr. Edwardes to let us have a rope from the window there in case of danger from fire.

I also played in a burlesque at the Gaiety called *Esmeralda*, in which Lonnen played the principal part of a wicked monk. His great success was mostly due to his extraordinarily eccentric dancing, the like of which I have never seen since. George Stone was also a most excellent comedian of jolly, cheery humour. He died, poor fellow, a year or two later in Edinburgh, much missed by all who knew him. Charles Harris, brother of Sir Augustus Harris, was the "producer" in those days. He was kindly intentioned but rather rough in his methods sometimes, but if one worked hard one found him unfailingly kind. I remember my first rehearsals at the Gaiety as very unhappy ones because I don't think any of the company could imagine why on earth I had been engaged, for I was a poor singer and I couldn't dance. Marion Hood I remember chiefly as being very lovely, and usually standing at the wings just before going on, with her shoes off, nursing one poor foot after another in her hands, for she suffered greatly with corns and chilblains, which, in a lovely creature like she was, seemed to my boyish mind a dreadful tragedy. The popularity of Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren in those days was something wonderful. Her vivacity and charm were a source of constant delight, and

his acting was perfectly enchanting and so absolutely natural. I must have been a very quiet, conscientious, and unobtrusive youth in those days, scarcely casting a glance at the lovely ladies of the chorus and the ballet, engaged as I was, and universally known to be, to the lovely Winifred Emery. One night I remember two of the tallest and loveliest of the "show ladies" came to our dressing-room door and requested me to come outside to speak to them, kissed me beautifully and put me back in my dressing-room again!

During my Gaiety engagement in the autumn of 1887, I was sent for by a very charming actor called Willie Herbert, who was known off the stage as Willie Eden, and told that he would give me a chance of playing a part in a drama called *Handfast*, which he proposed to produce at a matinée at the Prince of Wales, but they must try me at rehearsal first, he said. I therefore studied the part and went to the first rehearsal perfect in my words and gave a performance which to my intense delight and excitement induced them to give me the part. Day after day I rehearsed the part of Austen Woodville, a wretched young weakling who was persuaded to attempt a murder by the one villain of that play, and indeed of many others, William Abingdon. There was a wonderfully effective hysterical scene in it, in which I had to go into practically a *fit* over a Bradshaw, looking out a train in which to

escape ! The cast was a fine one—my great chance had come at last. How terrified I was and in what a state of nervous exhaustion, because I was in a fever at the time and really very ill with what must have been influenza. I was also very unhappy, for just before the first performance (at a matinée at the Prince of Wales Theatre) I received a miserable letter from my fiancée, Winifred Emery, practically breaking off our engagement. I bought a bottle of champagne and took it to my dressing-room, and drank glasses of it continually during the show ! It was the only way, it seemed to me then, in which I could get through my arduous task—but I made a really enormous hit, and next day the great Clement Scott acclaimed me with the biggest notice I could possibly desire in *The Daily Telegraph*. He was wonderful ! It was the only really tragic part I think I ever played. It was strange, for at first after that really great success it looked to me and to all my friends as if I was doomed to play neurotic villains all my life after.



WINIFRED EMERY AS QUEEN ELIZABETH

From a Picture by Chas. A. Buchel

CHAPTER VII

THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

SHORTLY after this I received an offer from Tom Thorne, the lessee and manager of the Vaudeville Theatre, to play the part of Lord Fillemour, a wicked young nobleman in *Joseph's Sweetheart*, by Robert Buchanan, and I left the Gaiety with the blessings of George Edwardes. The Vaudeville in those days was a filthy little hole of a place. The smell from bad drainage was so noisome underneath the stage that when one had to cross from left to right below (our only means of crossing so often, as the stage was small and overcrowded with scenery mostly), one had very carefully to hold one's breath and smother one's nose in one's pocket-handkerchief. The passage up to the Vaudeville stage door from the Strand was a miserably dirty court with the lowest of the low inhabiting filthy doss-houses on the side opposite to the stage door. There was a terrible old woman with only one eye and one leg, who used to come occasionally and shriek out a grimly humorous song at her husband who lived with their child in one of the wretched lodgings. I remember the song was like this. First of all she would limp up the passage,

calling the child, "Cum 'ere, Tommy, cum 'ere. Cum awai from your foither, he's a ——!" "No, no," would shout the father from a dirty top window. "Cum 'ere—leave your mother alone. She's a —— —." "No, no," again yelled the drunken lady, "cum 'ere—*cum* 'ere! [singing] 'e knocked the eye out of meeeeeee. The —— swine! [speaking]. When I first married your —— —— father I was as pretty as a —— pictcher. I 'ad lovely eyes, lovely 'air, and a bonny pair of legs—and now—why, look at me *now*. I've got one eye, one arm, and one leg—like poor dear bloody old immortal Nelson; [singing] 'e knocked the heye out of meeeeeee!" Forlorn, filthy-looking old women sold oranges along the alley way.

The dressing-room accommodation was very meagre and sordid, and the stench everywhere was *abominable*. I had a dresser then called Old Granville. He was used by an artist as a model for old gentlemen drinking port wine. He was marvellous to look at, and Dendy-Sadler had been his most ardent admirer and employer artistically. He *was* careless though. One night he abstracted my chair just as I was going to sit down, and no man ever sat down more suddenly, heavily, and with greater surprise than I did!

Kate Rorke, a very sweet and lovely girl then, was our leading lady in *Joseph's Sweet-heart*, and Harry Conway—about the best-looking juvenile man who ever appeared on the

English stage, and a descendant of Byron, the poet, was Joseph. I remember we had a cottage in that play really thatched with straw. Think of it, with flaring gas all about, to say nothing of those dangerous limelights ! In the cast was a dear old fellow and excellent actor called William Rignold. I dressed in the same tiny room with him and another man. He used to delight in stripping almost entirely and lying on the floor. He also used to rejoice in singing Cockney songs. " I took her down a shidy line," he used to say, " and was just about to imprint a lovely kiss upon 'er ruby lips," when she exclaimed in accents of exquisite tenderness :

Ow ! [a terribly raucous shriek in his highest treble]
 You may kiss me on the elbow,
 You may kiss me on the arm,
 Of kisses you may always 'ave your share ;
 And when you say Good *night*,
 You may squeeze my waist quite *tight*,
 But believe me, *George*, you mustn't kiss me *there* !

And another—his prime favourite :

Ow ! a garden party's so proper,
 So rekerky, so *ambrosial*,
 Ow ! a garden party's so proper,
 The gar-ar-den party for *meeeeeee* !

He was a dear old fellow, but much too large for the tiny dressing-room.

Tom Thorne was at that time fairly prosperous. He had made a small fortune, together with David James, out of *Our Boys*,

and *Confusion*, and by himself with *Sophia*, a delightful version of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. He taught me one great lesson, and that was *punctuality*, and the way he taught was by always being late for rehearsals himself—often as much as an hour or even an hour and a half. I mentally resolved that if ever I were to be a *manager*, *never* would I keep my company waiting like that! And, oh, the joy of waiting about on a wet morning in the stench of the Vaudeville! Poor Tom Thorne's manners were peculiar behind the scenes, and how on earth he ever managed to succeed as an actor beats me now as much as ever it did. Poor Tom—he died in great poverty, and I fear with very few friends! His brother Fred, our stage manager, was a clever little fellow in roughly humorous parts such as Squire Western. Kate Rorke was sweet, kindly, gentle, unspoilt, and very pretty indeed. How good she was to me as an unknown and struggling ambitious young actor, bless her!

There were two girls walking on in that play, nieces of Bram Stoker, Irving's business manager—pretty girls, ladies, and very charming. Some years afterwards the younger of the two fell in love with a Spanish gentleman who jilted her, and she joined the Roman Catholic Church, and, becoming more than ordinarily devout, was at last a Sister of Mercy. She subsequently became convinced that her duty in life was to go out to one of the great

leper colonies and work there. An elder sister of hers at last went out to see her, then, being fearful lest she might be finding the work too terribly arduous and mentally disturbing, she got a special dispensation from the Pope, and brought her back to finish, alas, very shortly, her wonderfully self-sacrificing life. She described to me her visions of the place—which indeed had nearly sent her mad, poor soul—“men digging their stumps of arms,” she said, “into the hot sand and praying to die !” She was a heroine in real life although she only “walked on” in the theatre !

Robert Buchanan was another I shall always remember, with his coat collar turned up and wearing his big spectacles. He was always terribly in earnest, and rather at war with the world in general—but he was always kind and considerate to us actors. He was invariably accompanied by his sister-in-law and most devoted friend, Miss Harriet Jay, a lady of most kindly disposition and unvarying patience.

During the long run of *Joseph's Sweetheart*, Kate Rorke left us to better herself under the flag of Sir John Hare at the Garrick Theatre, and my fiancée returning from her tour with Irving in America joined us in her place. Then Thorne put on another Buchanan play of great charm, called *That Doctor Cupid*. Thorne, with his curious staccato utterance, was the Doctor. I played a stuttering part in which I literally revelled. Just about then

Miss Winifred Emery and I were married at the Savoy Chapel by Henry White, its famous chaplain. Our honeymoon lasted from a Saturday morning until early Monday afternoon, when Winifred had to reappear as Dearest in the enormously successful series of matinées of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at Terry's Theatre. If you referred to the Press notices of that time you would find that she played the part most exquisitely and with great tenderness. The overture for that day of her return was "The Wedding March," by order of the kindly Mrs. Kendal, who was always a great friend and admirer of hers, and under whose ægis she had played that part of Dearest.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, the author of the play, became a great friend of my children in later years. She used to take our two little girls to ancient castles such as Bodiam and pour out in their delighted ears long stories of the mediæval days, and seem to literally *people* the castle courtyard with the knights and ladies and their men-at-arms. One day as she took my second daughter, Pamela, at the age of six, round her garden, showing her the lovely flowers and her pet dogs and birds, she asked, "And you, my darling, have you any pets at home?" "No," rather abruptly answered Pamela. "Oh, Pam," said her elder sister, "remember you have got a silkworm!" "Ah, yes," replied Pam, "but she's *only a puppy!*"

Dear old Alfred Bishop was a delightful figure and gave a most charming performance in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and so, for that matter, did those two sisters Beringer, Esme and Vera respectively, as the little boot-black and the little lord ; and Albert Chevalier too was in the cast. That was long before any of us *dreamed* he would ever become the famous music-hall singer he was in after-years. He always seemed to me rather a sad man ! He was half French, and always delightfully kind and thoughtful and unspoilt by success !

Terry's theatre was, of course, built by Edward Terry, so famous in bygone days at the Old Gaiety, and who later on became such an excellent actor of comedy. His greatest hobby always appeared to me to be Freemasonry. He was a great swell, even being elected a Master of Grand Lodge, and was magnificently decorated always at functions. He was always kind and helpful to me. He was churchwarden at his Parish Church at Barnes. From the Old Gaiety on Saturday night to the churchwarden's pew on Sunday morning seems strange to think of. What a lot of good the dear man did for people, both by his laughter-making and in countless other generous ways !

At the Vaudeville also Thorne produced a version of *Clarissa Harlowe* by Buchanan, a most pathetic play. My wife made a great hit in it. I shall always remember her reading

of her will in that play as one of the most pathetic scenes I ever witnessed in my life !

In a play entitled *Angelina*, which Thorne produced for matinées only, we first met the lovely Lily Hanbury, to whom later on my wife became absolutely devoted. She and her sweet young sister, Hilda, were our great friends. Poor Lily died in childbirth some years later, lamented by countless friends. She had the disposition of a saint and the face of a Madonna.

The School for Scandal Thorne also produced, with my wife as Lady Teazle and myself as Joseph. I thought I was very bad as Joseph. By the way, though I have always considered this part a very overrated one, William Farren was our Sir Peter. I was lucky in having so wonderfully excellent an old actor to watch play the part at the Vaudeville, at the Lyceum, and at the Criterion Theatres. He was so generous as to give me a lesson in the part one day. You may be sure I treasured the advice he gave me and made good use of it when I produced *The School for Scandal* myself later on at the Haymarket Theatre, and for the first time played that great part.

I cannot remember much about the Vaudeville production of *The School*, except the beauty of my wife's performance. She was exquisite in "powder" plays—one of the very last of our actresses at that time to really understand the art of playing parts in eighteenth-century dress !

CHAPTER VIII

THE CRITERION AND ST. JAMES'S

AT last to my joy I got away from the Vaudeville Theatre, as Charles Wyndham sent for me and made me an excellent offer of a three years' engagement at the Criterion Theatre. I opened with him then in the part of an elderly foppish duke in a play called *The Fringe of Society*. Mrs. Langtry was in the cast, Miss Mary Moore and Blakeley and Giddens, and, of course, that splendid actor, Wyndham himself.

And I must not forget to mention that Miss Ellis Jeffreys, in that play, began her first work in comedy. She was delightful then, and now has become our most perfect grande dame with a priceless gift of humour—sparkling! George Giddens was an excellent comedian—brilliant in his parts of countrymen, and most kind-hearted and generously good to us smaller fry. A great lover of sport he was, and at one time owned a very charming little shoot and fishing-house at Wheathamstead in Herts. There was one year a marvellous field of turnip roots not far from the house, out of which an amazing number of partridges used to arise. It always filled me with astonishment until I learned

from his miscreant keeper that very, very early in the morning before our Monday shoots, he would walk carefully around the neighbouring fields belonging to neighbours, and drive the unsuspecting birds into our luscious-looking turnip field !

George became a very devout Christian Scientist before his death, which only occurred about five years ago, and after he had reached a very advanced age. Blakeley, his fellow-player for so many years at the Criterion, died many years before him. He was one of the very quaintest old fellows I ever knew. Very kind-hearted, very frightened of Wyndham, very devoted to his old wife, whom he used to speak of as "pippay." He lived at a little house in a south-western district of London, and called it "Criterion Villa." He had a strange way of shoving his old hands forward and putting out his tongue, and a way of walking, as if he was paddling his way along, which was always most amusing ! In the old comedy, *London Assurance*, I had to kick him—I playing the part of the servant Cool and he Mark Meddle, the lawyer. At the first rehearsal of the play he bent and offered me a most tempting target, of which, I fear, I took more than justifiable advantage. Bouchier, who was in this cast, at once stepped forward, offering to show me the proper way to kick anyone on the stage, i.e. with the side of the foot instead of the toe. Blakeley bent

down for Bouchier to show how it should be done, and after the kick, turned round and said genially, "Yes, I prefer Bouchier—Maude's such an *earnest actor*!"

Blakeley and Old Farren hardly spoke to one another, and when we were on tour with Wyndham I used to come down to the dining-room for my early dinner and find Farren seated at one end of a long room and Blakeley at the other. Farren was an extremely devout Roman Catholic, and used to go invariably to mass early every morning.

When Wyndham produced *London Assurance*, which he did shortly after *The Fringe*, I had a scene with Farren in his breakfast-room. Farren had a long and difficult speech to deliver to me during the first act in that room. Wyndham was very proud of a wonderful chiming clock for which he had given a lot of money. It not only struck the hour, but went off into carillons of a very gay kind, and it was most disturbing for old Farren, because it usually struck the hour, and "did its stunt," *during* his speech. The efforts he used to make to avoid having to speak during the chimes, and his utter rage when he couldn't escape them, added a distinct joy to my young life. It was a great privilege for me, as a young man, to find myself an associate in the theatre with actors—great actors—like Wyndham and his company.

Mary Moore, the present Lady Wyndham,

was a very lovely young woman in those days, and took enormous pains over her work. I have seen her absolutely weep at rehearsals in her desire to do better than she was afraid she could. She was always very considerate and kind to the other members of the company. I remember her performance of the young widow in *Wild Oats* as one of the prettiest and daintiest I ever saw. Wyndham was a great actor—one of the greatest we ever had in England—and one of the most *natural*! He had a curious sort of hoarse voice which somehow became beautifully tender and pathetic under stress of emotion. He had a room fitted up exactly like a cabin in a yacht, next door to the Criterion, where he delighted in giving charming suppers. He once told me that his favourite motto or prayer was, "Oh, Lord, keep my memory green," and asked me if I knew what it meant. "Oh, Lord, make people remember me when I am gone, I suppose." "Oh, no," he replied, "it means—Oh, Lord, keep me young in my ideas!" I often thought of that prayer of his later on when, alas, his power of any kind of memory left him. It was a sad, sad finish.

It was a queer underground life we had at the Criterion Theatre, when one comes to think of it. An extraordinarily popular little place though, as I was bound to find out later on again, when I was a star there for many months.

There was one old lady called Madame Gabrielli at that time who was a great admirer of Wyndham and of Mary Moore. She was, I believe, extremely rich, and of a very great age. She was always hanging round the theatre, and I remember Charles Brookfield saying of her that she had one foot in the grave and the other in the Criterion !

It was in 1893 that I was sent for by George Alexander and Pinero to play the part of Cayley Drummle in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, that wonderful play of Pinero's. They wanted my wife for the part of Paula, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her brilliant success, but owing to the fact that my second daughter was bound to make her first appearance in this world a few months later, my wife had to refuse the part. I believe several people were offered the part after she was, and finally Mrs. Pat was decided on. I well remember the "reading" of the play at the St. James's Theatre. Mrs. Pat—I can see her now sitting in a corner of the room ; quite unknown she had been until then, except for a fine performance in a melodrama at the Adelphi. Alexander himself was watching the effect of the reading on the company. Fine old Nutcombe Gould, who died—blind—a few years later on ; Vane Tempest, Lord Londonderry's nephew ; the lovely Edith Chester ; Amy Roselle, smarting under the indignity of having to give up leads and playing a small part ; H. H. Vincent,

the stage manager ; and Maude Millet, that most pretty girl, without whose portrait no Oxford or Cambridge mantelpiece used to be considered properly adorned in those days ! Ben Webster too, so young, handsome, and gallant. There we all sat and listened to Pinero, to the wonderful play which was destined to make such a great stir and success in the world a few weeks later. I remember we marvelled then at Alexander even having been able to get it past the Censor. We started rehearsals the next day with all the proper scenery and with every prop ready. I don't remember if I was more elated than I was terrified at having to play the part of Cayley—a delightful part, though with an extraordinarily trying scene in the first act. I had to tell the whole story of Paula's life and describe things which up till that time had rarely, if ever, been mentioned on the English stage. Pinero rehearsed us always with extraordinary care and attention, sitting close to Mrs. Pat and facing her day after day at rehearsals. He taught her every word and every look, which must indeed to an actress of her now undoubted brilliance have been extremely trying—but she bore it like a lamb, and as we all know made the most enormous success of any living actress. I stood at the wings at the beginning of the first act waiting to go on, and Pinero came and patted me on the shoulder and wished me good luck. It was a kindly

action and inspired me. The success that night of the play and of all concerned was wonderful. Never shall I forget it. People stood up at the end and cheered and waved their handkerchiefs—the enthusiasm was overwhelming. Alexander had a crowd of people rushing round to congratulate him and all of us. I remember Mrs. Pat and I walked up and down discussing the evening outside in the yard by the stage door. “Have I really made a success?” she said. She did not seem to realise what it was going to mean to her. I had to leave the cast at the end of the London season to join Comyns Carr in his new venture at the Comedy. The “business” in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* was enormous. Harry V. Esmond followed me in my part, which I hated having to give up.

Dame Madge Kendal played Paula in America subsequently, as did Olga Nethersol and Ethel Barrymore, and made a very great success. Miss Charlotte Granville played the part in London when Mrs. Pat was ill, and scored enormously. I went to see Miss Gladys Cooper play the part at the Playhouse some few years ago, and was greatly impressed by her wonderful performance. It was very marvellous, I thought. What a *part*! What an actress! And, best of all, what a fine character!

Alexander ran his theatre beautifully, and I had indeed a happy time there working with such charming people in such perfectly organ-

ised surroundings. His wife, now Lady Alexander, was a wonderfully helpful person to him in every possible way and was really accountable for a great deal of his great success !

Pinero had a way of walking up and down in front of the first row of stalls listening acutely to every word the actors spoke and looking at them also from time to time. It was very bewildering. The most maddening thing of that kind I ever had to suffer from, though, was the way of one "producer." He had a telephone arranged for himself from the middle of the stalls to the prompt entrance, and one continually kept hearing a little bell being rung there. He also had an awful way of talking to the manager as well as into the telephone the whole time in a fairly loud voice. But he "meant well," I know, although I could gladly have shot him and wounded him severely from time to time during the dress rehearsals. And when I was rehearsing in front of him I had to carry in my belt two pistols and a knife—exigencies of my rôle !

One never used to hear of such a person as a "producer," say fifteen years ago. True, you could see in the advertisements sometimes that plays were about to be produced, but not "produced."

We actor-managers all stage-managed our own plays, while Mr. Charles Frohman "presented" them. We were nearly always aided

in our work of production by the author of the play and by our stage managers. Some authors, such as Sydney Grundy and Henry Arthur Jones, Carton and others, were of great assistance in this way, as, of course, is Pinero, who indeed stage-manages all his plays himself. Barrie too was most wonderfully helpful, even writing in whole scenes when he considered his original work needed it.

The "producer," in inverted commas, is comparatively quite a new item in theatre life. Sometimes, more often than not, he has hardly been much of an actor in his short career on the stage! Perhaps even he has failed as an actor! But because he has not succeeded in playing parts adequately, that has not prevented him from attempting, often most inadequately, to teach well-qualified and even distinguished actors and actresses how to act. The "producer" exists in large numbers in America; and over in the States, the greatest is undoubtedly David Belasco—but he is on a plane all by himself. He is an ever-young old man of great genius and overwhelming energy.

Now, some people will tell you, and not without reason, that many a good play has been ruined by the "producer." They will tell you that he is often a very arbitrary individual who insists on every part being played according to the lines he lays down, to the astonishment of both author and actor!

He will often destroy personality, and instead of helping forward and bringing out the best characteristics of his expensively paid artist, he will reduce each to his own ideas, which indeed may often be utterly unlike anything imagined by his bewildered author.

The "producer" in America will often take royalties on the play in part payment for his services. In our own country I believe such is not usually the case. Sometimes the "producer" is some well-known and highly trained actor. Charles Hawtrey, for instance, devoted a great many hours in the latter part of his life to the work.

The wise and careful "producer" will give many hours of study to the play before he calls his first rehearsal, and have many a heart-to-heart talk with his author, with his scene painter, and of course his manager.

But I have known "producers" who have not even taken the trouble to read the play through properly before meeting the company for the first time. He may sometimes be a man of great charm and most convincing, and yet quite incompetent. The play may be so good and the actors so excellent, that in spite of his lack of real qualifications for his important work, the result of the first performance may be that his name as a "producer" is "made" with the general public!

I have seen plays "produced" in which the "producer" has not been aware of the fact,

patent to all the cast, that one of the principal actors has really been producing the play all the time. If he was clever the actor usually did his work by suggestion to the "producer," who quickly began to imagine that all the ideas were his own entirely.

Sometimes the "producer" has an unfortunate manner which sets every member of the company against him, antagonises the author, and drives the manager mad. And yet in the end this horrible person may, through sheer luck, be acclaimed, by the great critical world of London or New York, a great "producer" !

The best and wisest man has always been he who has a genius for selecting the absolutely right person for each individual part, for making the author happy at every rehearsal, and for keeping his artists keen and cheerful. He should not be ashamed to take hints or advice, but he should be chary about putting faith in them. His electrician should be the best that money can produce, and his stage manager should be a man of intelligence, who, pencil in hand, will be ever watchful to make a note of every word, movement, or even intonation his chief suggests. He will take care that the stage on which his artists are to rehearse is warm and comfortable—theatres are chilly places at the best in the daytime over here, while on the other hand they are often terribly overheated in America. He should see that

the cleaners are out of the theatre before the actual rehearsal begins, and above all he should be punctual in his attendance at the theatre and not keep his company waiting about until they become listless and weary. He will also be careful to see that all noises of knocking and scrubbing are stopped during his work. And indeed he should be what our servants are fond of calling "a real gentleman."

Again, I think we old actors have our own ideas of what the ideal "manager" should be like. First of all he should not be a man who in any way despises the class of people he has to employ to help him make his own living. He should have a good strong will and indomitable pluck, as well as constant courtesy and tact! His face should never give away the fact when he is doing abominable business. He should every night be going to see some play or other, watching for new talent. He should cultivate the friendship of every author or potential author, be he dramatist already or only one in the making, or even as yet only a writer of books or even only short stories.

He should be a man who feels just as badly about losing other people's money as he does about losing his own. He should not be compelled to fuss over the sordid details of accounts, and yet have an ever-watchful eye in that direction. He should be able to inculcate into all

his employees at the theatre the desire to show a spirit of good fellowship and great pride in the whole place and in the way in which it is run. Although his nights should certainly be spent in the theatres of his confrères, his days and late hours after the theatre must be devoted to reading, and incessantly reading, plays and books too. He should employ at least two readers, and to my mind he should do all in his power to induce our Universities to start the teaching of the elements of play-writing as is done at Harvard and Yale Universities in the States. Many of the newly arrived and arriving authors in the States would confirm this, I am sure. He should rarely accept a play for production without hearing it read aloud to him and later on reading it himself aloud to someone else, not necessarily to get their opinion of the work, but to watch for any sign of boredom or even sleepiness in himself!

I should say that on the whole the wisest actor is he who keeps out of management nowadays. The risks are far, far greater than they were twenty years ago. I have known of more than one actor who has made more money by taking his weekly salary and percentage on the gross than the management did with great successes and runs of over five hundred nights.

But the Mecca of all artists, dramatic or musical, as far as money goes, is New York.

A Mecca, by the way, full of dangers and pitfalls though !

Many an English actor and actress have migrated to the States by now, and it is as easy to cast an English play in New York as it is in London. You would be surprised how many of your old favourites, whom you may have reckoned dead, are over there making a good living.

CHAPTER IX

COMYNS CARR AND THE COMEDY

By this time I had, thanks to "Racing," the Gaiety, the Vaudeville seasons and my recognised decent position as an actor with Wyndham, begun really to "get on."

It was soon after this in the spring of '93 that my wife and I received an offer from Comyns Carr, who was just "going into management," to become members of his company at the Comedy Theatre near the Haymarket. We were to open in a play by Sydney Grundy called *Sowing the Wind*. It was a dainty and most pathetic little story of the early 1800 period. Winifred's part was peculiarly suited to her wonderful powers of pathos. Brandon Thomas, whose name as the author of Charlie's celebrated Aunt was even then phenomenal, played my wife's father, and the principal scene between them used to move the audience nightly to floods of tears. I used to watch through a small hole in the scenery the effect on the audience, and soon found out that *men* in an audience are always the first to cry! Sydney Brough, then an excellent young actor, played the juvenile part, and clever Annie Hughes and Edmund Maurice, an excellent actor, were

also in the cast. Annie Hughes at that time was greatly admired, and Maurice also. He, like George Giddens, was a very keen sportsman, and could catch a fish when no one else could, but sometimes we used to wonder about the means he had employed in doing so! He was quite a brilliant water-colour artist too. I played the part of an old friend and boon companion of Brandon's, and we made a quaint-looking old pair in our great big curly-brimmed bell-toppers as we sipped our port together in the first act in the quaint garden. Our seats by the little table were close down to the footlights. We suffered terribly from the fumes which arose from the gas. It was no joke acting close to the footlights in those days.

Comyns Carr was genial and kind, and so was Grundy. The latter, by the way, always smoked a pipe at rehearsals. He had a gloomy and complaining kind of manner, but underneath it all was a very different man. In that cast was also a lady who became in after-years a very great friend of ours, Miss Rose LeClercq, a delightful, a wonderful actress—the very greatest “grande dame,” I should think, who has ever appeared on the stage. She was full of fun always, and used to delight in meeting me before an act began and, while the orchestra was playing, singing duets with me in grand-opera style. She had a tiny dog which would always howl if she sang to it, and she used to put it on a small table and then sing a little

operatic air with the words "Come, come, my pretty darling, how do you feel to-day?" Whereupon the small dog would absolutely yell an answer at her most operatically. She never allowed anyone to speak to her for some ten minutes before she went on for her part, and I have often seen people who did not know of this idiosyncrasy approach her with a view to a trifling chat, and be *waved* away by her in the most queenly fashion. I remember a certain great lady of society, who had an enormous admiration for her style, saying that she would be worth giving a hundred pounds to any night just to receive guests at a party. Grandes dames, both on the stage and off, have always interested me very much. Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, with her marvellous bunches of side curls, was one I remember well—but of course even she could not surpass Rose LeClercq for queenliness. Dainty Lady Reay, who used to ride every morning in the Row long after she was seventy, was another delightful old lady, and most interesting to listen to; and so of course was that grand little Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had a great affection for my wife, and would often ask us to the most charming luncheons. I remember well she was the first elderly lady I ever saw smoke cigarettes, and I used always to be so interested in the queer tiny vases of little lumps of coal which she collected in the fender of the fireplace. Some wonderful old ladies I have met in the

United States, too—of the most aristocratic demeanour, with lovely white hair, looking like perfect Marquises of the Marie Antoinette period.

Rose LeClercq had a most gentle, kindly disposition. She mixed very little indeed in any kind of society, devoting herself almost entirely to her stage work. Alas, she died a few years later when playing under my management at the Haymarket Theatre. My wife and I went to her funeral, and I well remember, as we waited upstairs in a room in her little flat just off the Fulham Road, seeing that little dog of hers wandering aimlessly and sadly about the room. Animals in cases of death in a family always strike me as particularly pathetic. They cannot put into words all they feel, and yet in such stress of emotion how little we are able to express our own feelings either !

Sowing the Wind, although it made a great initial success and was delightful in every way, did not last so very long, and soon we found ourselves rehearsing another play by Sydney Grundy, called *The New Woman*. How very old that "New Woman" would find herself among the short-skirted, bobbed and shingled voting ladies of the present day, I leave you to imagine. That most excellent actor, Fred Terry, was with us in that play—the best Charles Surface, by the way, with whom I ever played ! Rose LeClercq again

was with us, to my delight, and we had wonderfully funny scenes together ; I again playing yet another old man, a Colonel of a whimsically naughty kind.

Comyns Carr's productions were always well mounted and well done in every way, but he had no outstanding success, poor fellow. He was one of the wittiest of after-dinner speakers, and was for a long time a famous art critic. I remember dining with him at his house once and meeting Watts Dunton and Sargent. Mrs. Comyns Carr owned a wonderful picture of her son Philip by Burne-Jones, who was a great friend of the Carrs. I wonder what has become of it. Carr's second son is the famous K.C. During the run of *Sowing the Wind* I well remember Carr coming into the green-room at the Comedy, and reading out a letter from that second son, who was then, I fancy, at Winchester—it ran, if I remember aright, somewhat as follows: “Dear Father, please send on another sovereign. I have spent all my money and my *assets* are *nil*.” The last words from a schoolboy of fourteen tickled Carr enormously.

The brilliant Lena Ashwell (Lady Simpson) was also of the company, my wife's understudy. She was a most charming girl, and in one of the plays, owing to my wife's illness, saw her chance and took it amazingly. From that moment her name was made.

Speaking of understudies, I recall another

time when an understudy with us made her name owing to my wife's illness. It was at the Haymarket some years later than when Lena Ashwell's chance came. She was Miss Annie Saker, who was *second* understudy to my wife, and both my wife and the principal understudy happened to be taken ill at the same time. She also, like Lena Ashwell, saw her chance and took it well.

In America there is very little attention paid to understudy work; indeed, the star never has an understudy at all. If he or she is ill—there is no performance. This makes the star's life on tour one of constant anxiety if he feels the commencement of a cold, or begins to suffer from pain for which there is no palpable reason. The faces of the company become long and drawn with anxiety too, poor souls, for if there is no performance, their means of living stop *at once*—indeed, the prospects of months of work may be jeopardised.

I had the honour of playing in another Pinero play at the Comedy under Comyns Carr—*The Benefit of the Doubt*. Winifred made a huge success as the heroine and played most wonderfully a drunken scene. The play was a great success at first, but the business very soon began to droop. I played the part of an elderly baronet, and I have a vivid recollection of Pinero's actually coming to my dressing-room and altering my make-up in a very clever

way, pinning in little locks of hair here and there into my wig. I wonder if he has often done that since !

Leonard Boyne, an excellent actor, played the leading man's part. He had the most fascinating Irish brogue and a very charming personality. His greatest happiness was hunting, and there was very little connected with horses that he did not know. Always kind, cheery, and rather wistful in his way—that is my recollection of him.

We also played *Frou-frou* at the Comedy, and my wife was very wonderful in it. One day at an early rehearsal of the death scene she was so infinitely pathetic that Brandon Thomas, Comyns Carr, and others on the stage found themselves sobbing in an agony of grief, and we had to stop the rehearsal. I wish we had then been able to bottle up on a gramophone her marvellously pathetic voice, but in those days voices on the gramophone sounded terrible. Winifred and I a few years later were requested to do a quarrel scene from *The School for Scandal* for the Gramophone Company, to be placed in the Archives of the British Museum. We heard it before it was “ put away.” I only hope if future generations ever hear that “ bottling ” they will also ask for a copy of this book and believe what I have said about the tears in my wife's voice and not what the gramophone of that day put forward as a voice !

My poor little wife about this time had her second serious illness—typhoid. Her first was the softening of the apex of one of her lungs, which came when I belonged to Wyndham at the Criterion. That was brought on by dressing in a room in a new theatre, the New Olympic, opened by Wilson Barrett. She was playing extremely strenuous parts in vivid melodramas and no doubt getting very hot indeed, and then coming straight off the stage into a dressing-room literally streaming with water on its walls! She had to be sent to St. Moritz two years running for five months. She caught the typhoid, I firmly believe, in a dressing-room at the Comedy Theatre, which in those days was very faulty in its drainage. For many weeks she was terribly ill, and when she recovered, lost every scrap of hair on her head, which had been covered with golden hair, and now became a mass of closely curled brown locks.

Comyns Carr's career as a manager, although he had a kindly and generous backer in Stuart Ogilvy, soon came to an end.

CHAPTER X

STARTING AT THE HAYMARKET

My wife and I then began to think of managing a theatre on our own account. Her position as an actress was a great asset, and I was successful in nearly every part I played—at that time mostly old man character parts. In fact the older I became in real life, the younger became my parts on the stage.

The first thing to do was of course to get a theatre, and I bought an option on the loan of the Garrick Theatre, and then set to work to gather together a syndicate. Several kind and generous friends who believed in us soon came forward and put their names down to help, and we soon had a capital collected which seemed adequate for making a start. But one day my old friend Frederick Harrison took me aside just after he had experienced a series of failures at the Lyceum in a partnership with Forbes-Robertson, and asked me whether, before I definitely settled to take up my option on the Garrick, I would consider the idea of going into co-management with him at the Haymarket, suggesting also that he would bring in a further sum to add to our theatrical capital. He told us that if we would

join with him as managers he could secure a five years' lease of the Haymarket, the theatre at which he had served as business manager with Tree for several years. But he said he should not be able to get the Haymarket without us!

At last we agreed, and for nine years, extraordinarily successful and, in the main, happy years, we worked together as managers. He ruled the roost as business manager, with an extremely capable first lieutenant, Mr. Horace Watson, as his more than brilliant helper. I *produced*, and in the main played the principal parts, and we had twenty-three successes running.

We first had to "do up" the theatre, and I well remember the horror with which I first viewed the paper my partner had selected and hung without my knowing it in the passages. A horribly common yellow paper. I shudder to think of it even *now*! Our first production was *Under the Red Robe*, adapted from Stanley Weyman's famous book by a very charming man, Edward Rose. Harrison was bitten with a tremendous desire to play the Cardinal, I remember, and we nearly had a quarrel about it, as I felt certain he would be utterly unlike Richelieu—his successes as an actor had been few indeed. He soon saw his mistake, however, and agreed to my demands with a good grace, and we engaged Sydney Valentine for that part—and very fine he was in it too, with his wonderful

voice and his powerful personality ! Herbert Waring played the part of Gil de Berault very finely, and my wife was an exquisite Renée de Cocheforet. I played a stupid but funny part and loathed its being the first part I was to play under my own management. Dainty Eva Moore was in the cast too—a piquant little personality at that time, and very pretty. We mounted the play beautifully, and a delightful conductor we had been so fortunate (as we thought) to engage, composed some delicious music to be sung “off” by the choir of the Cardinal Richelieu. One day I came down to the theatre while a rehearsal of the music alone was going on, and to my horror I found our poor conductor talking gibberish apparently, and evidently in a very queer state mentally. It was the beginning of madness. He lived but a very short while after, dying hopelessly mad ! But imagine our feelings just before the opening of our first managerial venture ! I have had, as you shall see, some strange adventures just before productions of plays, but few that were so heartrending !

But the opening night came at last on October 17th, 1896, and with it great joy, and we were fairly started on what turned out to be nine years of successes. Ernest Holman Clarke played the part of a dumb man, Clon, with a face made up like a skull, and scored enormously. Granville Barker had nothing to do but stroll on and off as a Major-domo.

The play ran until, on June 5th, 1897, we produced *The Marriage of Convenience*, adapted from the French by Sydney Grundy. A delightful play truly, and one which even now often finds favour. In that play we had William Terriss, a marvellously virile and handsome actor and a good fellow—father, of course, of the delightful Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks). His performance was perfect—as was that of my wife in the rôle of the Comtesse de Camdale, his wife in the play. Sydney Valentine scored yet again as a most impressive general, and Holman Clarke as a valet called Jasmin. Here also on the programme of that day I find the name of a certain Mr. Sutton Barnes, renowned partner in these days of Harvey & Sons, the great wine merchants of Bristol. He forsook the Buskin for the wineskin. Wise man! Strange and greatly to be deplored is the fact that I see no mention in the programme of the name of a painter of one of the most exquisite “interior” views I have ever been associated with in any theatre. It stood for the entire four acts and was in its way a simply perfect example of the style of French Louis Quinze. Harrison and I furnished it, I remember, from Maples’ second-hand department with perfect examples of the chairs and couches of that period. Eight years later when Harrison and I parted company as managers, we divided our furniture, and a couch and three chairs came into my possession.

When we bought them Maples told us they were not genuine, but *copies*. Many years later on when I first went to America as a star I decided to take these lovely Louis Quinze seats with me and sent them to be packed at Oetzmanns. One day, after they had been duly packed and dispatched to the States, Messrs. Oetzmanns' head man met me and expressed his admiration of those pieces of furniture and asked me if I had realised they were genuine old pieces. "But they can't be," I said, "for Maples themselves told me in '97 that they were copies!" "I assure you they *are*," said the gentleman from Oetzmanns'. "I am supposed to be a connoisseur on such subjects, but in order to make certain I called in one of the biggest experts in London and he confirmed in my mind what had already become a certainty!" It was then too late to have them introduced into New York as genuinely *old*, and so later, with all the rest of my things, they arrived there in bond. Someone in New York told me that if they had not been in bond I could have sold them for a large sum, and that the best thing I could do would be to take them back to England and then bring them back again the next time I returned, as what they really were, genuine old pieces. Well, I did so, and for the second time those chairs and the sofa came across the ocean to England and then back again to America. But it was all of no avail. I could not by any

possible means find purchasers for those relics, and finally I gave one to my daughter, Margery Burden, and one to my dear Mrs. Dana Gibson, and the sofa to my good old friend, Jo Cawthorne, capital actor and good fellow, and his charming wife, who, I believe, adore that sofa almost as much as they do their wonderful sea fishing on The Sound !

Poor William Terriss was murdered, stabbed in the back by a lunatic (as all the world knows, of course) outside the stage door of the Adelphi shortly after he left us, when we closed for our then regular summer holiday. We had commenced a résumé of the run of the play, when, just as I was going on, the news was brought to me and my wife. How good he was to me and how kind and considerate ! I remember one night seeing that he had a friend behind the scenes talking to him. Harrison and I had always made up our minds that on no account would we allow any member of the cast to have friends round behind the scenes during the acting of the play. Now Terriss was a great actor and I only an insignificant one, and I remember it took a lot of courage for me to send a message to him (just as I had to go on the stage) to say that I regretted but we could not allow him to have a stranger to talk to him behind the scenes during the play. After the end of the act he came straight up to me and putting his arm round my shoulders said, " You were quite right, my dear Cyril, to send

me that message !” His death was a great loss to the stage. His breeziness, bonhomie, and his really handsome presence as well as his fine voice were delights to eye and ear alike.

I remember hearing a story of his coming one day into a certain club and seeing his name at the bottom of a list of members who had failed to pay their subscription, put in front of his own name the word “and,” which is a form of the commencement of starring in the theatrical profession.

Mention of the word “and” in such circumstances as theatre advertising reminds me of Barrie once telling me that he thought a much better way would be to insert the word “but,” thereby greatly glorifying the name of the last-mentioned name on the list !

King Edward loved *The Marriage of Convenience*, and came to see it more than once. One night when he came he sent for Terriss, Winifred, and myself. We stood in a row in front of him and Princess Maud, now Queen of Norway. Conversation was rather dull and stilted, my wife and I were nervous. Suddenly Terriss, looking the King straight in the eye, said, referring to the King’s horse, which was about to race for the gold cup at Ascot the following day, “We all hope Persimmon is going to win the Gold Cup to-morrow. Oh yes, sir, we’ve all put *our shirt on it*.” After which the King roared with laughter, and the ice was properly broken.

CHAPTER XI

THE AUTOGRAPH BOARD

IT was in the summer of 1897 that James Barrie first came into my life. I had at the time played in a piece written by him and Marriott Watson, called *Richard Savage*, at the Criterion, in which I played Sir Richard Steele, and we had become to a certain extent friends through that, but it was that summer when one day he told me that he was ready to write a play founded on his delightful book *The Little Minister*. He told me this while we were playing billiards at the Garrick Club. I missed several fine cannons, and, rushing over to the Haymarket, told Harrison; and sooner than we could have hoped for, we had the play and put it into rehearsal. I loved every minute of the work on it. Barrie sat with me on a little platform we had rigged up in front of the stage and worked and helped in every minute of the stage management, and we lunched and tea'd together and nursed the lovely thing into the perfection everybody seemed to consider it six weeks later. I got Sir Alexander Mackenzie to write the chef d'œuvre "Little Minister Suite" of music, which seemed actually to *caress* the play as it moved along.



WINIFRED EMERY AS LADY BABBA

From Miniatures



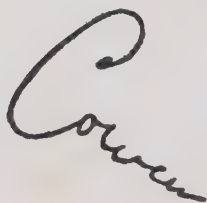
CYRIL MAUDE AS THE LITTLE MINISTER

He adored Barrie's writing and it was a wonderful labour of love for him! He did me the honour of discussing nearly every movement of the music and was delightfully kind and helpful, and most generous too, for he refused any fees whatever for the music. (Harrison and I gave him a great silver bowl with pictures of *The Little Minister* engraved on it.) It is amazing to me that although that lovely music is constantly played at orchestral concerts, it was never used again when the play was twice revived. What could the “producers” have been thinking of, I wonder! It was *part* of the very play itself! The cast was *perfect*. Winifred's Babbie was exquisite. Why shouldn't I say so?—everyone said the same! Dear old Mrs. Brooke's Nanny was loved by everyone. Willie Elliot played the old and lordly Father perfectly; and as for the Elders, how superbly they were played by Brandon Thomas, Mark Kinghorne, Holman Clark, and Tyler! And nobody who ever saw that performance is likely to forget Sydney Fairbrother's Micah Dow, the little ragged Scottish urchin. Sir Alexander's own daughter made a perfect little Scottish maid—and among the boys and girls walking on, or rather *running* on, was the lovely Muriel Beaumont, now Lady du Maurier. The scenery too was beautiful—painted by Walter Hann and Joseph Harker.

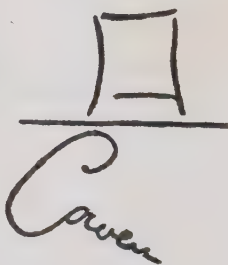
An enormous success! And I to my astonishment, finding myself playing a young and

romantic lover to the most perfect of sweet young Babbies! It was on November 6th, 1897, that we produced it—thirty years ago. I made many new and wonderfully good friends too during the run of that play.

Among others, I think it was just about then that my wife and I first got to know Alma Tadema. Seated one night next to the great artist at a dinner party, he told her how he had discovered that a man he knew called Cowen was really a Jew, and should really have spelt his name Cohen. He then drew on the back of the menu the name Cowen thus :



And then he added a hat thus:



Winifred brought the picture home—an Alma Tadema—the only R.A. picture we possessed.

I have an autograph board on which are inscribed hundreds of names which I am very proud of! Down at the bottom is the name

of George the Fifth—it is the smallest on the board, signed just George, P.

The name Giffard reminds me of a supper with the Lord Chancellor of that time, Lord Halsbury. He had just been to see *Iolanthe* by Gilbert and Sullivan, and was quite angry the whole of supper time over the fact that a Lord Chancellor was made fun of, “had to skip about like that—disgraceful!”

Bernard Partridge, the great cartoonist and a charming actor in those days, you will also find on my priceless board. He was in the cast of *Under the Red Robe*, our first play at the Haymarket, and excellent he was too. He loved acting! Lord Dufferin’s name is there too—a great gentleman! Gerald Bardswell the cricketer, who captained the Oxford XI three years running—a most lovable personality. The Duke of Fife, always a very good kind friend to us. Frank Burnand, the one-time editor of *Punch*, and whose *Happy Thoughts* afforded us so much amusement in the old days. Frankfort Moore the novelist; Lord Dungarvan, afterwards Earl of Cork, a great character, good sportsman, and kind friend. I remember our both seeing together for one minute the very loveliest woman I ever set eyes on. It was in Ireland, in Galway, and he and I had been fishing for sea trout with great success in Lough Fermoy. We were driving back a matter of thirty miles to Galway, when suddenly I saw standing in front of a small

crowd of Irish peasants, watching us drive by, this very lovely young woman with gorgeous red-golden hair waving around her head. Never have I seen such a lovely sight, and "Sol," to call Cork by his favourite nickname, agreed with me. I wonder what became of her! I doubt if she had ever had a bath! Also on the board is Baden-Powell, my dearly prized old friend "B.P." He came and acted in a big charity performance with me at the Haymarket. We did a song and dance together. I remember his coming to rehearsal one day straight from a Levée in his full uniform. He was a capital actor. We did our song and dance together with great success. F. K. W. Girdlestone, a great housemaster at Charterhouse, who was known by the affectionate nickname of "Duck," and his house was known as "Duckites." He owed his nickname to a most fascinating waddle. I think it is mostly due to him that I became an actor, for he cast me always for such good parts in the school theatricals. W. T. B. Hayter, now Master of Charterhouse, my old and valued schoolfellow. William Haig Brown, one of the greatest head masters who ever lived. He was so proud of B. P., and on Mafeking night, feeling he would probably be lonely sitting over there in his wonderful old house at Charterhouse, near Smithfield Market, I begged him in an urgent note to come and celebrate the great event of

B. P.'s release, at the Haymarket on the stage with all of us. He came at once, and made a thrilling speech, and said that B. P. "would be equally at home nursing either a baby or a cannon!" The lovely Winifred Barty Rogers, afterwards Lady Weldon, who behaved so pluckily during the Irish Rebellion. Talbot, then Bishop of Rochester and afterwards Bishop of Winchester, most honoured and valued of friends, who conferred such a great benefit on the English stage when he started the Actors' Church Union—father also of that gallant young soldier, Gilbert Talbot, one of my dearest young pals, in whose memory was founded "Toc H." which is doing such great work in the world. Linley Sambourne's name you will find there too. One day when I was staying with Barrie up near Grantully on the Tay in Scotland, I went out fishing in a loch miles above Barrie's house. It was on August 11th, '97, and I was accompanied by a sort of half gillie, half farm hand, and his dog. We had to cross a moor on which the shooting was owned by Wolff, the great Belfast shipbuilder. As we went across the moor, the gillie's dog gave a sharp bark and we saw he had caught a rabbit. The gillie took it from his dog and looked carefully around him, and then hid it under a little cairn of stones close by a gate. He was nervous for fear anyone might have seen him, as it was well known in that district that

Wolff was very "down" on poachers. Well, we had a successful time fishing up on the loch and came back with a basket full, and as we approached the gate where my friend had hidden his rabbit, we saw a group of men and a pony or two, keepers and dogs, awaiting us. One of the men was Wolff and one was Linley Sambourne. They were out trying the dogs for the 12th, the next day's sport. I saw my friend, the gillie farm hand, looking a bit anxious, for their resting-place was so close to his rabbit's hiding-place. Linley Sambourne had spotted me coming down the mountain-side and wanted to introduce me to Wolff. The gillie looked more anxious and foolish than ever when we both saw that Wolff was actually *sitting* on the cairn of stones that covered the rabbit! Some years afterwards I told Sambourne and Wolff, who enjoyed the joke immensely.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh was a great and most helpful friend of mine. His widow told me once that after King Edward had been to stay with Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle, he related to her with much amusement how Carnegie had insisted on his coming down after luncheon to his smoking-room, where he made him listen to a poem he had written about the King himself, and each verse ended with—"But Teddy's the boy for me."

There are hundreds of names which may interest the reader, such as William Gillett,

charming actor and American gentleman, who lives in, literally, a castle in the States ! General Sir Evelyn Wood, Raven Hill, the artist, Henry Irving, the late King of Siam (then Crown Prince), Harry Furniss, Sir Henry Head, my old school-fellow, the great nerve doctor who operated on his own nerves in order to make discoveries ; Squire Bancroft, my dear old friend, who, when I built the Playhouse, strongly recommended me to furnish and decorate the theatre in all shades of brown and gold—"For," said he, "every woman looks at her best with a brown background, and every woman will enjoy a play all the more if she feels she is herself looking her very best ! " Rose, Lady Headfort, formerly the charming Rosie Boote—how well I remember her coming and begging me for an engagement many, many years ago. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, whose mother, the Princess Christian, was so good a friend to my wife. But I must stop quoting the names on this wonderful autograph board of mine.

It was during the summer of '98 that my wife, my two little girls, and I went to stay with Barrie in Scotland—a wonderful experience, and a most happy time indeed !

On October 29th, 1898, we produced *The Manœuvres of Jane*, by Henry Arthur Jones—a most amusing play in which again my wife and I managed to score successes. The play did not suit the taste of the gallery first-nighters

and poor Jones was booed—but night after night it went better and better, and developed into such a great success that it was not until October 28th, 1899, that we needed another play. How furious Henry Arthur Jones was with me for putting in what, I fear when I think of it now, was a lot of almost too farcical business. He used to gallop after me in the Row in Hyde Park, where I went for a ride every morning, and storm at me. And then I used to gallop away from him and he would pursue me again and resume his abuse! I had sort of spies in front of the house who would report to me when he was seen to come in and then at once I would modify my farcical business. I made a hit with a curious laugh which I copied from a certain curate of our acquaintance, and I wore my pocket-handkerchief in a trouser pocket, and other eccentricities I copied from a certain well-known peer, who shall be nameless. Miss Gertrude Kingston (Mrs. Silver) was my sweetheart in the play—an admirable actress she was. So was Beatrice Ferrar—a brilliant little lady. My wife as usual made a great success. William Eliot was excellent in that play too, and used thoroughly to enjoy acting in it. I wonder it has never been revived.

The Black Tulip, adapted from the famous French novel by Sydney Grundy, was our next play. It was a very lovely production in four acts; the period 1672. The costumes

were, as ours always were, provided by Messrs. Nathan and designed by Mr. Karl. In the cast I find we still had Sydney Valentine with us and Holman Clarke and Mark Kinghorne, Mrs. Brooke and Muriel Beaumont. It was a most picturesque affair and quite a success for a time, but the Boer War began just then, and anything Dutch rather stank in the nostrils of the British public, and by January 9th, 1900, we had to "change the bill."

It was during the run of the *Black Tulip*, which as you see was a short one, that Harrison and I decided to produce three old comedies in succession before the end of the season—*She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, and *The School for Scandal*. We had huge successes with all three plays and I enjoyed producing them enormously. I managed to get hold of three famous old prompt copies of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and worked most carefully to get the best out of each. We engaged an excellent cast. It is a joy to me even now to think of these performances. Winifred played with tender charm the leading part and looked most exquisite. Paul Arthur played young Marlow beautifully, Sydney Valentine was an absolutely perfect Tony Lumpkin, and Miss M. A. Victor a most admirable Mrs. Hardcastle (indeed, I cannot imagine a better one!). It caught on with a "bang." Sydney Dagnall was our Diggory, Graham Browne an admirable Hastings, and

Beatrice Ferrar an out-of-the-way fine Miss Neville. I played Old Hardcastle and enjoyed myself. We could easily have played it all that season—the house was always full to capacity—but we had decided to produce *The Rivals* on March 27th, and *did*. *The Rivals* was just as big a success as *She Stoops to Conquer*. Mrs. Calvert a wonderful Mrs. Malaprop, Winifred a perfect Lydia Languish, the lovely Lily Hanbury as Julia, and Beatrice Ferrar a delightful pert maid, Lucy. Beveridge as Sir Lucius O'Trigger could hardly have been improved upon, and Valentine's Sir Anthony was as good as could be, you may be sure, and Paul Arthur was excellent as Captain Absolute. I played Bob Acres and enjoyed making people laugh as they did, but I was always very puzzled by that part. His scenes are so farcical in a comedy! Dear Mrs. Calvert was a great character and an extremely amusing old actress. When she was young I understand she was quite lovely and made an enormous success as Cleopatra in her husband's theatre in Manchester. She underwent tortures from cold and used to sit in our green-room at the Haymarket with her hands in a muff holding one of those Instrat things and with her feet on a hot-water bottle—dressed as Mrs. Malaprop she looked so funny. She was a sweet, kind-hearted old lady. She suffered, poor soul, from some ailment of glands near her throat which made her occasionally hold her head at a curious

angle and make funny movements with her mouth. I remember, later on in our management of the Haymarket, she came to see us about being engaged for some part we wanted her in, and as we settled the engagement with her we (to our absolute horror) became conscious of the fact that somehow or other she didn't seem nearly as funny as she used to be. Shortly after she informed us she had been to a specialist and was completely cured of her gland trouble. However, I may as well mention the fact that, as she was a great artist, and was really none the less funny on the stage, even after the specialist had done his best, in curing her, to ruin her career !

CHAPTER XII

HAYMARKET FRIENDS

SYDNEY VALENTINE was a great actor, and a good and great man. We were firm friends and he remained in my company for many years. We only had one row, and that was when I was rehearsing him in some play and I could see plainly enough that he was making fun, very quietly, of everything I directed him and the company to do, really urging on the company to insubordination. I became fearfully troubled about it. I waited, however, until the end of the rehearsal, then I took him up to my room and, I am sorry to say, gave full vent to the furious anger I felt towards him over his behaviour. I swore and called him terrible names. I expected every moment that he would strike me and felt ready and willing for a real good fight. To my surprise and delight, however, he suddenly said, "Maude, you have a right to say every word that you do! I can only say I am deeply sorry, and I swear to God you shall never, *never* have cause to complain again." And I never did have cause. His passing on was a great loss to the stage!

Lily Hanbury was a very beautiful and



Window & Grove

WINIFRED EMERY AND CYRIL MAUDE AS LADY TEAZLE AND
SIR PETER IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

fascinating girl with the sweetest and most lovable disposition. She was a joy to work with in the company! Harrison and I were very proud of our "production" of *The Rivals*, which we "put on" with the utmost care, just as if it was a brand-new play.

Then on June 19th, 1900, we produced *The School for Scandal*. I was frightened about playing Sir Peter, but Harrison and my wife urged me to, and I had reason to be thankful I did. I never enjoyed a part more in my life! We had a magnificent cast, including brilliant little Lottie Venne as Mrs. Candour—a great choice! Constance Collier as Lady Sneerwell—lovely and magnificent. And my wife's Lady Teazle was, as I think is generally admitted, absolutely perfect. She looked lovely and revelled in every atom of the part, and her pathos in the screen scene used to move everyone to tears.

Of course, I "lived" with *The School for Scandal* many weeks before the production. Our scenery was exquisite. The Gavotte we danced at angle from up stage to down right, which had a lovely effect. The costumes (by Nathan) were gorgeous. The music for the Gavotte was by Martini, arranged by Arnold Dolmetsch, and the dance was perfectly arranged by John D'Auban, the great dancing-master of the time. That wonderful actor, Henry Kemble, was our Sir Oliver and gave a magnificent performance. He was a delightful

character off the stage as well as on—a thorough gentleman of the old school. Many are the tales told about “The Beetle,” as he was called. He used to speak in a semi-biblical, semi-Shakespearean way. About that time I remember Clement Scott, the great critic, used to be publishing poems about certain English watering-places. Once “The Beetle” argued late into the night at one of the then famous big suppers at the Garrick Club as to how one ought to speak the words:

“Bexhill on Sea is the place for me.”

Whether it should be :

“Bexhill-on-Sea is *the* place for me,”
or “Bexhill-on-Sea *is* the place for me,”
or “Bexhill-on-*Sea* is the place for me,”
or “Bexhill-on-Sea is the place for *me*,”

and so on—to shouts of laughter from us all, as ponderously he expatiated in biblical, Shakespearean language on the subject. One day, some years before we went into management at the Haymarket, Kemble, in reproving Aynesworth for some ingenuous remark or cheeky criticism of his, said, half in fun, “Take care, sir, you are only a sucking comedian—at the teats of the Drama.”

Another droll comedian of that time, Penley, was a delightful little fellow and an enormous success in several plays, especially in *The Private Secretary* and *Charlie's Aunt*. I found

in an old letter of mine that he told me that he was taking half salary on the hundredth night of *The Private Secretary*, just before it suddenly became the huge success it was—i.e. £4 a week, as £8 was his salary then!

I remember Kemble writing a letter to my wife, after he and I and George Giddons and Alan Aynesworth had all been up fishing together in Shetland, and he had returned home first. He had had a rough passage and said, “No doubt my companions in the cabin on the little steamer would gladly have cast me into the deep as was done in olden times unto the prophet Jonah, so annoyed were they at my groans and lamentations, but I doubt if I could have found a whale that would have offered me the *hospitality* of its *belly* for *three whole days*!”

That visit to Shetland was great fun in such good company, you may be sure! On the steamer from London to Aberdeen “The Beetle” managed to secure a cabin, but Giddons and I had to lie on couches at the end of the saloon. Another man who had failed to get a cabin was an old Aberdeen banker, with a very red face and a white beard. He was drunk—cheerily, laughingly drunk—all the way up to his native heath. It was rough weather and, of course, all our hair brushes, combs, clothes, etc., got mixed up in a heap. Early one morning I woke up and saw the old banker sitting up scratching his white head

and looking around dazedly (and drunkenly—he was *never* sober) and saying in a dreamy, mellifluous voice, “ I canna find me brush and I canna find me comb—but it’s a bonny *wurld* ! ”

Kemble hated sham and humbug and “ side ” of any kind. When he left us at Clousta, Shetland, to return to England, he stayed without our knowing of it for a few days at a hotel at the capital, Lerwick. When we arrived at Lerwick on our way home, a man at the hotel approached me and said, “ Do you know a gentleman of the name of Campbell who was staying here on his way back to England a couple of weeks ago ? ” “ Oh, you must mean Mr. Henry Kemble,” I said ; “ well, what about him ? ” “ Well,” said the man, “ there was a young man, rather a snob, staying here, and your Mr. Kemble took a great dislike to him. One night, at table d’hôte, the young snob said, ‘ Just before I left North Berwick I was driving a lot of balls on the golf course just to try my drive, and when my second footman went to fetch them back——’ But a deep voice from the other end of the table stopped the flow of the young golfer’s language by saying, ‘ I don’t believe you’ve *got a footman at all* ! ’ ”

My wife had made me a lovely present of a collapsible boat to take up to Shetland, and I had wonderful times fishing from it in wee lochs up on the moors which had never had a

New Hay at the Old Man's Head

shop, and! God I feel like a giant, here, in Lilliput, after the
huge Proboscis, boards of Old Dairy. Where's our little manager
Prompter.

Not come yet.

Barrister

He must stir his stumps, I can tell him that, now he has
set up for himself. He gives a good round sum for the Property, they
tell me I hope he may be reimbursed.

Prompter

There he trusts to the town.

Barrister

He can't trust to any thing better. The publick never fail
to encourage industry, or to give ample reward to those who embark
with zeal in their service, and by, with confidence in their liberality.
I shall be finely rewarded for it, though, through the seasoner, I thank
it, Master Waldron.

Prompter

Well then, as you say, the publick will encourage your industry.

Barrister

Oh, faith you need not tell me that: - I trust I have always
been found to work willingly - and at present I have a double
motive to activity, in serving the town, and assisting an old friend,
who ventures largely for its amusement. So here's defiance
to heat, and a jig for the boy days, old Waldron!

Enter Call-Boy

Call Boy

The Ladies and Gentlemen are all ready in the Green Room.

Prompter

Then we'll attend them. Oh Barrister here's a song. I am
to give you. It is intended for our opening

Barrister

Let me recite one - why, you see, there must be some mistakes,
it seems so - and for the winter - for it begins with an eulogy
upon grand spectacles, spacious buildings, and large theatres.

boat floated on them before. The gillie and I used to paddle along the Vooes, or Fiords, as they call them in Norway, and then when we reached a point when he knew there was a loch up the hill-side, we would drag the boat over the heather and launch it and have a great time with the brown trout, which had never been tempted with a fly before. A great place for a holiday—Shetland. I shall never forget the smell of Lerwick—(I used to be able to smell in those days ; I can't now, for my sense of smell was ruined by a doctor who operated on me in Norfolk, Virginia, some ten years ago !)—when the herring fishing and packing were in full blast. One could smell the place more than two miles off !

We came across many a queer old manuscript and letter in those old days at the Haymarket—among others a copy of a play written by “George Colman the Younger,” and entitled *New Hay at the Old Market*. This is a copy of one of the pages of manuscript, showing the difference in style from our modern typewritten scripts.

About this time Sir William (then Mr.) Gilbert became great friends with my two little daughters. I have just come across one letter from Gilbert which runs as follows :

“MY DEAR MARGERY,

“I was delighted to receive your beautifully written letter. I could write as well as

that once, but now my hand has all gone wrong, and I find it difficult to hold a pen. In point of fact, it is more like a *crab* than a hand, and a crab can't be expected to excel in writing, can he? In fact, he couldn't write a *hand* at all—he could only write a *claw*.

“xxxxxx. Always affectionately yours,

“W. S. GILBERT.”

By the way, I was told a delightful story of Gilbert only the other day. A friend of mine was seated next to Lady Gilbert at one of their charming dinner parties. My friend noticed that Gilbert was carrying on in a very flirtatious way at the other end of the table with his wife, who was sitting on his host's right side. My friend pointed out the fact of this flirtation going on to Lady Gilbert, who laughed with him as they watched Gilbert, and then, rapping on the table, she called out to Sir William, “My dear, this must not go on!” “Oh, my darling,” replied Gilbert, as quick as lightning, “didn't you know that I was always too good to be true?”

CHAPTER XIII

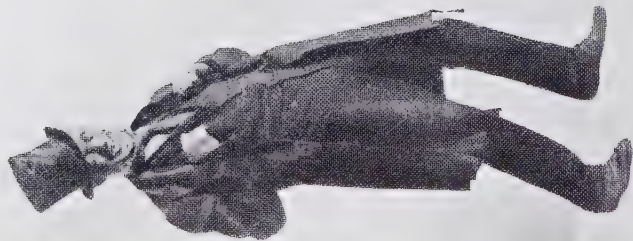
“SECOND IN COMMAND” AND OTHERS

THAT same summer in 1900 (as usual) we went on tour, and returning to town after the regular six weeks, we again played *The School*, and then came a great event for me—Captain Robert Marshall, my very dear friend, brought to us the charming comedy, *The Second in Command*, which we produced on November 27th, 1900.

My wife, unfortunately, was unable to play in the piece at the beginning of the run, as our third baby was due to make his appearance a few months later. It was a great disappointment to me. It was my lot to play one of the most perfect parts that any actor could wish to play—that of “Binks”—Major Kit Bingham. How enchanted I was with both part and play when Marshall—Robbie Marshall—read it to Harrison, Winifred, and myself! What a joy the rehearsals were with Marshall too! I recall the reading to the company so very well at the beginning of October up in my wife’s beautiful dressing-room at the Haymarket. At the end of the play I had to say, gazing at the Victoria Cross which had just been presented to me, “I wish, I wish,

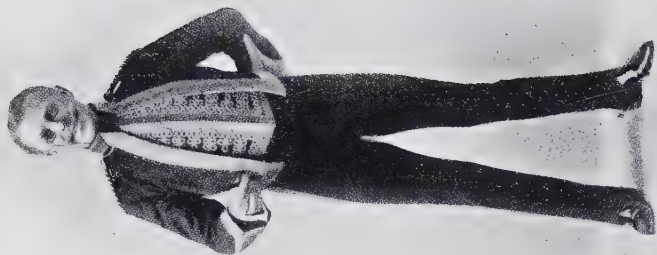
"I wish I was worth it!" As Robbie read these words and while the company were all trying to disguise their feelings of emotion and excitement, one of our sergeants of commissionaire knocked at the door and told me that my uncle, Gerald Maude, wished to see me at the stage door immediately. I ran downstairs, and found he had come to tell me that my father's eldest brother, Col. Francis Maude, V.C., had just died. He was found dead outside the doorway in Windsor Castle where he was then one of the Old Knights of Windsor. He was in his youth a very excellent soldier and one of the most gallant Indian Mutiny V.C.s. Later on he had bad times, and at last became poverty-stricken. I wondered if he had ever looked, like Binks, at his V.C. and said with tears in his eyes, "I wish I was worth it," poor old fellow. And yet *he* had been really worth it, and I was only going to have to *pretend*!

Twenty-seven years ago—it seems only like yesterday. What a happy, inspiring time it was! Our company comprised, among others, that most excellent actor, Allan Aynesworth, my dearest of friends. He, like myself, was the son and brother of distinguished soldiers. Clifford Brooke, now a clever "producer" in New York; Aubrey Fitzgerald, a most humorous comedian; Muriel Beaumont, at her very prettiest and daintiest; that fine old actress Fanny Coleman—next to Rose LeClercq our best grande dame of the time; and the most



Ellis & Watery

CYRIL MAUDE AS ECCLES IN "CASTE"



Ellis & Watery

CYRIL MAUDE AS MAJOR KIT BINGHAM IN
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND"

graceful and charming Sybil Carlisle as our leading lady! At one dress rehearsal a great friend of Marshall's, a brother officer known by the nickname of “Fruity,” came rushing round behind the scenes and said, “Robbie, old man, this is *fine—and*, if you'll tone down the yellow stripes on the orderly's overalls the whole piece will go like *beans*!”

It was an enormous success, and what I enjoyed more than anything was the way I was enabled by Marshall to make people cry as well as laugh, and cry again almost before they had finished laughing. The theatre was everlastingly full—in spite of the fact that the Boer War was still worrying people to death, and also the fact of Queen Victoria's death. I remember feeling very ashamed of wearing khaki during the war! When the Queen died we had to close for a week's mourning. It killed a lot of plays, but ours—no! The night we reopened every seat was full again, only every single person wore black. It was a strange sight, that black house!

After I had played the part about 150 times I remember I found great difficulty in “feeling” the part, and I began to fear that the necessary emotional feeling would not be evident in my voice. I recall my dear wife advised me to think of sad possibilities in my own private life, such, for instance, as of my beloved mother's death (which would have, of course, to come later on), when I reached the pathetic

stage. I did so, and all the emotion required came to me—I *should* say the sub-emotion, so to speak.

Winifred joined us in the cast later on after my boy, John, was born on April 3rd, 1901, and, of course, played her part exquisitely.

I remember so well the day John was born! I had left my house in Egerton Crescent that morning with strict injunctions to my Uncle Gerald Maude to telephone to our acting manager, Mr. Watson, just one word: if it was a girl, Belgravia,—if there were twins, South Kensington,—and if it was a boy, Pimlico. I wanted no one to know which it was before myself! It was during a *matinée* before a crowded house that I received the news. I walked off "right" after the touching scene when I was left behind in barracks when all the regiment was getting ready to go to the war I so wanted to be at. "Left—left behind," I said, and made my exit—when there at the door stood our business manager, Mr. Watson, who said, "Oh, Mr. Maude, your uncle has just telephoned (and I don't know what he means!), 'Tell Mr. Maude it's a *splendid Pimlico*.'" Just then the roll-call began outside the barracks and suddenly I heard the name "Pimlico" called and a hearty response of "Here, sir," from one of our "regiment."

I think it was during the run of *The Second in Command* that Brandon Thomas kindly



WINIFRED EMERY

From a Bust by Toft at the Garrick Club

took it into his generous head (and no man ever born was more generous than Brandon) to present me with a wonderful marble bust of my wife by Toft, the great sculptor. He sent a message requesting us to come to my office at the Haymarket at a certain hour. I myself knew nothing of what he wanted us for. I only knew to my sorrow that there was a quarrel between my poor wife and myself at the time, and she and I were not on speaking terms! Silently then we drove down side by side in our brougham and went up to my office, where dear kind old Brandon, little knowing our feelings at the time, presented me with the beautiful marble bust. I've always disliked busts ever since! It was in the front of the house at the Playhouse later on, and to my horror I found that people were striking their matches on it when wanting a smoke! It is now in the Strangers' Room at the Garrick Club facing her old and beloved friends, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft. I always go and have a look at it when I go to the Club!

Robbie Marshall was full of fun. He was born of good stock, and went through the ranks, and became a much-loved and highly respected officer. He was at one time A.D.C. to Hely Hutchinson in South Africa when he wrote *His Excellency the Governor*.

Once I went to stay at his sister's house, a wonderful old castle her husband had taken in Scotland, and when I arrived as I walked

up the stairway I found nearly every ancient weapon on the walls had a label attached, and on each Robbie had written some absurd thing, such as, say, on a big two-handed sword—"Used by Saul in Kings ii. 2," or on an ancient pistol, "Dropped by Cromwell as he blushed when he first met Charles the First." Poor Robbie died of a terrible complication of diseases, but was always cheery and full of fun up to the last.

Then at last came even *The Second in Command* to an end, and on June 2nd, 1902, we put on *Frocks and Frills*, another adaptation from the French of Scribe and Legouvés *Les Doigts de Fée* by Sydney Grundy. The story centred round a dressmaker's shop, and I went to several big dressmakers to study the working of the places, and watch the behaviour of the heads of departments and of the mannequins. The play lasted until April 25th, and in the cast again I find the names of Allan Aynesworth, Eric Lewis, Mrs. Calvert, Ellis Jeffreys, Muriel Beaumont, Lottie Venne, and the charming and brilliant Grace Lane. It was a great comedy for dress display—the first act being dressed by Mrs. Nettleship, wife of the great animal painter; Act II by Lucille, Act III by Jays, and Act IV by Paquin. The "Ladies" adored the play, as you may well imagine. All our own mannequins in the play had to be chosen with the greatest care as to the size of their waists; the shape of their legs

in those days was not nearly so important, of course. A delightful lady from Jays' attended most of the rehearsals to superintend the behaviour, walk, and attitudinisms of the mannequins. One day she said to me, "May I stop the rehearsal one moment, Mr. Maude? I want to give a general bit of advice to these young ladies—Ladies, as you approach the customer, raise your left or your right hand and touch your face to scratch your nose—*anything to show the sleeve!*"

Then on April 26th we produced *Caste* with the following list of actors :

<i>D'Alroy</i>	ALLAN AYNESWORTH
<i>Hawtree</i>	BRANDON THOMAS
<i>Eccles</i>	CYRIL MAUDE
<i>Sam Serridge</i>	GEORGE GIDDONS
<i>Dixon</i>	G. A. TROLLOPE
<i>The Marquise</i>	GENEVIEVE WARD
<i>Polly</i>	MARIE TEMPEST
<i>Esther</i>	WINIFRED EMERY

We never had a vacant seat in the house, and only took it off at the end of the season because Marie Tempest, owing to previous arrangements, was compelled to leave us, and we could not think of anyone who could possibly take her place. Winifred was exquisitely pathetic as Esther. I *revelled* in the part of Eccles. I think really we *all* revelled in our parts, and in the enormous success of the delightful old play. Gilbert Hare was of the greatest assistance to me in producing it. Eccles, in a way,

was a miserable part to play, as one *had* to be dirty all the evening and one had to wear a false nose and look generally utterly disreputable—one felt genuinely shunned all the evening! My wife and I were sent for one night to the Royal Box to talk to the lovely Queen of Rumania, and I remember feeling extremely uncomfortable standing before her at such close quarters looking such an abject wretch and so dirty a *wreck*!

At one of the dress rehearsals I remember seeing with consternation that Marie Tempest was in a fit of irrepressible giggles, just when she should have been serious in that particular scene with me. Afterwards on my asking her what was the matter she replied, "Oh, my dear, didn't you realise your nose was just beginning to *peel* off!" "One night during that scene of Eccles with the baby in its cot in Act III, I had the most unfortunate thing happen—my real nose (underneath my false one) began to bleed *violently*; of course, I couldn't touch it, and the cot with its little snow-white sheets became *covered* with blood. I wonder if that night's audience imagined I had killed the blessed babe!

In the autumn of that year, 1902, came *There's Many a Slip*, by Captain Marshall, an adaptation from *Bataille de Dames*. A fair success—but only really meant to fill up the time until we could produce Marshall's *The Unforeseen*. We played a first piece with *There's Many a*

Slip, called *The Ghost of Jerry Bundler*, by Charles Rock and W. W. Jacobs, which created quite a sensation. There were only men in the cast.

Alas, just about this time my poor little wife became ill, terribly ill, and had five operations in three years, during which time we were rarely, if ever, without a sick-nurse in the house !

The lovely Evelyn Millard had to be engaged in her place for this new play of Marshall's, and in the cast were also those delightful actors, Eric Lewis, Aynesworth, Hallard, A. E. Matthews, Dorothea Baird, and Marie Linden. I played the part of a blind man and wore a small closely cropped beard and looked most remarkably like King George. One night when the King, then Prince of Wales, was expected, with the Princess, to arrive at the Royal Entrance, next the stage door at the back of the Haymarket Theatre, I hired a cab at the front entrance and, telling the cabby to make a lot of clatter with his horse as he drew up at the Royal Entrance, walked in and was met by Harrison (who was awaiting the Prince) with the deepest of abject bows. He was absolutely taken in, but enjoyed the joke as much as I did, while I swiftly scurried upstairs to make way for the *real Royalty* !

It was not until March 17th, 1903, that we required a new play, and then we put on a play over which I had spent an enormous amount

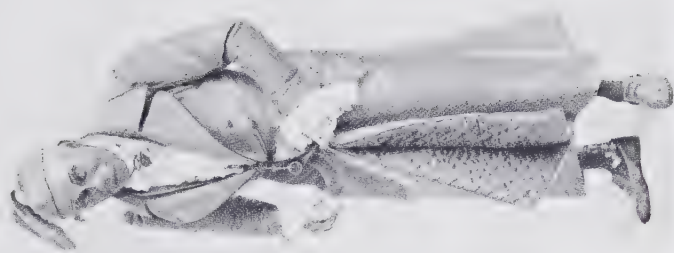
of care and consideration every morning, noon and night for a year. It was the old comedy called *The Clandestine Marriage*, and it required a very great deal of cutting and reshaping and exercise of imagination to make it the success it undoubtedly proved to be !

I did not have much trouble in persuading Harrison to be as enthusiastic as I was about the old play, and Lord Ogleby was a part that appealed to me very much indeed. We secured a wonderful cast, including, as it did, Aynsworth, Eric Lewis, A. E. Matthews, Edward Rignold, Mrs. Calvert, Jessie Bateman, Beatrice Ferrar, and Maidie Hope—delicious artists every one of them, and delightful to work with ! Lewis, Matthews, Maidie Hope, and I scored tremendously in a dressing-room scene in which the decrepit old Lord Ogleby was furbished up with wig, powder, paint, and even *corsets*. Beatrice Ferrar and I rejoiced in a quarrel scene which took place in a winding shrubbery and compelled Beatrice's vituperations to be constantly checked by the circuitous paths. Mrs. Calvert in a nightgown was wonderful ; I think I may say our audiences loved every minute of the play ! But it did not last long, for by the middle of June we had to put on another piece. It was by Hubert Henry Davies, and was called *Cousin Kate*. It had lain for some time in Harrison's desk. He had not told me about it. One night he sent it to me and asked me



Bassano Ltd.

CYRIL MAUDE AS HEATH DESMOND IN
"COUSIN KATE"



Raphael Tuck & Co. Ltd.

CYRIL MAUDE AS LORD OGLEY IN "THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE"

what I thought of it. It seemed to me absolutely delicious, and we put it on, but we certainly had grave doubts as to whether it would really be a success. It seemed so very trivial and slight. Just before the curtain went up on the first night I remember Harrison saying to me, "Well, well, never mind! We can only lose a very few hundred pounds over it at the worst." It caught on enormously, and before four days had passed we had covered the expenses of its production. My part, that of Heath, was never really intended to be an Irishman, but the charm of the part never seemed to me to be really English. He seemed to talk in just the way one of my Irish cousins would have done, and so one day, while Davies was detained elsewhere, I tried a slight brogue and everyone agreed it was the thing to do, and so did Davies when he returned, and he was delighted! How delicious Ellis Jeffreys was in that part of Kate—*perfect*, and what a joy it was to act with her! And I needed joy in the theatre at that time to compensate for the agony of mind I was going through with my poor little wife suffering the tortures of the damned at home, with her ever-recurring operations, and always being disappointed of complete recovery, and having to endure the knife again and again!

Beatrice Ferrar (a delicious performer), the dainty old Carlotta Addison as the mother, and Rudge Harding as the curate—all *perfect*!

This dainty comedy ran until January 19th, 1904, when we produced *Joseph Entangled*, by H. A. Jones.

The first night was a terribly exciting one for me, as well as for others! My eldest daughter, Margery, had only just recovered from the shock of a nasty cab accident, and as she accompanied me in a hansom down to the theatre, trembled violently in every limb and screamed whenever another cab or carriage seemed to come too near to us. My nerves, as you may imagine, were in a terrible state by the time we arrived at the stage door. And *there*, horror of horrors, the theatre very, very nearly caught fire under the stage when the main fuse went! The first act had gone enormously, and it was during the second act that every electric light went out suddenly, and we were compelled to play the entire act with only the gas limelight illuminating our efforts to be at our ease and amusing. Meanwhile smoke began to curl up over our heads, men stood all around us at the wings holding wet blankets—what a night of terror! A first night in itself is terrifying enough without any of that kind of thing.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PLAYHOUSE AND DISASTER

ELLIS JEFFREYS, perfect as always and charming to work with ; Mrs. Calvert, as funny as ever ; Herbert Waring again, Sam Sothern, Douglas, Maurice, Volpe, Rudge Harding, Beatrice Ferrar—all were included in the brilliant cast, and as a *lever de rideau* was played a delicious little play by Mrs. Blundell and Sydney Valentine called *The Widow Woos*, in which Valentine himself and (the brilliant daughter of a great comedian) Polly Brough scored wonderfully as two love-sick old villagers. How I delighted in watching them ! What a relief one's laughter at the theatre was after the agonies of anxiety at home !

Lady Flirt, adapted from the French of Paul Gavault and Georges Berr, we produced on May 25th, 1904, with a cast which included Fred Kerr, Edmund Maurice, Kenneth Douglas, Ellis Jeffreys, the lovely Beatrice Beckly, afterwards Mrs. James Hackett of *Macbeth* fame ; Adela Measor, June Van Buskirk, Dagmar Wiehe, and Rita Jolivet. All these last named particularly lovely girls ! And last, but by no means least,

Madge Titheradge joined our company. I happened to go and see the performance of a Christmas fairy play at a Garrick Theatre matinée, and there in the ballet espied the lovely little creature. She remained under my management many years and at last developed into the brilliant actress she is. She was quite a child in 1904 and when she came to a trial rehearsal for her part in *Lady Flirt* kept tripping over her long skirt. During rehearsal she laughingly explained it was the first long skirt she had ever worn, and that she had borrowed it from an elder sister! Her father was not only an excellent actor, but also an out-of-the-way fine gardener!

I played the part of an idiotic Frenchman. That word "idiotic" reminds me of a bazaar held by an uncle of mine, Alfred Hanbury Tracy, for so many years the distinguished and plucky rector of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. A well-known lady came up to me introducing herself and saying, "I *must* talk to the nephew of my old friend, your dear uncle : you are so *idiotically* like him !"

We finished up the season with *Lady Flirt*, and that August produced a play which made a great success again—*Beauty and the Barge*, in which I played a very congenial part—that of an old bargee captain. My old friends, Louis Parker and W. W. Jacobs, wrote that most amusing farce. I used to go down on Thames steamers in my spare time to watch

the old bargees, their make-ups, their walks and general behaviour.

Jessie Bateman, an exquisitely pretty blonde, was the girl in the play, and Kenneth Douglas, then at his best, the young sailor lover. Polly Brough was wonderful as the Barmaid, whom I had to address as "My Lily of the Valley," and Lennox Pawle appeared as the most wonderful barge sailorman. Little E. M. Robson was the absolutely perfect little man working in the bar, and Maurice a marvellous, fiery old Colonel, and Volpé a gorgeous old gardener.

But it was just then that the London County Council compelled us to reconstruct the interior of the Haymarket, and we had to hire from Sir Charles Wyndham the New Theatre. The play caught on beyond our wildest hopes, but I became quite ill, and had to leave the cast. My wife and I went for a voyage in the s.s. *Cusco*, to Sicily, Greece, Crete, and Corfu. It was an interesting trip! Louis Parker came also on the same ship. He was always aching to get ashore, and he always carried an umbrella. He could be seen hours before we had any hope of landing walking up and down the deck in his shore clothes, carrying that umbrella. He was a charming and most enthusiastic companion.

Some years later when at work on some play for Herbert Beerbohm Tree, he went with him to Egypt to try and capture the exact Egyptian

atmosphere for his play, and this is the story I heard him tell at a supper party given by Tree at the Garrick Club, I *think* on Tree's sixtieth birthday :—" While at Cairo I purchased an ancient model of the Egyptian Cat God, and when I returned to London placed it with reverent care upon my mantelshelf. Shortly after that I began to have extremely bad luck : orders for new plays almost ceased, trouble after trouble came to us all in the family, and, most queer of all, cat after cat (and I took a particular pride in my cats) died, apparently from no particular cause whatever ! People to whom I had lent money declined to pay what they owed. The Parker outlook became very dismal ! One terribly stormy night, when the rain was coming down in sheets and the wind howling dreadfully and the chimney smoking, my second daughter and I were sitting over the cheerless fire bemoaning our fate. Suddenly my daughter caught sight of the Cat God and said, ' Father, I believe the whole cause of all our trouble, the sickness, the death of your favourite cats one after another, and your loss of money and lack of demand for new plays, is that *beastly*, that *horrible* Cat God. Come, father dear, and let us go out into the night, and cast it away somewhere.' Well, she and I sallied forth carrying the Cat God, and sought everywhere for a suitable place in which to dispose of the hated 'god.' Passing through Kensington

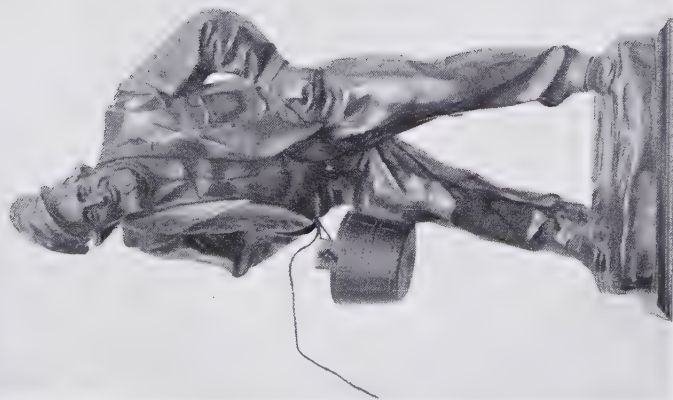
Square, we decided to throw it among some bushes in a corner. The next morning (you may believe this or not, as you please, gentlemen !) I received a letter from an old friend to whom I had lent some £150, containing a cheque for the amount and a sincere apology for never having sent it back before. So I said to my wife, 'Darling, our luck seems to be changing at last. Let us go for a lovely trip to Taormina in Sicily, and forget all our recent troubles and disasters.' Before I departed two more debts were paid, and an application from one of our greatest theatre managements came for a play which I had every hope might end in fortune. Well, gentlemen, to cut a long story short, shortly after my wife and I had arrived in Taormina, I received two other applications for me to write plays for which money was sent in advance. Also I received a cheque for a considerable sum which had long been an outstanding debt owed to me by a certain well-known American management. The weather in Taormina was fine, my wife grew better in health every day. *I* felt like a *boy*, and all was well ! One day casually taking up an English paper I read of the, now famous in history, riot in Kensington Square. On my return to London, that daughter of mine who had always mistrusted that Cat God suggested one evening that we should take a walk round Kensington Square. We did, and on going to look at the corner into which we had thrown

the Cat God, we found all the bushes there *withered* !” Great applause, I remember, followed Louis Napoleon Parker’s story, and I only heard one man mutter in low tones “ Liar ! ”

While I was playing Captain Barley, the Bargee, before I went to Greece, I had a bad attack of laryngitis and was compelled to leave the part in the more than able hands of George Giddons, who played brilliantly also during my absence on the voyage. I was taken in hand by Robbie Marshall during that week of incapacity for work, and compelled by him to go to the opera several times. “ Now’s your chance,” said he. “ You always complain about never being able to go to Covent Garden, and as you have no voice yourself, for goodness’ sake go and listen to some people who *have* ! ”

Soon the Haymarket alterations were completed, and I returned there to find the auditorium entirely altered as to shape, which, as a great lover of Bancroft’s original design, I cordially disliked. *But*—well, there is no need to tell the *whole* story !

On March 14th, 1905, we produced another play by Captain Marshall, called *Everybody’s Secret*, adapted by him from the French play, *Secret de Polichinelle*, by Pierre Wolff. Jessie Bateman was a charmingly pretty and plaintive Naomi, and that exquisitely piquante little actress, Iris Hawkins, played the child. It was a dainty play. I acted a lovable old



CYRIL MAUDE AS CAPTAIN BARLEY IN
"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE"

From a Bronze Statuette by Poole



Bystander

CYRIL MAUDE AS THE PARTIK'LER PET

From a Caricature by Thorpe

man, and Carlotta Addison shone once more for us as my old wife in the play. Preceding it at every performance was a wonderful little play in which that magnificent Dutch actor Henry de Vriis played *seven* characters !

Then came Harrison's and my last conjoint production, Pinero's *The Cabinet Minister*.

My wife returned now and acted wonderfully in the four acts, which were designated as Debt, Difficulty, Disaster, and Dancing. Eric Lewis was excellent, and so was Norman Forbes, my dear and valued old friend. I see the name of Percy Marmont in the cast too. He, by the way, has now become a really great movie star. Miss Helen Fortescue, too—delightful. Clever little Madge Titheradge again, lovely Jessie Bateman, Nancy Price, and Rita Jolivet. How interesting it has been watching their wonderful careers !

But compelled by circumstances (over which, owing to lack of foresight, I had but little control) to leave the beloved Haymarket Theatre after so many years of great success and happiness, I now started "on my own." I took *Beauty and the Barge* on tour, and before I did so I began to cast about as to what theatre I should take, or when I should build, or indeed what should ever become of me and my little family ! Two nights in succession I dreamt that I went to Sir William Gilbert and asked him if he could build a new theatre for me, and each time he answered, "Yes, I *will*."

This seemed so extraordinary to me that one day, when I met him at the Beefsteak Club, I actually had the cheek to tell him of my dream, and he at once replied exactly as he had done in the dream. Day after day for weeks and weeks we sought and sought, through agencies, architects, and solicitors, for a site—but at last he came to me and said that the outlook for finding a really suitable site was so poor that if I didn't mind we had better let the matter drop. But I carry in my memory a very affectionate remembrance of his great kindness over the whole matter, and a most affectionate regard for his goodness to me !

At that time I had to choose a business manager, and Alfred Turner, who had been with us at the Haymarket, second in command to Horace Watson, joined me, and never could two men work more happily together than we did all those following years. Our stage manager, John Harwood, also kept with me, brilliantly capable and helpful, and several of the "staff" followed me out into the unknown from their safe positions at the Haymarket. I was, and am, deeply grateful to them all for their faith in me !

Oh, I must have been a brave man in 1905, because it was then I settled to take over a twenty-nine years' lease of the Avenue Theatre and reconstruct it, and, at Gilbert's suggestion, rechristen it "The Playhouse." I should never have the pluck to do such a thing nowadays,

but that was twenty-two years ago ! It was while I was on tour with *Beauty and the Barge*, and while playing at, I think, the King's, Hammersmith, that a terrible thing happened. The work on the Playhouse was by that time well under way. I had settled with a wonderful young firm of architects named Blow & Billerey to completely gut the old Avenue and build me the loveliest little theatre in London, a theatre of quite a new kind in its way. It was an awful anxiety, with my so small a capital, building such a place—but I was inspired with the most tremendous confidence and hope, and enjoyed arranging every item connected with the building and reconstruction. Messrs. Maples were to undertake the furnishing and decoration from Detmar Blow & Billerey's designs. To Mr. E. Wingfield Bowles, who had superintended all our engineering work at the Haymarket, were entrusted the lighting and heating. I had chosen my opening play. My poor wife just at that time had had to undergo yet another awful operation. But all was going along well with regard to the theatre, which I hoped with pretty good certainty to open before the end of January 1906.

It was on December 6th, 1905, that I read the new play, with which I intended opening the theatre, to the little company at my house in Cleveland Gardens, Bayswater, at about two in the afternoon. Then I walked down to Charing Cross with my stage manager,

John Harwood, full of eager hope and anticipation of a successful opening at my beloved Playhouse. Suddenly a man who had been in my employ at the Haymarket rushed up (just as we were getting into Trafalgar Square) and said to Harwood, "Haven't you heard, sir?—the *Playhouse* has just fallen in!" My first thought, of course, was that, through some faulty construction on the part of the architects I had employed, the building had collapsed. I staggered along by Harwood's side, and at last we reached the theatre. We found the roof of Charing Cross Station had broken away and fallen, crushing it. We stood for a minute or two looking in through the stage door at the scene of utter devastation, and at the wreck of all my hopes. I suppose I must have turned a bit pale, for the first thing I remember was being taken across by Harwood and my dear Alfred Turner (who had met us at the stage door, and who had a narrow escape himself) to have a drop of brandy at the Metropole Hotel. Then I rushed round to my solicitors, Messrs. Fladgate, told them what had happened and begged them to tell me if I was to regard myself as utterly ruined—for I had a twenty-nine years' lease to run and I knew I should be compelled to rebuild the Playhouse—but where was the bulk of the money to come from to enable me to do so, or to carry on, for I had put most of my available capital into the building of the theatre



WINIFRED EMERY AS ELIZABETH LINLEY
From a Miniature at the Garrick Club

already ? Messrs. Fladgate tried to put heart into me and said they would “ fight ” the London and South-Eastern for the money. Then I left them just a tiny bit comforted and went to Charing Cross Hospital to see the injured, among whom was my stage carpenter, Marshall, who had a broken leg. It was a terrible afternoon. The accident had occurred at about ten minutes to four. Eight were killed in the theatre ; it was a mercy that more people were not. There was a meeting of contractors on the little stage at the time. The gentleman representing Maples was carried right down below the stage and severely injured. They all had marvellous escapes. The noise made by the crash I was told was appalling. Part of the stage went down and the clerk of the works with it. The foreman plasterer had a marvellous escape. He was precipitated from the roof of the building down to the floor, and was very little the worse for the plunge. Of course, many were injured—but imagine what a terrible death-roll there would have been had the accident occurred later on when the house might have been full during a performance !

I went home to my wife in a dazed condition. She was lying there only just beginning to recover from her last operation. Just before I got back one of our maids had rushed into the room and said, “ Oh, madam, there’s been a terrible accident down at Charing Cross in

the Playhouse, and Mr. Maude cannot be found."

I had a little food and then started off for the suburban theatre to "rollick" through my part in *Beauty and the Barge*! The days and nights following that awful calamity were very terrible for me. For several months I knew not whether I was to recover any money from the South-Eastern. I had a brilliant counsel employed in Mr. Boydell Houghton, and many great engineer experts engaged as witnesses, but who could tell what the outcome of it all would be? The time of waiting appeared endless indeed—and my poor little wife lying there terribly ill! But I was given very little opportunity for glooming over my future, for by January 19th I was playing at the then Waldorf Theatre (now the Strand), and owned at that time by Messrs. Shubert and managed by Mr. George MacLellan.

I have just come across a letter from Bernard Shaw, dated November 27th, 1906, in answer to one of mine in which I had ardently begged him to write me a play. In it he says:

"My difficulty about writing plays is that I have to keep the Court going, and I have hardly time for that alone. This Doctor play (*The Doctor's Dilemma*) was produced by a *tour de force*. Last summer not a line of it was on paper or in my head. By the time I get a moment to start again, the Court will be howling for another play. This system of

putting up plays for six weeks is certainly a wonderful success pecuniarily, for the plays don't die and the business doesn't slack; but it is the very devil in point of rehearsal. I spend months every year producing when I ought to be writing; and though Barker would take the odd plays off my hands, he too wants a respite to write his own plays, which are much better than mine in some ways. And I am heaped up with other work. Nothing would please me better than to do a comedy for you, a fantastic masterpiece for Tree, a problem play for Alexander, and another *You Never Can Tell* for Harrison, not to mention a romantic melodrama for Waller and a musical comedy for Edwardes. But even if I executed one of these orders, Vedrenne would jump to and seize the script on the unanswerable ground that you and all can do without me and he can't. And then failure is impossible at the Court and the play is not run to death. On the whole I think my best plan is to wait until you are all ruined and then give you engagements at the Court (£10 double star salary—to you) and have magnificently acted performances. Yours ever,

“G. B. S.”

I opened at the Waldorf in a pretty little play called *The Superior Miss Pellender*. My wife, Beatrice Ferrar, and Madge Titheradge were all in it. Winifred was very lovely in the play. It was preceded by what was, I think, Edward Knoblock's first effort adapted from *L'Asile de Nuit*, and entitled *The Partikler Pet*, in which I played a wonderful character

of a dreadful, most thoroughly unwashed tramp. On the first night a very sad and disturbing thing happened—a poor fellow tumbled out of the flies right down on to the stage and had to be carried away a dying man to the hospital. He fell behind the scenes close to where my wife and I were acting! I well remember the dull thud!

People were so kind, and sorry for us, over the awful disaster at the Playhouse, and were, of course, anxious to give me a big reception, but most of it was gathered in by George Graham, who played with me in *The Partikler Pet*. He looked very like me and went on before I did. No one could possibly have been more surprised than he was at the enthusiastic greeting he received!

Next I produced *The Heir at Law*, the fine old comedy by "George Colman the Younger." Harry Nicholls played Zekiel Homespun, and E. W. Gardon and Mrs. Calvert Mr. and Mrs. Dowlass. I played Dr. Pangloss, and made a great success. But the old play did not. Nothing, in fact, that I produced at the Waldorf for the Shuberts did much good. *She Stoops to Conquer* again—no! *The Second in Command* again—no! And finally *Shore Acres*, by James A. Herne. This last play was an enormous success in America. We had it anglicised (put in Cornwall) by F. G. Aflalo (he knew the Cornish people so well). The production was very beautiful and we had an

excellent cast, including H. Cooper Cliffe, Mary Rorke, Augusta Haviland, and the beautiful Alice Crawford. I have never in all my long career on the stage known a more enthusiastic first night—but it had to come off in about a week. It was amazing! Those were pretty hard days to get through just then at the Waldorf, for I did not know all the time whether I was ruined or not by the Charing Cross smash, and my poor wife's health was very uncertain still after all her dreadful operations.

Shortly after *Shore Acres*, my very dear old friend Charles Frohman sent for me, and was most kind. He told me that it hurt him to see me having failure after the Charing Cross tragedy and everything, and he wanted to start me off again in a real success and with a fine cast and a great part at the Duke of York's Theatre.

I think it was in July that my clever Counsel, Mr. Boydell Houghton, K.C., managed to get from the London and South-Eastern Company £20,000, in compensation for the Charing Cross smash. I at once started rebuilding the Playhouse. I gave a great supper party at the Garrick Club to celebrate that £20,000 (of which, by the way, a great deal departed at once in lawyers' fees and engineers' fees for testimony), and Sir William Gilbert, I remember, made a most wonderful speech about me and said hundreds of kind

things which I didn't really deserve a bit. Tree gave me a lovely gold pen and pencil case, on which were engraved W. E. Henley's great words :

In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody but unbowed.

How kind, how very kind all my dear friends
and comrades were to me !

CHAPTER XV

INTERLUDE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

FROHMAN told me that he had secured the English rights in a French play called *Triplepatte*, and he wanted me to go over to Paris at once and see it with determination to *do* it. He said he would get the brilliant Clyde Fitch to anglicise the play. I took my faithful stage manager, John Harwood, with me next day. On our way across the Channel we were very nearly wrecked, as owing to a thick fog we very narrowly escaped running into another vessel. We reached Paris eventually quite safely, however, and went to see *Triplepatte*. I saw in it all the makings of a successful play for London, given the possibility of a good version by Fitch. The version was handed to me a week later. He had done it in a tremendous hurry and both Frohman and I were disappointed, but Frohman gave me a free hand to do what I liked with it and I used that privilege to the full. He engaged a wonderful and very expensive cast, and had as a first piece the exquisite Pauline Chase in a wordless play arranged by Albert Chevalier to the music of clever Edward Jones, and adapted from the old farce *Good for Nothing*.

The cast of *Toddles* included Kenneth Douglas, dear, delightful old Alfred Bishop as an old gentleman who was always falling asleep; Gertrude Kingston, Lottie Venne, Alice Crawford, Helen Ferrers, Madge Titheradge, Nancy Price, and Beatrice Terry. I suggested the name *Toddles*, and Frohman jumped at it. Well, it was an extremely hot night in August when we produced the play—one of the hottest nights I ever remember in London! It was too hot for acting and too hot for any audience. The play went only moderately well. Everybody was too busy, both behind the scenes and in front, to do much more than mop their damp brows with sodden pocket-handkerchiefs. It was a depressing night. Mind you, at my *reading* of the play the whole company had walked out *most* depressed, fully sure it would be another of those failures with which since the Charing Cross disaster I seemed to be inevitably connected—after nine years of continuous success at the Haymarket! We went home that night feeling it was a frost—at least, many people did—but *I didn't*! The notices on the whole were very bad indeed. The business for the first two or three performances was poor—but each night it “went” better and better, and in a week’s time it was a *huge* success. Of course, we worked at it, and cut, and improved on it, and gagged every day—but then it was a *success*, a really big success too—it ran over

600 nights ! Lottie Venne was superb as Mrs. Joblyn, and Gertrude Kingston was most excellent too. As the play became more and more successful so did the papers find opportunities of praising us now. Anyway, by now it didn't much matter what *they* said !

On the 300th night of *Toddles*, which took place at the Playhouse, I invited Monsieur Tristan Bernard and his son to come and see the play. They came behind the scenes after the bedroom scene, and I had all the company round to my dressing-room to drink the health of the famous author in bumpers of champagne. I went up to Bernard with a glassful and said :

“Monsieur, vous prendrez une verre de champagne, boire à la santé de votre jolie pièce ?” “Hélas, non, Monsieur Maude,” he replied, placing his hand on his stomach. “Je n'ai pas l'estomac.”

Rather baffled, I went on to his son and said :

“Monsieur, vous prendrez une verre de champagne, boire à la santé de la pièce et de votre père ?” Whereupon, young Bernard promptly said, placing his hand on his stomach, too, exactly as his father had done, “Hélas, Monsieur Maude, j'ai l'estomac de mon père.”

From the Duke of York's, we took *Toddles* to Wyndham's, and from there to the Playhouse, and with it I opened my new and really beautiful little theatre. As I look at my old album, how curious all the old photographs of

the ladies look now—the long skirts and curious hats! They are pathetic photographs to look at too, poor Kenneth Douglas dying some years ago under tragic circumstances. It is funny to read the ancient notices of it now and witness the way some of the press tried to kill it, while they adored it! I see one big paper said I had “transformed it from, on the first night, a slow, hesitating comedy, into a quick, crisp farce.” Kenneth Douglas was delightful in it. He was in many of my productions. Once at a rehearsal of a play which was nearly finishing, and no one in the company knew who was going to be engaged for the next play, just as we finished work I saw him go to a piano and begin playing the tune of the hymn “O God, our help in ages past, our hope in years to come,” etc. I said, “What *are* you playing, Kenneth?” and he replied, “I am playing ‘O, *Maude*, our help in ages past, our hope in years to come,’ etc.!”

One day he told me that whenever he was listening to the reading of a new play he was always thinking to himself, “In which act shall I be able to wear my old blue serge suit?”

All this time the workmen were busy reconstructing my beloved Playhouse. Frohman used often to come with me and watch them working; and the day the scaffolding was at last taken down, he and I went up to the gallery and I called down to one of the workmen on the stage to say something; he did—and

to my delight and dear Charles Frohman's, we realised the acoustics were *perfect* !

After *Toddles* had run some months, beautiful Alice Crawford had to leave us, and I engaged a very lovely young lady called Miss Rosalie Toller, who afterwards made, before she married and retired, quite a number of successes. She was the stepdaughter of an old schoolfellow of mine, Lyon, who, if I remember rightly, "coxed" the Oxford boat three years running for the great yearly race with Cambridge.

When the day approached for the opening of the Playhouse, I was very anxious that my wife should be able to appear on the great night, and George Bernard Shaw *most* kindly and generously undertook to write a little scene in which we both took part. It was of course *brilliant*. I remember so well his coming to my house in Cleveland Gardens and reading the little sketch to me. My little boy (then six years old) was present when he read it, and as Shaw went out of the house, John called out to me, "I say, why don't you get that man to write *all* your plays?" Oh, my boy, I thought, if only I *could* !

The press was wonderful about the Playhouse. I never realised at the time—everything was such a rush and a blur—what splendid things they said about it. I don't suppose many people now even know that I built it, and certainly they do not know what enormous pains we took—everybody concerned

—to make it the daintiest, loveliest and most unconventional house in London !

As for the stall seats, we had one made and then got several ladies of all kinds to sit in it and say what they could find wrong about it, and at last we got what I think, even now when I go there to see a play, is the most comfortable theatre seat ever conceived ! I remember Frank Curzon, from whom I then held a lease of the theatre for twenty-nine years, coming into it before the first night and saying to me, “ Maude, there is only one place from which I don’t like the look of the house, and that is *from the stage*.” “ Well, my dear Frank,” I replied, “ that is the one place from which I don’t care much *what* the house looks like ! ”

People often ask me nowadays if I do not feel sad and regretful when I go to the Playhouse to think I do not now own it, but I always say, “ No ; I feel very proud of it, but I’m thankful I don’t *own* any theatre—there are too many troubles and anxieties connected with owning a theatre for me at my time of life.” I suppose that is foolish of me, though, as if I still owned the Playhouse I should probably be making a profit of at least £10,000 a year on it—rentals have so enormously increased since the days in which I owned it.

We had a really great opening night of the Playhouse. The theatre was absolutely packed with kind well-wishers. Politicians, soldiers,



CYRIL MAUDE
Two Caricatures by Spy

statesmen, were there. The programme opened with Miss Clara Butt singing The National Anthem. Then came that stirring little play *The Drums of Oudh*, by Austin Strong. Then came what was put down as *An Address*, in which Miss Winifred Emery was to "support" Mr. Cyril Maude.

After *Toddles* was over, Arthur Bouchier very kindly played *Sixes and Sevens* with his delightful wife, Miss Violet Vanbrugh. Then Herbert Beerbohm Tree made a splendid little speech and finished by applying to myself and my wife these words :—

Upon their sword set laurelled victory !
And smooth success be strewed before their feet.

I then made a short speech of gratitude, and the audience went out to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" at 12.15 exactly.

THE INTERLUDE AT THE PLAYHOUSE

BY BERNARD SHAW

Opening night. Brilliant first-night audience assembled. Conclusion of overture. In each programme a slip has been distributed stating that before the play begins the manager will address a few words to the audience.

The float is turned up. Lights down in auditorium.

Expectancy. Silence.

The act drop is swung back. Evidently somebody is coming forward to make a speech. Enter before the curtain the manager's wife, with one of the programme slips in her hand.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Ladies and gentlemen. (*She hesitates, overcome with nervousness : then plunges ahead.*) About this speech—you know—this little slip in your programme—it says Cyril—I mean Mr. Maude—I am so frightfully nervous—I—(*she begins tearing up the slip carefully into very small pieces*)—I have to get finished before he comes up from his dressing-room, because he doesn't know what I'm doing. If he *did*—— ! Well, what I want to say is—of course I am saying it very badly because I never could speak in public ; but the fact is, neither can Cyril. Excuse my calling him Cyril ; I know I should speak of him as Mr. Maude, but—but—perhaps I had better explain that we are married ; and the force of habit is so strong—er—yes, isn't it ? You see, it's like this. At least, what I wanted to say is—is—is—er——. A little applause would encourage me perhaps, if you don't mind. Thank you. Of course, it's so ridiculous to be nervous like this, among friends, isn't it ? But I have had such a dreadful week at home over this speech of Cyril's. He gets so angry with me when I tell him that he can't make speeches, and that nobody wants him to make one ! I only wanted to encourage him ; but he is

so irritable when he has to build a theatre ! Of course, you wouldn't think so, seeing him act, but you don't know what he is at home. Well, dear ladies and gentlemen, will you be very nice and kind to him when he is speaking, and if he is nervous, don't notice it ? And please don't make any noise ; the least sound upsets him and puts his speech out of his head. It is really a very good speech ; he has not let me see the manuscript, and he thinks I know nothing about it, but I have heard him make it four times in his sleep. He does it very well when he is asleep—quite like an orator ; but unfortunately he is awake now and in a fearful state of nerves. I felt I must come out and ask you to be kind to him—after all, we are old friends, aren't we ? (*Applause.*) Oh, thank you, thank you ; that is your promise to me to be kind to him. Now I will run away. Please don't tell him I dared to do this. (*Going.*) And, please, please, not the least noise. If a hairpin drops, all is lost. (*Coming back to centre.*) Oh, and Mr. Conductor, would you be so good, when he comes to the pathetic part, to give him a little slow music ? Something affecting, you know.

CONDUCTOR : Certainly, Mrs. Maude, certainly.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Thank you. You know, it is one of the great sorrows of his life that the managers will not give him an engagement in melodrama. Not that he likes melo-

drama, but he says that the slow music is such a support on the stage ; and he needs all the support he can get to-night, poor fellow !
The——

A CARPENTER (*from the side, putting his head round the edge of the curtain*) : Tsst ! ma'am, tsst !

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Eh ? What's the matter ?

THE CARPENTER : The governor's dressed and coming up, ma'am.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Oh ! (*To the audience*) Not a word. (*She hurries off, with her finger on her lips.*)

(*The warning for the band sounds. "Auld Lang Syne" is softly played. The curtain rises, and discovers a reading-table, with an elaborate triple-decked folding desk on it. A thick manuscript of unbound sheets is on the desk. A tumbler and decanter, with water, and two candles shaded from the audience are on the table. Right of table, a chair, in which the manager's wife is seated. Another chair, empty, left of table. At the desk stands the manager, ghastly pale. (Applause.) When silence is restored he makes two or three visible efforts to speak.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*aside*) : Courage, dear.

THE MANAGER (*smiling with effort*) : Oh, quite so, quite so. Don't be frightened, dearest. I am quite self-possessed. It would be

very silly for me to—er—there is no occasion for nervousness—I—er—quite accustomed to public life—er—ahem! (*He opens the manuscript, raises his head, and takes breath.*) Er—(*he flattens the manuscript out with his hand, affecting the ease and large gesture of an orator. The desk collapses with an appalling clatter. He collapses, shaking with nervousness, into the chair.*).

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*running to him solicitously*): Never mind, dear, it was only the desk. Come, come now. You're better now, aren't you? The audience is waiting.

THE MANAGER: I thought it was the station.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: There's no station there now, dear; it's quite safe. (*Replacing the MS. on the desk.*) There! That's right. (*She sits down and composes herself to listen.*)

THE MANAGER (*beginning his speech*): Dear friends—I wish I could call you ladies and gentlemen——

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: Hm! Hm! Hm!

THE MANAGER: What's the matter?

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*prompting him*): Ladies and gentlemen—I wish I could call you dear friends.

THE MANAGER: Well, what did I say?

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: You said it the other way about. No matter. Go on. They will understand.

THE MANAGER: Well, what difference does it make? (*Testily*) How am I to make a

speech if I am to be interrupted in this way ? (*To the audience*) Excuse my poor wife, ladies and gentlemen. She is naturally a little nervous to-night. You will overlook a woman's weakness. (*To his wife*) Compose yourself, my dear. Ahem ! (*He returns to the MS.*) The piece of land on which our theatre is built is mentioned in Domesday Book, and you will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in tracing its history almost year by year for the 800 years that have elapsed since that book—perhaps the most interesting of all English books—was written. That history I now propose to impart to you. Winifred, I really cannot make a speech if you look at your watch. If you think I am going on too long, say so.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Not at all, dear. But our friends may not be so fond of history as you are.

THE MANAGER : Why not ? I am surprised at you, Winifred. Do you suppose that this is an ordinary frivolous audience of mere playgoers ? You are behind the times. Look at our friend Tree, making a fortune out of Roman history ! Look at the Court Theatre ; they listen to this sort of thing for three hours at a stretch there. Look at the Royal Institution, the Statistical Society, the House of Commons ! Are we less scholarly, less cultured, less serious than the audiences there ? I say nothing of my own humble powers, but *am* I less entertaining than an average Cabinet

Minister ? You show great ignorance of the times we live in, Winifred, and if my speech bores you, that only shows that you are not in the movement. I am determined that this theatre shall be in the movement.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Well, all I can tell you is that if you don't get a little more movement into your speech, there won't be time for *Toddles*.

THE MANAGER : That does not matter. We can omit *Toddles* if necessary. I have played *Toddles* before. If you suppose I am burning to play *Toddles* again you are very much mistaken. If the true nature of my talent were understood I should be playing *Hamlet*. Ask the audience whether they would not like to see me play *Hamlet*. (*Enthusiastic assent.*) There ! You ask me why I don't play *Hamlet* instead of *Toddles*.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : I never asked you anything of the kind.

THE MANAGER : Please don't contradict me, Winifred—at least, not in public. I say you ask me why I don't play *Hamlet* instead of *Toddles*. Well, the reason is that anybody can play *Hamlet*, but it takes me to play *Toddles*. I leave *Hamlet* to those who can provide no livelier form of entertainment. (*Resolutely returning to the MS.*) I am now going back to the year eleven hundred.

THE STAGE MANAGER (*coming on in desperation*) : No, sir, you can't go back all that way ;

you promised me you would be done in ten minutes. I've got to set for the first act.

THE MANAGER: Well, is it my fault? My wife won't let me speak. I have not been able to get in a word edgeways. (*Coaxing*) Come, there's a dear, good chap. Just let me have another twenty minutes or so. The audience *wants* to hear my speech. You wouldn't disappoint them, would you?

THE STAGE MANAGER (*going*): Well, it's as you please, sir; not as I please. Only don't blame me if the audience loses its last train and comes back to sleep in the theatre, that's all. (*He goes off with the air of a man who is prepared for the worst.*)

(*During the conversation with the stage manager the manager's wife, unobserved by her husband, steals the manuscript; replaces the last two leaves of it on the desk; puts the rest on her chair and sits down on it.*)

THE MANAGER: That man is hopelessly frivolous; I really must get a more cultured staff. (*To the audience*) Ladies and gentlemen, I'm extremely sorry for these unfortunate interruptions and delays; you can see that they are not my fault. (*Returning to the desk*) Ahem! Er—hallo! I am getting along faster than I thought. I shall not keep you much longer now. (*Resuming his oration*) Ladies and gentlemen, I have dealt with our little Playhouse in its historical aspect. I have dealt with it in its political aspect, in its financial

aspect, in its artistic aspect, in its social aspect, in its County Council aspect, in its biological and psychological aspects. You have listened to me with patience and sympathy. You have followed my arguments with intelligence, and accepted my conclusions with indulgence. I have explained to you why I have given our new theatre its pleasant old name; why I selected *Toddles* as the opening piece. I have told you of our future plans, of the engagements we have made, the pieces we intend to produce, the policy we are resolved to pursue. (*With graver emphasis*) There remains only one word more. (*With pathos*) If that word has a personal note in it you will forgive me. (*With deeper pathos*) If the note is a deeper and tenderer one than I usually venture to sound on the stage, I hope you will not think it out of what I believe is called my line. (*With emotion*) Ladies and gentlemen, it is now more than twenty years since I and my dear wife—— (*Violins tremolando; flute solo, "Auld Lang Syne."*) What's that noise? Stop! What do you mean by this?

(*The band is silent.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE: They are only supporting you, Cyril. Nothing could be more appropriate.

THE MANAGER: Supporting me! They have emptied my soul of all its welling pathos. I never heard anything so ridiculous. Just as I was going to pile it on about *you*, too,

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Go on, dear. The audience was just getting interested.

THE MANAGER : So was I. And then the band starts on me. Is this Drury Lane or is it the Playhouse ? Now I haven't the heart to go on.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : Oh, please do. You were getting on so nicely.

THE MANAGER : Of course I was. I had just got everybody into a thoroughly serious frame of mind, and then the silly band sets everybody laughing—just like the latest fashion in tragedy. All my trouble gone for nothing ! There's nothing left of my speech now ; it might as well be the Education Bill.

THE MANAGER'S WIFE : But you must finish it, dear.

THE MANAGER : I won't. Finish it yourself.
(*Exit in high dudgeon.*)

THE MANAGER'S WIFE (*rising and coming C.*) : Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps I had better finish it. You see, what my husband and I have been trying to do is a very difficult thing. We have some friends here—some old and valued friends—some young ones, too, we hope, but we also have for the first time in this house of ours the great public. We dare not call ourselves the friends of the public. We are only its servants and like all servants we are very much afraid of seeming disrespectful if we allow ourselves to be too familiar, and we are most at our ease when we are doing our

work. We rather dread occasions like these, when we are allowed, and even expected, to step out of our place, and speak in our own persons of our own affairs—even for a moment, perhaps, *very* discreetly, of our own feelings. Well, what can we do? We recite a little verse; we make a little speech; we are shy; in the end we put ourselves out of countenance, put you out of countenance, and strain your attitude of kindness and welcome until it becomes an attitude of wishing that it was all over. Well, we resolved not to do that to-night if we could help it. After all, you know how glad we are to see you, for you have the advantage of us: you can do without us; we cannot do without you. I will not say that

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And we who live to please must please to live,

because that is not true; and it never has been true. The drama's laws have a higher source than your caprice or ours; and in this Playhouse of ours we will not please you except on terms honourable to ourselves and to you. But on those terms we hope that you may spend many pleasant hours here, and we as many hardworking ones as at our old home in the Haymarket. And now may I run away and tell Cyril that his speech has been a great success after all, and that you are quite ready for *Toddles*? (*Assent and applause.*) Thank you. (*Exit.*)

CHAPTER XVI

PLAYHOUSE PLAYS

It was a marvellous start for us at the Playhouse.

The audience comprised among others Lord Balfour (then Mr. A. J.), Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. John Hare, Captain Marshall, George Bernard Shaw, Lord Plymouth, Lord Dunraven, Lady Grosvenor, Lord and Lady Hood, Lady Emily Wyndham-Quin, Lady Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. Ailwyn Fellowes, Lady Maclean, Mortimer Menpes, W. S. Gilbert, Lord Lurgan, Lord Northcliffe, W. J. Locke, and a host more notable people.

A few nights after our great opening, I had a most wonderful compliment paid to us by a great number of old schoolfellows at Charterhouse secretly taking practically the whole house as a compliment to me and to show they had appreciated the way my wife and I had "kept going" in spite of great adversity! By a curious mistake an invitation had been sent to me "to do honour to Cyril Maude at the Playhouse." I told Robbie Marshall of this discovery and he urged me to go to Fosters in Regent Street and have an entire suit of

pyjamas made out of Old Carthusian colours. "Keep," said he, "the sheets of the bed in the second act right up to your chin and then spring out of bed clad from head to foot in your old school colours!" I did so, and my reception after I sprang out of bed exceeded even my first appearance in the first act. They all went crazy over the joke of it. My wife came down to the theatre that night of course to see the fun. At the end of the course there were loud and insistent demands for a speech, and I raised a huge cheer and roars of laughter by my reference to the most popular master at Charterhouse, Mr. Girdlestone, known, as I said on a previous page, as Duck! "The former theatre, the Avenue, has been called the Seagulls' Rest, owing to the chilly discomfort of its arrangements. I hope that is now altered, and that in future I shall often see another web-footed bird there, a bird beloved by you all—Mr. Duck!!"

My wife was bitterly disappointed not to be in our opening play at the Playhouse—but it couldn't be helped. Shortly after this she appeared in a play by H. A. Vachell called *Her Son*, but people didn't care for the play. Years afterwards H. A. V. wrote a delightful play called *Quinneys* for me, and dedicated the book of that name (which curiously enough he wrote after the play) to me. Alas, it was impossible for me to produce that play as circumstances turned out. Henry Ainley pro-

duced it under Harrison's ægis at the Haymarket, and scored an enormous success.

At last *Toddles* came to an end, and then I produced *The Earl of Pawtucket*, by Augustus Thomas, the great American author. Thomas "directed" us in a most able way, and was delightful to work with, but he stood all the while at the back of the stalls and rehearsed us from there—*through a megaphone*. In the cast was that charming young lady from America, Miss Elsie Fergusson, who has since developed into an extremely beautiful person and a big American star! Another very lovely girl, Alexandra Carlisle, I engaged for the "lead." She was not well known a few months before that, but had just made an enormous success in a play by W. J. Locke. George Shelton of *Peter Pan* fame played in it, and so did that brilliant lady, Miss Pollie Emery—no relation of my wife's.

I thoroughly enjoyed my part, which was a remarkably amusing one, and the play went with roars of laughter. As usual with our farces, *The Earl* went better every night, and became quite a favourite. People raved over Alexandra Carlisle, who was indeed lovely to look upon. "Shy and roguish, diffident and venturesome, merry and tender, gushing and wise," so said the *Daily Telegraph* of her. How the critics differed about that play! What does it matter now, and what *did* it matter *then*?

I used to be very busy in those days over the Actors' Orphanage, of which I succeeded Henry Irving as President, and the capital of which, under my presidency—but mostly owing to the wonderful organising powers of Mr. Austin, I hasten to admit—rose from about £1,000 to over £20,000. Every year we had the great "Garden Party" at the Botanical Gardens, and in those days it was an extremely fashionable gathering! Every year I got some famous author to write a dreadful melodrama and secured the kindly co-operation of a lot of famous actors and actresses in the cast. In 1907 we played a piece by Alfred Sutro (then just coming to the front as a big dramatic author) and my dear old friend, Captain Marshall. It was called *The Desperado Duke*; or, *The Culpable Countess*. It was full of passion, power, and pathos. One long thrill from start to finish. Hydrangea, Countess of Margate, was wooed by the black-bearded Duke of Ramsgate. But the Countess was at heart a socialist, and though she owned *two* boxes at the opera, etc., was resolved in matters matrimonial to be true to her principles. For better, for worse, she would wed the new footman whose livery was already in the house! Finding *his* suit rejected, the Duke of Ramsgate took the footman's suit and, putting it on and removing his beard, renewed his proposal, but in the flunkey's name. The Countess kept an Archdeacon on the premises, and the

parties were speedily united. When the Desperado Duke proclaimed his identity, the Countess called for an imperial pint of poison, and the Archdeacon and the Butler having blurted out the fact that she was no Countess after all, but a mere plebeian, she called for the Chicago Pie, and soon afterwards both Culpable Countess and Desperado Duke lay dead on the carpet with posies on their heads and puppy dogs at their feet. I have mentioned the power and passion in the play—but there was poetry too, for the Archdeacon finished the play by pointing to the cold corpses and saying—

“ Their punishment was by Heaven sent,
And now it's time to clear the tent ! ”

One day Miss Carlisle and I were begged by the members of a French company then playing at the Royalty to appear as the two English people, father and daughter, in *L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle*. I advanced very nervously to say my lines at rehearsal—“ My name is Hodgson ; I come from Newcastle-on-Tyne and I have five daughters.” To my horror I heard the same words being hissed at me in a whisper by the French prompter, who was, as he always is in French theatres, peeping out of a little box among the footlights. They sounded like this though—“ Mai nem ees Og-son. Ai comb from New-castelle-on-Tin, and ai hev fif doterres.” I stopped the rehearsal, and begged them not to let me be prompted at all. They

told me Madame Réjane could never bear to have *her* words hissed at her either and always did away with a prompter.

One of the French actresses came up to me and began to gush over my performances in different plays she had enjoyed at my theatre. I was very embarrassed and hastened to make as little as I possibly could of what I had done. She put her pretty head on one side and said bewitchingly, shaking her forefinger at me, "Ah—Violette."

I had *L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle* done into English, and played it not only in my theatre, but at music-halls subsequently. They used to think me funny in it. I must have been fond of work in those days—acting in the curtain raiser as well as the play! Madge Titheradge, still with me at the Playhouse, was delightful as the little French girl.

It was in 1907 that I put forward for the first time my idea of a school for dramatists being founded. It was scoffed at by most people. I felt convinced, and I *do now*, that with a little trouble we might have many more good playwrights than we have at present. Many of the "great unacted" show very sterling qualities and with some assistance would no doubt turn out notable work. We teach the elements of acting at our Dramatic Schools—why not teach the elements of play-writing! I have kept on from time to time trying to get a chair founded at Oxford or

at Cambridge, or both. In America I found when I got there they had exactly what I have always advocated! Why do we still lag behind? But, Lord, how they laughed at my idea in London! Even my old partner, Harrison at the Haymarket, said, I see, to the *Daily Express* man: "Mr. Maude's idea is very interesting, but I am afraid it would be impossible to teach playwriting in that way! Like the poet, the real dramatist is born and not made! Although there are exceptions, of course." W. J. Locke thought well of the idea. *Punch* tore the idea to tatters! How amusing the article was!

On November 9th, in 1907, I was commanded by His Majesty King Edward VII to go to Sandringham and play the dressing-room scene from *The Clandestine Marriage* and *French as She is Spoken*. John Hare on that same evening played *A Quiet Rubber*. My chief remembrance of that eventful night was the fact that the King of Spain was present and of how extraordinarily infectious his great laugh was. In fact, whenever I did or said anything funny and the audience laughed at me, the King laughed louder than anyone else, and then the whole audience *roared* at him. He was wonderful! I remember we went down to Sandringham by the midday train and were shown round the gardens and the estate during the afternoon. Then came tea and a rehearsal. As the plays did not begin

until ten we had plenty of time in which to rest, make up, and dress after an excellent dinner. I don't think I ever played before a jollier audience.

On November 26th, in 1907, I produced, in a series of matinées, a very clever adaptation (by my cousin, Eva Anstruther, now Dame Eva Anstruther) from the French of M. Nialin entitled *Medor*, and rechristened by us *Fido*. It was brilliantly adapted by my cousin and beautifully played by my wife, Madge Titheradge, Pollie Emery, and C. V. France. I enjoyed the part of a timid down-trodden worm of a man who turned at last. All the highbrow critics gushed over the play. I was very proud of my dear cousin's work in adapting that clever little play, and she got a great deal of kudos for it, but prouder of her still was I when during the Great War she organised in the most skilful way the great library for the soldiers of the Empire. It was through her agency that every soldier, whether he was in France, Belgium, Italy, Africa, or Mesopotamia, had a book to read. Her great work began in a small house in Smith Square, Westminster, and ended in a huge disused brewery. She had an army of workers under her, and always the invaluable help and advice of that prince of organisers, Colonel Sir Edward Ward, Bart.

My dear father died on January 4th, 1908, at the age of 77, but my aged mother lived until she was 86.

On Tuesday, January 21st, 1908, I produced a play by Esmond called *The O'Grindles*. It was mounted superbly and well acted by a cast which included my wife as well as Alexandra Carlisle, but it was a failure, an expensive one too, being a costume play as well as elaborate scenically. We had a live pig and a live horse in the piece. But the play was too boisterous. We bored the audience with our hilarity—and the play was artificial! It was a pity! Rather thin stuff, said *Punch*! The cast, however, was a fine one and included Kenneth Douglas, Edmund Gwenn, Pollie Emery, and Alfred Bishop. But yet my run of successes had its first deliberate check and others were to come—of course—why not? I “rested” during that failure by doing flying matinées of *Fido* at Manchester and elsewhere. Left Euston at 8.30 a.m. and reached Manchester at 12.30 p.m., and the Theatre Royal by 12.45. The curtain rose at 1 p.m. and the play lasted until 3.30. We left Manchester at 4.10 and got back to the Playhouse at 8 and the curtain rose at 8.30! What a rest indeed!

The O'Grindles had to come off and *Fido* was put on temporarily, while we prepared our next play, one by A. E. W. Mason, called *Marjorie Strode*. *Fido* was again very well received by the Press. We got wonderful notices! We played a dainty little piece by Eden Phillpotts, now so famous as a dramatic author, called *A Golden Wedding*. I had

played it before at the Haymarket, and now again with the admirable help of Alfred Bishop and dainty Marie Linden it was a success.

Well, *Marjorie Strode* was a failure. Such a list of fine names as we had in it too: Bishop, Douglas, Paxton, Harwood, Nina Sevensing, Helen Ferrers, Rosalie Toller, and last, but by no means least, Henry Ainley in the very charming part of a Frenchman. But—*no*, they wouldn't have it at all—so off it had to come, *and* I must have lost my head in the disappointment of two failures running, for I promptly put up a third failure, a very poor farce called *Pro Tem*. Let me draw a veil on it!

So I put on *Toddles* again and did fairly well with it too.

Now, for some months I had been hatching an idea. I had always fancied a really good play about the Navy ought to be a success, and I had noticed that no one seemed to write better naval stories than Major Drury, and I had also thought for some time very great things of the wit and cheeriness of Leo Trevor's dialogue. In the autumn of 1907 I brought them together. They took to my idea and by the spring of 1908 they had written *The Flag Lieutenant*. How delighted my wife and all the company were the day it was first read aloud to them! We all felt certain it would be a success. I got my old friend Admiral Mark Kerr to help me with all the naval detail and

he thoroughly enjoyed himself over it. It was a huge "go" from the very start and indeed a lucky success for me—for I had had a particularly bad time. Out came the papers on May 17th. The *Daily Telegraph* said: "An unequivocal success. Its curtains raised four or five times at the end of each act, its repeated calls for all the principal actors and actresses and a general sense of hilarity throughout the auditorium," etc. etc. etc. They absolutely adored the play, everybody, and the theatre was never empty! "Cyril Maude's Success" headed so many of the notices. What a relief after those months of fearful worry and terribly hard work! "Capitally written, well acted, and beautifully staged," they all said. And the cast included Holmes Gore, who, alas! died in the War (most gallantly), Aubrey Smith, Clarence Blakiston, my wife, Lilian Braithwaite (*my* girl in the play—good actress *then*, *great* actress now), Rosalie Toller, Marie Linden, and a delightful little old lady called Emma Chambers. Very tiny, just the height of Queen Victoria, she told me. Sweet little old darling.

In November we were commanded to give a performance of *The Flag Lieutenant* at Sandringham. We were also requested to cut half an hour out of it. And naturally we had to have an entirely new miniature set of scenery made and painted, a new cabin, a new British Camp at Kandia, a new drawing-room in a Maltese hotel, *and* a new fore-part of the



Illustrated London News

CYRIL MAUDE AS THE FLAG LIEUTENANT

From a Picture by Frank Haviland

quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Royal Edward*. What an undertaking ! But we did it ! And everything went without a hitch excepting one thing—the big guns on my stage were very substantial things, the half of a gun facing the stage being of course properly curved. But at Sandringham we had to make shift with flat guns. Aubrey Smith touched one with his hat and it wobbled ! Awful moment—and a great laugh from the Prince of Wales—now King George. We took down more than fifty people. It was an awful job. Leo Trevor came down with us and walked on as the Admiral's Secretary.

It was just about that time that the King was doing such a vast amount of good with the French Entente Cordiale. One of the humbler guests at that great party had got quite exhilarated by His Majesty's champagne. He met Trevor and me at the railway station, and glowed over King Edward. "What I chiefly admire about the King is," said he, "he is such a great *diplomatist* !"—I remember a man once, in similar circumstances, calling the Burlington Arcade—The Burcade !

I think the line the King enjoyed more than any other was when the Birthday Honours were read out in the play, and the Admiral said, "Never mind those, what have the Navy got ?" and I had to reply, "Oh, they got left as usual !"

His Majesty sent me a beautiful clock in the shape of a ship's "wheel." It is in front of me now, and keeps excellent time.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ACTORS' BENEVOLENT

I WAS well in the running just then. Nothing succeeds like success, as the saying is. I was suggested to take the chair at the Actors' Benevolent Fund Dinner. I made the following speech :

“ ‘Public speaking is the very divil,’ as an old Irish friend of mine, with, I regret to say, Fenian proclivities, said to me once some years ago. He and a certain Irish member of Parliament were speaking at an open-air meeting not many miles from Dublin, and they noticed that a representative of the police was taking notes of all they said. My Irish friend turned to his colleague, who was also a Fenian of the deepest dye, and said, ‘Take care what you’re saying, man; they’re takin’ notes. Don’t run down the King of England or abuse the English race, but just give them a quiet, conciliatory kind of speech.’ (Laughter.) My Irish friend then gave ‘a quiet, conciliatory kind of speech,’ and was followed by the member of Parliament, who had not been speaking more than about five minutes when shillelaghs were swung, heads were broken, and the whole meeting ended in a turmoil. The two speakers were arrested, but in the excitement the police notes got mixed up in some extraordinary way, and when, some time after-

wards, my friend was referring to this, he said, 'You see, I gave a few nice quiet and subdued words and then got six months' hard labour for the other fellow's speech, but,' this with a wink, 'I got even with him; he got eighteen months' for mine.' (Laughter.) Now for the moral. I personally am hoping that my speech may become mixed up in your minds with those of the brilliant men who follow me to-night, and that though I may receive the credit of their speeches, they may get money down for mine. (Cheers.)

"I remember hearing once that 'All things come to those who know how to be disagreeable at the right time,' and, alas! I find myself, to my sorrow, put in the position of the disagreeable man to-night. It is an unsympathetic part I have to play, for to invite a number of men to a banquet is one thing, but surely it is the height of bad manners to ask people to dinner, to ask them to pay for it, and then do one's best to imitate the highwayman of Hounslow Heath, and demand money from them at the mouth of a champagne-bottle; but what could I possibly do after being urged for two years by our excellent president, Sir Charles Wyndham, to take my turn to play the game and to go in and try and score for our side?

"To score for our side! Gentlemen, have you ever experienced the awful feeling of walking with your bat across a long stretch of turf from the pavilion to the pitch on a large cricket ground, surrounded by a large concourse of people, at a critical point in the game, and with the full consciousness of being a poor bat? Well then, you have my feelings

in a nutshell to-night. Or perhaps you will be better able to appreciate my position by remembering the story of the young curate preaching his first charity sermon and who, in the course of his firstly, secondly, and thirdly, saw, to his horror, the rich members of his congregation gradually withdraw sovereign after sovereign of the money they had placed before them on the ledge of the pew as their faith in the advantages of the charitable institution poorly advocated by the timid youth seemed to them gradually to diminish. Gentlemen, I trust that such may not be my fate to-night. Spare my complexion, do not drive the roses from my cheek. Although they are not on the ledge of a pew before you, still I see them gleaming in your face—bright golden sovereigns, crisp white notes. Bear with me a while.

“This benevolent fund of ours is doing always, has done always, good work. It is a charity administered on genial English lines. Every case is thoroughly looked into, but it is looked into with kind eyes, full of sympathy and tender-heartedness. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I want you to picture to yourselves the committee room of the Actors' Benevolent Fund some years ago. Around the table are seated some dear, well-remembered old friends of ours, dealing out kindness and help to many a poor fellow wounded in the battle of life by ‘the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.’ At that table was seated, on the day I speak of, our late president. (Cheers.) Among the cases being discussed was that of a promising young actor, who had been obliged, owing to an accident, to have a leg amputated. The

case had attracted a great deal of sympathy, and the Actors' Benevolent Fund contributed largely to the poor young fellow's support. At this particular meeting I speak of, one old actor, who had been scandalised by meeting this young man smoking a big cigar, suggested that his application for further relief should be refused. Sir Henry Irving listened to all that was said, and then in his dear, quaint way remarked, 'Well, because the poor fellow has had his leg cut off, that is no reason why you should cut off his cigars—benevolence, you know; we are a benevolent fund, not Providence.' (Cheers.)

"And it is the benevolent institution for which I have to plead to-night. For two long, lean years of trade depression and Stock Exchange stagnation there has been much outgoing and no incoming. Surely in no profession is the fluctuation of trade more acutely felt than in ours. Besides being a mirror of the times, we are, so to speak, the weatherglass in which a man may read the state of the financial weather, and, alas! the hand has pointed for the last two years to stormy and cloudy at intervals. Down here by the riverside one realises very poignantly the prevalent distress, and indeed, despair. Walk under the bridge there across the road late any night on your way to the District or the Tube, and you will realise the fate from which the Actors' Benevolent Fund is trying daily to save many and many a poor struggling actor and actress. 'Is it as bad as that?' you say. Yes, surely—if not, why those piteous little appeals, not for large sums, but for a shilling, half a crown, which so many of us get at our stage doors?

I am not exaggerating when I say that practically every night at my little theatre over the way some poor creature or another comes begging for a loan or a lift from one of us. (Hear, hear.)

"Unemployed? Yes, in these days we hear a great deal about unemployment and about Socialism. No, don't be afraid, I am not here to make a political speech or trespass on your patience by wearying you with my views on politics. Besides, I mustn't forget that there up above is a gallery, and without a grille. (Laughter.) I do not propose to go into the question as to which is the cause of which, whether it is unemployment which brings Socialism into prominence, or Socialism which creates unemployment; in a word, which is the head and which is the tail of the serpent which encircles us, and which many think is squeezing the life out of us as a nation. It is not to discuss economic problems, the governing of a people by the State, that I have lured you here to-night. And yet, after all, isn't it? What really is my profession but a State within a State, a State which has to face up to just the same difficulties and problems as the larger State of which it is a part? I like to believe that anyone who joins our profession, be he or she ever so humble, feels that we are indeed a great brotherhood; no outward vows bind us together, but there is among us an unbreakable bond of pity and fellow-feeling and a pride that holds us together for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—the great bond of a common interest not only in our own work, but in one another's. We actors are a people within a people, a State within a State,

We have our patriotism and our pride of race ; we have in our time, indeed, been an oppressed race ; we have not crossed the desert of puritanical opinion for nothing. It has bound us together. (Loud cheers.) We have our own problems to contend with and to conquer. (Hear, hear.)

“ This question of unemployment is a serious one for us. With us, servants of a fickle public, there is no security of office ; the ruler of to-day may be the slave of to-morrow. Some of us, by dint of luck, or hard work, of good health, and of determination to conquer difficulties, have managed to do what people call get on, but in getting on we have learnt, all too well, all the wants, difficulties, and dangers of our less successful brothers and sisters. Over and over again, with a monotony that is painful, do we see men and women, through absolutely no fault of their own, forced to sit idle for months and months ; men and women who have made money, who have got accustomed to spending it. Suddenly idle—no money coming in, no means of making any, other people dependent on them. In a profession so overcrowded as the stage, I do not dare to think how many such there are ; but here we differ from the out of work of other states : we do not speak of being unemployed—a confession of failure. If acting teaches nothing else, it teaches the value of self-confidence. As you advance to middle age you get accustomed to putting a good face on a bad case. No, when times are bad, when work is scarce, we only say to the outside world we are resting. Resting—there is splendid pluck in that expression ; resting, we tell the world, when really we are

eating our poor hearts out for the work that does not come. Resting—the bitter irony of the word as many poor fellows have to use it. Help us to dig these poor chaps out of their trouble, and the holes they leave behind them will be the graves in which you will bury your own. (Loud cheers.)

“Perhaps almost too much light has been thrown on the stage artifices during the last twenty-five years, and stage tricks and devices which pleased and mystified our fathers have been cleared up, taken to pieces, and made as plain as daylight. On the other hand, however, no one believes now that life behind the scenes is one long orgy of champagne and idle luxury. Very few people believe that we put on plays without any trouble at all, or that a business which involves such great financial risks as ours does can be carried on without any work during the day-time. But there is one belief which, I fancy, will always be difficult to break down, and that is, that the members of our calling are absolutely thriftless and careless about money matters, and that they take no thought in any possible way for the morrow. (No, no!) Thriftless! Have you ever tried, gentlemen, to be thrifty with a wife and family on 25s. a week? Members of any other class may break down through ill-health, through competition, through a hundred-and-one difficulties that beset the paths of all, but no—the Actor’s failure must be through thriftlessness. They do not take into consideration the awful struggle to get work, the enormous overcrowding, the wretched salaries paid to the great majority. Year by year the struggle to keep their heads above

water becomes more and more difficult, and it is just when all seems hopeless and when they feel inclined to say, 'What is the good of trying at all?' that the Actors' Benevolent Fund is able to step in and by a gift or a loan make life possible and even hopeful again. (Cheers.)

"As Englishmen we pride ourselves on our love of fair play; pluck and perseverance are as much thought of as ever, thank God! I am pleading to-night for a body of men and women who, when they were young and vigorous, started full of courage, full of belief in their powers and in their own ultimate victory, to run in the Marathon race of our profession. Gentlemen, you who have stood by and watched the race, you the audience who have at different times applauded their efforts, you know how heavy the track has been, you know the difficulties they have had to face, their powers of endurance have been tried to the uttermost. The very encouragement they have received—pats on the back, so to speak—have nearly done for them. Absurd flattery and scathing criticism alternately have elated and oppressed them, but at last they near the goal. A bad time comes, illness, what not; they fall to rise again, then fall once more, and as they lie so near and yet so far from what they have promised themselves, so very far from what their mothers and admiring friends felt so sure would be their glorious fates—as they lie there fainting and hopeless, this fund of ours comes like some succouring angel and puts within their grasp power to go on once more and fight on, fight for their homes, their children, fight to take their places as good, strong men and women

in the terrible race they undertook in the pride of their youth and strength, before they realised all the danger and difficulties that must inevitably beset their paths ; they, poor souls, who once upon a time each thought they would be Wyndhams, Trees, or Alexanders, the Dorados of the race. (Cheers.) They are unemployed, eating their hearts out, hoping, waiting. But come with me and you shall see them.

“Spend an hour or two at the office of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. I wish I could take you round there and let you see the little daily procession. Could you but see them for yourselves, pity would be so great that no words of mine would be needed to enlist your help. That old fellow there who used to make you laugh so—is it his fault that rheumatism contracted on a draughty stage has laid him low ? You recognise him. How he used to cheer you up after an unsuccessful day of worry in the City. By gad ! sir, I should have to stop you from running after him down the street, and begging him to accept even more help than the fund can at present afford. That little woman there with the grey hair and sad, worn face, ah ! you remember her even better than the old fellow. She alive still ? Poor, starving ! Disaster, illness, and old age have done their work.

“That small boy—what a white, wizen little face ! Heaven forbid that your little chap or mine should look like that ! The son of an actor too ill to come himself. Let that little chap go back empty-handed ? Gentlemen, there are some things one prays one may never be forced to do, and to refuse a little child who

comes to you for help is one of them. Charity tempered by justice all the time, not justice tempered by charity, and at Christmas time when all that is generous-hearted in man is uppermost. (Cheers.) Think kindly and tenderly of those broken men and women who have tried in the past to do their best in the state of life into which who among us can say God did not call them. (Loud cheers.)

“ Sometimes it is said of us by our enemies that we are a useless folk, that we fulfil no useful purpose in the State, that we exist only to give enjoyment to other people. Let them say so. For myself I ask for no greater post. It is a fine one. To bring romance into the dull lives—visions of love to the unloved, interests to the monotonous, to cheer the tired ones, to give relief to the worried, to widen the sympathy of men and women with types alien to their own—in a word, to add not only to the gaiety of nations, but to the kindly sympathy and understanding between men and women—the *entente cordiale* of humanity—what more can you want? Surely the part her actor people play in the life of the State is no mean one, is one which, seeing the weariness and the greyness of many people’s lives, should have their gratitude. (Cheers.)

“ But gratitude is a shy grower. Will you allow me to tell you a story? Once to an hotel came a millionaire, a man who had everything that money could give him. To the same hotel the same day came a doctor—overworked, underpaid—a man who had been ordered complete rest, and who had with difficulty snatched a precious fortnight from his busy life to take a much-needed holiday. Each went

his separate way; they did not meet. The hotel was large for one thing, and the millionaire stopped in his own apartments—the doctor lived with the common herd below. One day the millionaire was at dinner, a fish bone stuck in his throat, he choked, grew purple in the face, the fish bone was immovable. He felt the hand of death upon him, the life that he loved withdrawing from him. Someone remembered the doctor. Luckily he was near at hand. He came into the millionaire's sitting-room, he attacked the bone, he saved the millionaire's life. The millionaire's gratitude was enormous, gigantic, colossal. 'My dear fellow, what can I possibly do to show you my gratitude? Ask me anything and I will give it; no fee can possibly be too large to ask.' But the doctor, seeing how the excitement and strain had told on him, gave him a soothing draught to make him sleep, and said they would discuss terms another time. 'Come to my room to-morrow; come early,' said the still grateful millionaire. So the next day the doctor went. He found the millionaire, but not the gratitude; that had all evaporated in the night. 'Thanks, yes, I feel quite myself again. An absurd thing to happen, don't you know; and by the way, what do I owe you for the little service you rendered me last night?' 'A trifle, sir,' said the doctor dryly; 'I only ask for half the fee you felt inclined to give me when the bone was still in your throat.' (Cheers and laughter.)

"Often you have felt, after being cheered or deeply moved by some piece of acting in the past, a great feeling of gratitude to the man or woman who had made you feel so moved. If

the next day you had heard they were in distress you would have thought no sum too great, no purse too full to give them. The bone was in your throat. Gentlemen, all I ask you to give me for my poor struggling, helpless, and in some cases hopeless brothers and sisters of the stage is just half what you would have felt inclined to give when the bone was sticking in your throat." (Loud cheers.)

Everyone who was anyone in the theatre world was present. We raised a big sum of money. All sorts and kinds of charities too I lent the Playhouse to for matinées. I am proud to remember that the first public meeting of the Navy League took place at the Playhouse.

I was able to help Lord Balfour of Burleigh by organising a big matinée at Drury Lane on behalf of Queen Alexandra's Sanatorium at Davos. We raised a huge sum of money, thanks mostly to the kindness of my old friend, Arthur Collins, who lent us "the Lane."

I did not have to produce a new play until I did *A Merry Devil* by that brilliant author James Bernard Fagan, on June 4th, 1909. *Not* a real big "go." My wife, though, played amazingly in it, and made a surprising success. Jessie Bateman, Adeline Bourne, Bobbie Andrews, Holmes Gore, Aubrey Smith. We all hoped that with the lovely production it might be a bigger hit than it was. I played a Falstaffian part, for which I received

much praise, some papers even suggesting that I simply *must* play Falstaff! But, oh, if they only knew what I suffered in that very, very fat part! My whole body and legs a mass of padding of all kinds, my nose and my cheeks padded with paste, a wig, velvet clothes, top boots, padded legs! Hell! I perspired as I stood at the wings—no, I shouldn't call it perspiration, it was rain! No Falstaff for me, *thank you*! But the hot weather came on (think of it in that make-up)—very hot weather, and as the heat came on, the play came off! But Winifred had scored and greatly! What a compensation! I quote from just one of many praising newspapers: "Miss Emery achieved a personal triumph. Once more she proved that artistically she towers head and shoulders above most actresses of the generation. Looking very beautiful, her acting was always full of distinction and was marked by a technical efficiency all too rarely to be seen on our stage to-day. A creature of sunshine and shadow, of laughter and tears, a highly patrician lady, and a yielding, submissive woman. There was not a phase of this complex character but she illuminated it by her delightful art." But the sun shone and our stars went out!

I fell back on *The Flag Lieutenant* with fair success, and then put on a play called *Little Mrs. Cummin* by Richard Pryce, with Lottie Venne, Marie Lohr, Emma Chambers, Kenneth Douglas, and Lennox Pawle in it. It was

not a success, but while it was going on, and incidentally losing money, I was making much more than I lost by appearing at the Coliseum in a fairy play. Marie Lohr and Lottie Venne were delightful in *Little Mrs. Cummin*, though. Lottie (bless her) had an enchanting way of complaining, when any part was handed to her, that it was not a good one. At the first rehearsal of *Little Mrs. Cummin* she came to me with the old tale, said her part was rotten, hopeless, miserable, unworthy, etc. etc. "Lottie," I said, "you must retract every word you've said." "Darling," she said at once, "I retract," and went on with spirit—rehearsing!

Already by December 16th, 1909, I was busy preparing Michael Morton's capital version of Paul Cavault's *La Petite Chocolatière*, while Winifred was making the hit of her dear life as Queen Elizabeth in Lewis Waller's production of *Sir Walter Raleigh*. It was really an amazing performance of hers, quite marvellous! I really and honestly think quite the finest character performance by a woman I ever witnessed on the stage. I sent Winifred on a tour of *Sir Walter Raleigh* to give people a chance of seeing her great impersonation of Elizabeth. She made a huge success in most places that she visited, *but in Dublin!!!!!!*

The *Dublin Mail* said:

"My sympathy, by the way, is entirely

with the vociferous protesters. They were cruelly betrayed. Not that the play was bad. On the contrary it was quite good. . . . Finally we witnessed the marriage of Raleigh and Bess Throgmorton in the Tower. It was an unexceptionally Protestant marriage, and the knot was tied by a real Puritan parson. A tall young man arose in the dress circle and swelling his chest with a proper 'I forbid the banns' inflatus, solemnly observed, 'I protest against this as an insult to the Catholic Faith.' After that the deluge. The 'gods' whistled and sang and stamped and shouted. They sang 'God save Ireland' with a fervour that suggested that a Puritan marriage in the town was another insult to Ireland. They were riotously, religiously, and vociferously happy, until the management, with a cruel and cunning inspiration, turned up the lights, and discovered the tall and menacing forms of what looked like a couple of Metropolitan Police! Whereupon the fervour of protest died ingloriously away and peace, love, and harmony were firmly and unostentatiously restored. So perished in its pride a vain attempt to rewrite history and pension off the critics. The spirit of independence, of revolt was there; but it fizzled out. The tall young man in the dress circle turned on the tap at the wrong moment. What was to have been a revolution turned out a ludicrous and laughable fiasco. They manage revolutions better in Lisbon!"

CHAPTER XVIII

VARYING SUCCESS

AND then on Tuesday night, February 15th, 1910, I hit on a really great success again in *Tantalising Tommy*. Kenneth Douglas (particularly), Fred Lewis, John Beauchamp, H. R. Averell, John Harwood, Maidie Hope, and, above all, Marie Lohr, then at the zenith of her career, all helped me to it. I remember my daughter, Margery, came to the dress rehearsal of it, and cried bitter tears because she was so sure it was going to be a failure. But it was a success. Maidie Hope was *great* in it as a blowsy servant girl who fell in love with a chauffeur and described her amours by the riverside thus: "We sat there together. He looked at the water, and I—I looked at the boon!" She had a bad cold from the damp night exposure, you see! Marie Lohr, dainty, delicious, *perfect*! Douglas *most* amusing! Everybody loved the play and the acting, and we lasted until the end of that season!

All these years my work was very, very hard—choosing plays, returning them; smoothing out quarrels between members of the cast and in other places; reading plays continually;

office work; consultation with Turner over every detail of management; studying new parts; producing the plays; keeping an eye on everything connected with the theatre all the time, etc. etc. etc. Helping in endless charity concerts and benefits. It was not a lazy life really!

Then there was the social work—but that I had to leave very much alone, and my wife hated it; so that I missed countless opportunities of making friends with many of the interesting and wonderful people who kept deluging us with invitations. I remember Winifred and I boldly made up our minds one London season to accept all the invitations sent to us—but always after our theatre work we felt miserably tired and disinclined for it, and usually arrived just as the “At Homes” began to be rather “worn out” and people were sending for their carriages. I recollect old George Grossmith, father of the present delightful fellow, telling me that he hired a small brougham from Harrods to take him to a great party in Harley Street, given by Lady Jeune, afterwards Lady St. Helier. All the world and his wife were there! He soon got tired of making himself agreeable and wanted to go home. All along the street from the door of Lady Jeune’s house, the linkmen were calling the names of various Dukes and Duchesses who were wanting their carriages, which quickly rolled up with powdered coach-

men and footmen on the boxes, and carried their titled owners away. "Please get Mr. George Grossmith's carriage," said G. G. to the butler at the door. And soon the street resounded with cries of "Mr. George Grossmith's carriage—Mr. George Grossmith's carriage"—but no carriage came!! At last G. G. in despair said to the manservant, "Try Harrods' Stores!" and at once a modest little brougham which had been waiting the other side of the street came over to the door!

Those modest little broughams were pretty dangerous things. My wife and I were in one going along the Brompton Road one Saturday night, our coachman was drunk, and he carefully turned the brougham over on its side. I so well recall how my wife and I were hauled out through the window, the look of the crowd, and as my wife, as she alighted, was greeted by a very smart young man, who said, "How d'you do, Miss Emery? Had the pleasure of meeting you at a party last week!"—Absolutely unmoved—as if being present at the hauling out of a lady from a carriage window was quite the usual thing.

But I am digressing.

It was, as I have said above, during *Little Mrs. Cummin* which I put on at the Playhouse that I had an engagement at the Coliseum. At the dress rehearsal of the play I nearly had a nasty accident. I had to make my first entrance in a hansom cab, and I had on three

suits of clothes over each other, *and* a fur coat. They bundled me up into the cab, and the cab horse straightway started to bolt. The cabman pulled him up just in time to prevent a terrific entrance into the stalls. It was very hard work playing in that piece, but very paying! In those days at the Coliseum the management did not pay by cheque, they paid in coin, and, mind you, it was in the days of sovereigns. My salary, which was a huge one, frightened me. I sent quickly for Turner, my manager at the Playhouse, to take it safely away!

About that time my daughter Margery had begun to long to make a start on the stage. It was only natural, of course. We sent her to the Academy (now the *Royal Academy*) of Dramatic Art at 62 Gower Street, where she worked extremely hard for two terms, and then I saw my chance of launching her in the career she had chosen. Charles Frohman had fascinated me with the description of a lovely little play called *The Toymaker of Nuremberg*, by Austin Strong, the step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson, and so I decided to produce it on March 17th, 1910, at a *matinée*. It really was a brilliant house that assembled for my dear daughter's *début*, including Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. My daughter was overwhelmed with gifts of flowers. She made a wonderful success, as indeed did the play, and we performed it at many *matinées* sub-

sequently. It was a most pathetic little piece Mr. Ansell composed lovely music which nursed it along, and had a great deal, I think, to do with its success. The play had much of the ingenuousness and not a little of the charm of a Hans Andersen fairy tale, and the setting which kind Frohman lent to me was exquisite. They were so good as to like me as the old Toymaker, and I must confess I adored the part. Many people went crazy over the show, and Gladys Cooper was telling me only the other day that she had loved it more than any play she ever saw. Great praise from a great artist and a most delightful woman! I was of course the old Toymaker. A big American who had a "corner" in Teddy Bears came to try to get me to make Teddy Bears myself. "I can't change now. All my life is with my dolls" (shaking my fist at a Teddy Bear). "You are the devourer of my trade. You are bad. You are ugly. I won't *make you*." Then came more trouble. My son loved my employer's daughter, and I in my simplicity said that it was only love that matters. "But," expostulated my old wife, "*he only paints dolls' eyelashes—he can't keep a wife on dolls' eyelashes.*"

Austin Strong, the author, has had several big successes since that day. Most of the Press declared it was a "gem"—and Margery was fairly launched. Delightful old Jimmy Beveridge, Fred Lewis, Holmes Gore,

Sheil Barry, Bobbie Andrews, Charles Allan, Emma Chambers, and last, but by no means least, we got a wonderful performance by Miss Elsie Chester, who, poor soul, shortly after that had to have one of her legs amputated. I believe she was undergoing great pain during all the rehearsals, but she never complained, and was of very real and great assistance to my daughter !

As in *The Second in Command*, only perhaps even more so, people used to come round to see me directly after the performance was over, with their eyes streaming with tears, and sometimes even sobbing, so great was their emotion ! One old friend of mine, a dramatic author, came round and practically wept on my shoulder. " I (*sob*) have never (*sob*) enjoyed (*sob*) anything so much (*sob*) in my life !! " It was hard to keep one's countenance !

Leo Trevor and John Harwood wrote the fierce melodrama of that year (1910) for the Actors' Orphanage Fête. It was called *The Pick of Oakham*, or, *The Girl with the Bad Habit*. It was described on " the bills " as a timorous, terrifying, tincture of tragedy. Here is the plot : In the first act, the Hunting Breakfast-room at Castle Glanders, the Earl of Lowater financially embarrassed of course, owing a few paltry thousands to the villain, Major Sutton d'Etche, imagines that the latter has come to demand the hand of his daughter, the Hon. Gwendoline Mortgage, in settlement of the

account. The terrible Major, however, cares not for Gwendoline, who, by the way, is betrothed to the handsome hero—proud of the name, every syllable of it. It is Lowater's horse, Tortoise, Sutton d'Ethé covets, and learning from Tiny Palham, a jockey, that he has a better animal in Limberges, Lowater agrees to part with Tortoise! And so on. How good Lennox Pawle, Hilda Trevelyan, and M. Robson were in it! How the audience roared!

Later in 1910, in October, we had *The Toy-maker of Nuremberg* in the evening bill, and on November 8th, 1910, I produced *A Single Man*, by Hubert Henry Davies, and as soon as we had put it on, we started very hard at work indeed on *Our Little Cinderella*, a Christmas musical play for a series of matinées.

A Single Man was well received. Miss Dulcie Greatwich, Miss Florence Haydon (a charming old actress), Mary Jerrold (now quite famous), Nancy Price (clever lady), and Vera Coburn, all came in the cast. Mary Jerrold was quite excellent. Rather a quaint thing happened the night of an election in Battersea, in which that old Miss Haydon was interested. She had been very, very hard at work over that election and was so excited about it that the performance that night must have simply seemed like a wild dream. She had to make a magnificent exit in which she denounced the villainess in no measured terms. Imagine our

surprise and horror when she suddenly denounced the *heroine* of the play, and then went off quite unconscious of the havoc she had wrought in the plot of Davies' dainty comedy. People were kind enough to like us in the play !

It was on December 10th, 1910, that Sir John Hare publicly unveiled the statue of Sir Henry Irving behind the National Gallery. It was a great occasion for my profession. I was on the small committee that arranged the whole affair. I well remember composing a telegram which we asked Sarah Bernhardt to send from Paris. It was interesting to hear our own French telegram read aloud ! Sir John was unable, owing to indisposition, to attend an important meeting held by the Westminster Council prior to the granting of permission for the statue to be erected on its site. I had to go in his stead, and very shy and uncomfortable I felt as I sat right at the bottom of a very long court with civic dignitaries lining up both sides of the room. Henry Irving (Irving's eldest son) made a touching little speech at the close of the ceremony. Among other things he said : " There is one great quality in my father's character known but to those closest to him in life, which it seems to me the noble poise and grave dignity of this statue so fairly express. I mean his steadfast courage, his calm, continual self-control. He was fond of repeating Goethe's saying that ' self-possession is the art of life.'

He had his share, especially in the last few years of his life, of the difficulties and anxieties, as well as the glories of his art, and he bore all, storm or sunshine, fair weather or foul, with unflinching courage, steadfast endurance, faith in the truth of the cause he served."

On December 20th, 1910, I produced the musical play *Our Little Cinderella*. I had always thought that children would love best to see the old tale—shorn of its pantomime eccentricities. Leo Trevor wrote the book, Wimperis (most brilliant of our lyricists) the songs, and my good friend, Herman Lohr, the music.

My daughter Margery played Cinderella beautifully. A charming young singer, Hubert Bromilow, was the Prince. Maidie Hope scored as a certain Mrs. Bloomer. Ethel Morrison and Emma Chambers, the one very tall and the other very short, played the sisters most comically, and I was the Baron. Of the fairies, no child could possibly make a greater success than did tiny Renée Mayer. I was terrified of the songs and dances I had to do, but my songs were immense all the same. One verse of Wimperis' I sang as the impecunious Baron :

Once I did things rather well,
I had chambers in Pall Mall
(With a window overlooking Beerbohm Tree),
And I lunched with all the wits
At the Carlton or the Ritz,
But to-day I find the writs come round to me.

I'd a stable and a shoot,
And a fair estate to boot,
(With a henroost for my lawyer friends to rob).
Then some Johnny brought a Bill up,
And I had Form Four to fill up ;
Since then I've never had a bob !

And another bit :

I can trace my noble line
Back to Fourteen Forty-nine,
And my blood is of the deepest shade of blue.
But that's only an incentive,
When a Chancellor's inventive,
He will find a plan to squeeze it out of you.

What hard work it was singing and dancing at the age of close on fifty ! I have always pitied elderly comedians ever since ! Herman Lohr's music was delicious—*is* delicious. It was shortly after that he made his enormous success with his delightful song, "The Little Grey Home in the West."

On March 3rd, 1911, I produced a very unsuccessful play called *One of the Dukes*. *Requiescat!* Allan Aynesworth and Alexandra Carlisle were both in it, and were excellent. "What in Heaven's name made you produce the play," was what I was greeted with everywhere I went, and *so*—on April 15th I revived *Cousin Kate*, with practically the whole of the original cast !

One day while I was rehearsing at the Playhouse in May 1911, Arthur Collins, the famous manager of Drury Lane, asked to see me on important business. It appeared that



The Graphic

MARGERY MAUDE AS CINDERELLA

From a Picture by Balliol Salmon

the Kaiser was to come to London and unveil the statue of Queen Victoria in front of Buckingham Palace on May 25th, and the King wanted a big gala performance of some old comedy to be played by the principal actors and actresses in London, but that he had especially requested that Miss Alexandra Carlisle and I should be in the cast. The reason for his asking us particularly to appear was because His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, had, shortly before his father's death, "commanded" us to appear in a duologue at Marlborough House before King Edward and Queen Alexandra and several other Kings and Queens, but we "tried" out the little play at a small concert at Londonderry House, just to see how it would go, and whether it needed cutting, etc., and in consequence of our doing this, and owing to some queer mistake on the part of one of the Court officials, the "command" was cancelled. This caused Miss Carlisle and myself great distress, as we felt sure that if the (then) Prince of Wales had been made aware of the actual facts, he would have been the last to allow us to suffer such discomfiture. I wrote a long letter stating my case to Lady Londonderry, and she answered me next day, saying that she had shown the Prince my letter and he had said he was so very sorry about the whole mistake, and that he would make it up to me some day! Hence the special request about Miss Carlisle and

myself—which showed His Majesty's kindness of heart and his wonderful thoughtfulness.

Well, it proved to be indeed a memorable performance. The play selected was *Money*, by Lord Lytton, and in the cast were Fred Terry, Sir John Hare, Cyril Maude, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir Herbert Tree, Arthur Bouchier, George Alexander, Laurence Irving, Alfred Bishop, Lewis Waller, Edmund Maurier, Charles Hawtrey, Sydney Valentine, Weedon Grossmith, J. H. Barnes, James Fernandez, Charles Rock, Norman Forbes, Dion Boucicault, Dennis Eadie, J. D. Beveridge, Edward Terry, Winifred Emery, Alexandra Carlisle, Irene Vanbrugh, Lyn Harding, Frederick Ross, Oscar Adye, Arthur Playfair, Murray Carson, Vincent Clive, and Frank Collins. Also as members of the Club walked on—among others—Henry Ainley, Allan Aynesworth, George Barrett, William Devereux, Kenneth Douglas, Gerald du Maurier, H. V. Esmond, George Graves, Robert Loraine, C. M. Lowne, Norman McKinnel, Harry Nicholls, C. Aubrey Smith, C. W. Somerset, Sam Sothern, and Lyall Sweete.

Special scenery was painted and special costumes designed. We rehearsed day after day for a month. Wyndham always brought a tiresome little dog to rehearsal. It kept running about all over the place and getting in people's way, and generally annoying everybody. One day Tree, Irene Vanbrugh, and I were standing watching the little dog and I

said to them, "I suppose you know that little dog has been trained by Lady Wyndham to watch over Sir Charles, and in case he speaks longer to any particular lady than he ought to the little dog gets hold of him by the ankle just to remind him of Lady Wyndham!" They both laughed at the idea, and then Irene looked up sweetly in Sir Herbert's face and said, "And do tell me, Sir Herbert, has Lady Tree trained a little dog to watch over *your* goings on?" Tree gazed up at the rafters of Drury Lane Theatre, and stroking his locks said, "Ah—it died from want of sleep!"

Collins even had a special act drop scene depicting King and Kaiser, designed by Sir Seymour Lucas. The theatre was everywhere garlanded with roses—a superb sight. Calthrop designed the dresses splendidly. Collins presented us with the dresses after the performance. Among the music played between the acts was a piece by the Kaiser himself. Every kind of notability was present. Thousands of people inside and outside the theatre cheered and cheered the Kaiser! Could we only have foreseen what was going to happen three years later——!!

CHAPTER XIX

“BUNTY” AND “THE HEADMASTER”

I HAD the beginning of rather a clever confidence trick played on me just about this time. Mr. Austin and I (as President of the Actors' Orphanage) were always seeking for help to put the Orphanage on a firmer footing. We had visions at that time of getting hold of some beautiful old country mansion wherein to house our children—visions, by the way, that were realised later on. One day I was called up on the telephone by a stranger who actually offered the Orphanage Fund a glorious house and grounds in Surrey. He came to see us—a charming fellow; we had all the details from him—a description of the gardens, the gardeners, the gymnasium, the libraries full of lovely books, a beautiful swimming-bath! Austin and I nearly wept for joy. I went to the Beafsteak Club and on my telling some of the members of our good fortune they insisted on celebrating the event with champagne! The evening came, and the gentleman (who by the way was shortly afterwards sent to prison for playing the confidence trick all over London), not being able to see me as I was on the stage, acting, borrowed ten shillings from my fireman at the

Playhouse (I would have lent him anything he asked—I felt so pleased with him!), disappeared hurriedly, and we never saw him again, nor indeed ever even heard of him until he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment!

It was in 1911, on June 27th, that, in honour of the coronation, we had the great Gala Performance at His Majesty's Theatre, too. I had to appear as Don Wiskerandos in *The Critic*, and Lily Elsie and Gertie Millar were my nieces. My wife also appeared that night. It was a great show. Forbes-Robertson began it habited in the velvet of Court attire. These were the lines he recited as a Prologue:

Sire, we are mummers and we make pretence
Of tears or laughter at the Truth's expense;
It is our calling under Art's disguise
Thus to divert imaginative eyes.
And sometimes, in our more expensive scenes,
We even play at being Kings and Queens.
But he, the glory of our Golden Age,
Wisely remarked that all the world's a stage,
Where every man alive must play his part
Unaided by the mysteries of Art.
Such is your burden, in the day's full beam
Playing your part, to be the thing you seem;
So stand you crowned, to serve your Country's need,
No King of Shadows, but a King indeed!

* * * * *

If here and there a pensive pause is made
While memory searches for a line mislaid,
Kindly regard such lapses as unique
And due, no doubt, to Coronation Week!

A great night, truly. Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal, in the great scene from *The Merry*

Wives. Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in David Garrick's drunken scene. Tree in the Forum scene of Julius Cæsar, with 200 well-known actors playing in "the crowd." Then came our *The Critic* with Grossmith, Hawtrey, Arthur Bouchier, Courtice Pounds, du Maurier, Edmund Payne, Robert Loraine, Arthur Williams, Violet Vanbrugh and Marie Tempest, and Winifred and myself. Then Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Ben Jonson's masque *The Vision of Delight*, with Clara Butt, Lily Brayton, Lena Ashwell, Marian Terry, Gertrude Kingston, sweet, gentle, and lovely Evelyn d'Alroy (Mrs. Malcolm Watson), Marie Lohr, Lilian Braithwaite, Lilla McCarthy, Constance Collier—ye gods, what a galaxy of beauty and talent!

I find it was just about now that my son John made his first and only appearance on the stage, at nine years of age. At the age of six he had gravely informed me he "didn't want to be a dirty actor"—but he was an amateur for one night only at school.

In June 1911 I produced Louis Napoleon Parker's charming little play *Pomander Walk*. My wife, my daughter, and I all played in it, and were assisted, among others, by Frederick Volpé, Rudge Harding, John Harwood, Maidie Hope, and Emma Chambers. The whole play was performed in one set—an exquisite little terrace of houses. It was a very difficult play to do, as every house and its windows were made

use of and some people had to speak from upstairs and some from downstairs, and during the time when not on the stage we all had to keep in our own particular houses. Of course it was extremely hard to rehearse, as one had to exercise so much imagination about all the different windows and doors. The play was cordially received, but it was not the enormous success it had been in New York, and it was undoubtedly "killed" by one of the hottest summers we have ever had.

In June of that year I had a great honour done me, for I was asked by the Authorities at Old Charterhouse in London to read the lesson in our quaintly beautiful old Chapel at the Thackeray centenary. I was very nervous about doing this in front of such a remarkably distinguished congregation, for so many men there could have read it so much more beautifully. But Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, was particularly anxious I should do so. My old housemaster at Charterhouse, Godalming, was then the "Master" of Charterhouse, a somewhat similar post to that of the Provost of Eton. Shortly before he died lately, at the age of eighty-six, he was compelled to send a word of reproof and warning to one of the oldest of Charterhouse old gentlemen pensioners known as "Cods," such as one remembers old Colonel Newcombe to have been. The old gentleman to whom he sent this "reproof" was aged

ninety-six, and on receiving the message, which he considered rather an insult, he at once spoke of Mr. Davies, of eighty-six summers, as "an impertinent *boy*."

In June 1911 I had an extraordinary bit of sheer luck. I was crossing Leicester Square when a rather seedy theatrical agent ran after me and asked me whether I would hear a Scottish play.

"Is it all Scottish, every bit of it?" said I. "Yes," said the agent, "and written by a Scotsman who has never written anything more than sketches for the music-halls before." "But," said I, "I don't think it sounds in the least suitable for my purpose! However, let me read it." "I do wish you would *hear* it read, Mr. Maude, because I really think it is clever myself, and I want your opinion on it very particularly—but you must *hear* it *read* to catch on to the delicious pawky fun and charm of the whole thing!" "No, I can't possibly afford the time to hear it read, let *me* *read* it," I pleaded. But the agent pestered me to hear Mr. Graham Moffat read it, and I made an appointment for a day subsequently and heard it read up in my little office at the Playhouse. Well, the charm and wit of the whole thing, especially as he read it, attracted me at once—but I still felt a wee bit nervous about producing such an extremely novel kind of play in the evening, and we had a *matinée* of it.

Bunty Pulls the Strings at once made an enormous success. Several of the big London managers were after me to put it on at their theatres, but I was most attracted by an offer from Mr. Herbert Trench, to whom Harrison had at that time let the Haymarket, for he had, after I left the Haymarket, a succession of failures there, just as I on leaving that lovely theatre had suffered some bad knocks myself. Well, I settled to produce it at the Haymarket, and did so. For about five weeks we were uncertain as to whether it was going to be as great a success as it had promised to be at the Playhouse matinée, but then it became positively the rage of London, and ran for months and months to “capacity” houses. But a very curious thing happened at the beginning of the run. Mr. Herbert Trench, who had negotiated with me for the play’s production at the Haymarket, suddenly went out of management, and the theatre control reverted to Harrison again, so imagine my amazement and a certain amount of consternation, not unmixed, I will own, with amusement, at finding that I was once more associated with my former partner at the biggest success in London and at my beloved Haymarket Theatre. Harrison and I ran that play together for over a year, but we never met!

Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were most excellent, and as for the acting of Bunty herself, it was *perfect* of its kind. I had insisted on Miss

Kate Moffat being given the part, and she rewarded me with a most exquisite performance. She was, and is to this day, a very delightful person, with a very lovely mind. I am always hoping she will write a book one day—she *could*! Excellent too was young Tawde as Rab, but the gem of the play (next to Kate) was, to my mind, the brother of Moffat's, Watson Hume. And off the stage, his pawky Scotch remarks were always perfect. One day I remember his speaking of some Scotch couple he was acquainted with, and who he felt sure would greatly feel a certain expense they had incurred. "Well," said he, "perhaps *he*, *he* won't care so much—but *she*, *she* cares for ninepence!"

"Bunty" was anxious for a winter holiday and my daughter Margery took her place. The kind "Bunty" coached her in the Scotch, and she gave a performance of which I was very proud!

In this year of 1911, at the Botanical Gardens Fête, I produced *The Mysterious Murder in the Mill*, or, *Would You if You Could?* by Austin Strong and Dion Clayton Calthrop. Nancy Price, Volpé, Edward Sass, Jessie Bateman, Kenneth Douglas, Shiel Barry, and I played in it. It was a great success.

Now for about a year I had been making preparations for a production of *Rip Van Winkle*, by Austin Strong. I loved the play. Special and very lovely music was written for

it by Mr. John Ansell. The scenery comprised a series of works of art, and included such novelties as two “transparencies” for curtains. For instance, at the commencement of the second act you saw, when the tableau curtains unfolded, a picture of a pine forest, and then as the light went down in front, light came up behind the drop scene and showed queer little heads of gnomes peeping round the tree trunks. A special proscenium of pine trees had been erected. We engaged special real dwarfs whom we found walking about the London streets. The costumes all came from Nathan’s, and were very especially designed by brilliant Karl. We had a cast which included such names as Holman Clark, Shiel Barry, Bobby Andrews, Emma Chambers, Renée Mayer, and my wife and Margery, my daughter, and a great number of soldiers, woodmen, villagers, trappers, gnomes, etc. etc. Special dances were arranged by Miss Ina Pelly, and mystery effects by Maskelyne and Devant. How we worked at it! The “effects,” the lighting, everything. But when I read the play to the company, I felt as I read it that it would not be a success. I realised then *too late* that the *comedy*, the fun in it, was poor, and I saw that as Rip I was not going to be able to be *funny*! However, I hid all my feelings and for weeks I worked with everyone as if I felt sure it was going to be a big “go.” But it *wasn’t*! The play was delightful in its way, but the very

essence of Rip—his fun—was not there. The Press was very kind and laudatory. "Charming," etc. etc.—they said wonderful things about us. I see the *Telegraph* said :

"But most of the miracle belongs to the acting of Cyril Maude. At first as the jolly ne'er-do-weel, as the lover talking lyric prose, he had been skilful of course, interesting, pleasant. But when the gnome came out of the earth, Rip was a different creature. Not a mere pleasant piece of acting now, but realer than anything real, etc. etc. . . . So you may go to the Playhouse and see what mortal eyes may never see, the true fairyland. It is a wonderful piece of acting, a perfect fantasy, because it is perfectly human."

My wife's performance was most deeply touching, and my daughter was charming—both of them tender and delightful. They all *said* it was a great success. We played it over one hundred nights, but never took enough money to put anything by to pay for the production, and at last I took it off in despair about the business ever going up! We had all tried our very best, tried to love it into life, but we couldn't.

So again I changed the bill and put on *Dad*, an adaptation by Captain Kendall (the well-known Dum-dum of *Punch*) of that charming play *Papa* by Caillavet and de Flers. Alexandra Carlisle, Kenneth Douglas, Sam Sothern, J. D. Beveridge, Vera Coburn,

and Marie Hemmingway—a fine cast, and the play was quite a success. Kenneth Douglas was out-of-the-way good as my son, my natural son !

When I went over to Paris, I have a very amusing recollection of Caillavet having a conversation with me about the play. He *loved* talking English and he said that day, “I do not laike leeving too close to ze theatre, you know, so I leeve quite a good way off—at the top of the Champs Elizees !” pronounced in Cockney fashion ! It was just as if I had said to him, “Je demeure près de Peeccadillee !”

I loved the lines that Dum-dum wrote for the programme in front of the play :

Youth is foolish, years are sage !
 So the bards have sung ;
 Men there are that never age,
 Others can't be young ;
 There have been occasions when
 Fathers were the younger men !

On February 8th I revised *The Second in Command* with a good cast, but on April 5th, failing to find anything in which I had really great faith, I put on a poor farce called *Billy*, which met a sad fate. So that on Thursday, May 2nd, I put on a new play by that delightful author, Basil Macdonald Hastings, entitled *Love and What Then*, and this was a success and ran through the season to quite good business. In it I played the part of a bishop and my daughter that of a curate's wife, and,

curiously enough, her name in it was Mrs. Burden, and some four years later she married Mr. Joseph Burden, of New York, U.S.A. Eric Maturin and Lawrence Anderson, nephew of Mary Anderson, were playing with us too, as well as that clever actor, Ernest Graham, and James Dale, a most brilliant caricaturist. Faith Celli too, who made so great a hit later on in *Dear Brutus*, and that very clever actress, Miss Frances Ivor.

The Press received the play enthusiastically. I ordered my bishop's kit from a certain very well-known clerical tailor. My breeches, however, were not ready for the dress rehearsal, and I was allowed to wear a pair ordered by the Bishop of London. He was much amused when he heard of the change of his breeches' fate from Church to Stage. I think some of the more sober-sided of the critics were rather scandalised at the gaiety of my demeanour as a bishop. I wonder what they would say of bishops that—but, no, I won't give the dear good men away who have been none the less "good," in the very best sense of the word, because of their gaiety of heart. The best story I ever heard in my life was told me on my cliff here in Devonshire by a super bishop! Perhaps in a later edition of this book in a more enlightened age it may be published. Some people are easily shocked! I remember Her Majesty Queen Victoria, we were told at the time of *The Little Minister*, was quite

anxious to have a performance of that delightful play of Barrie's performed at Balmoral, but there were the feelings of Elders of the Scottish Kirk to be considered—and perhaps wisely!

In July when I went away for a rest, and later on tour, *Hindle Wakes* came on at the Playhouse, and was a great success. It was played by Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertoire Company.

Then at the end of September I produced a version by George R. Sims of *Le Petit Café* by Tristan Bernard. It was well received, but I never cared much about it. Plays about French people never seem real to me when put on the English stage, and I had a dire feeling of unreality about the whole thing. The papers were all very kind about us. The lovely Madeline Seymour and brilliant and delightful Maidie Hope were both in the large cast, and scored. We had a great many lovely ladies in the cast. I must confess I enjoyed my part as the irresponsible waiter, Albert, but the work was dreadfully hard. I always have had a tender feeling of pity for waiters ever since I played one.

I now began to cast my eye on the other side of the ocean. As you may remember, I began in America as an actor, and in January 1913 I signed an agreement to go out there under the management of Messrs. Liebler, at the urgent desire of their manager, Mr. George Tyler. But of that more later on. For on

the 22nd of that month I put on a new comedy by Wilfred Coleby (very dearest of friends, Tom Pellatt, the well-known schoolmaster) and Edward Knoblock. It was called *The Headmaster*. I did my utmost to persuade John Hare to play the part. I thought he would play it so much better than I should, but he couldn't make up his mind to do so. I thought it a delightful play, and as I had produced in my time the most successful of Army plays in *The Second in Command*, and the most successful of Naval plays too, I wanted to try what I could do in the way of school plays; and judging from the way both Press and public accepted the play, my ambition was warranted! It was a lovable play, and my daughter Margery played in it with marked success, as did also Miss Frances Ivor. Poor Arthur Curtis, who died in the third year of the War as Captain Curtis, riddled with shrapnel, was wonderfully funny as an usher. Jack Hobbs, too, was excellent as a schoolboy, and so was Edward Combermere as a young schoolmaster. I really revelled in my part as the old headmaster. His stilted gait and sublime authority of manner were delicious characteristics to portray. Deranged in speech, doddering with despair—what fun it was! It was exceedingly hard to find exactly the right type of boy to represent the typical English public-school boy. Crowds of anxious mothers used to bring their boys along, but most of them, although they looked

gentlemanly enough and were nice little fellows, had just a tinge of the cockney twang in their speech. So I devised a sentence which I had typewritten and each boy who came up for examination had to read it aloud to me on the stage while I sat critically in the stalls :

“I walked up and down, round and round the town, until I saw the lights on the heights of Harrow Hill.”

You see the traps for cockneyism of course—“down,” “round,” “town,” “lights,” “heights” and “Harrow Hill.” Most boys got floored over “raound and raound the taown”—but I remember so well one dear little chap, very good-looking, bright, clean, and quite gentlemanly to look at, and he got along splendidly, saying the whole thing perfectly until he got to the *last two words*, which, to our literal grief, he pronounced as “’Arrow ’Ill.”

The luncheon hour during rehearsals was a joy, for Tom Pellatt always regaled me with perfect schoolboy howlers. (I supplied him with one, by the way, which my old housemaster at Charterhouse told me Baden-Powell had said. He was asked, “What did Elisha say when he saw Elijah go up in the burning fiery chariot?” and B. P. replied, “Elisha said ‘Goodness me, I never saw anything like *this* before.’” Of course, as you know so well, the words in the Bible are “The chariots of the Lord and the horsemen thereof,” which

Elisha really said ! I wonder, though, if possibly B. P. may have been more correct than the Biblical historian !)

One of Pellatt's stories which I delighted in was about a little boy of ten who was asked, "Define an atoll and a cyclone, and state whether they are natural phenomena or scientific discoveries" (or words equally puzzling to a boy of ten). The delightful little chap replied on his paper, "God made them all," and then in brackets ("SUCKS").

And then again he asked a little boy to describe the death of William the Conqueror, and he replied, "William met the death he richly deserved, for when he was destroying by fire a town in the North of France, he was struck by an arrow in his Feudal System—from which, being a corpulent man, he never recovered !"

But of course no answer ever given by a schoolboy could beat one given by a young undergraduate at Harvard University, who was asked by a friend of mine, a professor at that great University, "What do you know of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" and he replied, "Sir, they were two ancient cities in Italy which were unfortunately destroyed by a horrible overflow of saliva from the Vatican."

There is just one more of Pellatt's I must tell, though ! He had been teaching the boys in his class that Mary, the wicked Queen who

preceded Elizabeth on the throne, was not really so bad as she was made out by historians of the Elizabethan age—that she had been greatly maligned by the Protestant writers of Elizabeth's reign, etc. Well, a little fellow in the class wrote, "Mary, known as Bloody Mary, was not nearly such a bad sort as people in Elizabeth's reign made out—in fact, she was not *nearly so bloody* as she *seemed*!"

CHAPTER XX

CANADA AND U.S.A. AGAIN

DURING the preceding few months I had been often approached by George Tyler, who was at that time a manager for Messrs. Leibler of New York, to go out and try my fortune in that city. He said he was certain that if I took out a repertoire including such of my big successes as *The Second in Command* and *Beauty and the Barge*, *Tantalising Tommy*, etc., I should make an enormous success. I did think of taking out *The Headmaster*, but Frohman, I remember, persuaded me not to attempt that play in New York! His exact words to me were—"My dear Cyril, d'you know what would happen if you put on *The Headmaster*—why, three nights—the cars going up and down outside the theatre—and Oh Hell!"

I had begun, I must confess, to find London management a great anxiety and strain, and it was a great temptation that Mr. Tyler offered me. I was to take out the "productions" of the plays, scenery, furniture, and most of the properties; to engage whatever actors and actresses I desired to—including my daughter, whom Tyler wanted as leading lady;

and Messrs. Leibler were to undertake all expenses from the day we left London, and to give me a big salary and a percentage. At last, I decided to go, and my wanderings were to start under my own management in the English provinces to get the plays into working order. I engaged an excellent company, but there was great difficulty in selecting exactly the right people and some who were not too exorbitant in their demands. However, at last I managed to get hold of exactly the right lot of very charming people to suit all the different parts in the repertoire. We had an extremely strenuous time rehearsing all the different plays. I own to being rather sceptical myself as to the old plays being a success in New York, and I was very anxious to take out some new ones, but Mr. Tyler was against this. However, there was a play by Horace Hodges and Wigney Percival, called *Grumpy*, which Hodges read to me one day, which attracted me very much. Then I read it over and over, again and again, and got frightened of it. My wife and my daughter then read it and urged me strongly to take it, and at last with much fear I did. I put it into rehearsal at the same time as all my other plays, and one day when we were getting fairly firm in it I got Tyler to come and watch a rehearsal. He stood it for a little while, and then said, “Well, bring it along if you like, but I am certain it will be of no use whatever.”

I remember so well replying that I was certain it would be a great success, and make more money than any of the plays I was about to appear in out there ! So off we started on tour, and I let my theatre to Marie Tempest.

Well, I had quite a successful tour, and then all of a sudden I received a "command" from His Majesty to play *The Headmaster* at Balmoral. A most kind and gracious command it was too, His Majesty insisting that I was to be at no expense whatever for the production, the journey, to Balmoral, or anything. It meant a great deal to me as an advertisement, that "command" did, just starting, as I was about to, my first trip to America as a "star." Of course, we had to close the theatre for one night in Glasgow, but directly after the show we all embarked on board a train and reached Balmoral in the early morning. We were met by royal carriages and taken to the Castle, and during the day spent our time in rehearsing the play in the small scenes I had had specially made. At that time there was with me a dresser, a capital young fellow who had just left the Army—a sturdy, capable young man. When I was having a look at my dressing-room and he was describing to me the kind care which the King had exhibited in seeing that every dressing-room was comfortable that morning, I noticed that the dresser looked very ill, and I enquired tenderly after his health—he looked so pale and queer ! I



CYRIL MAUDE AS GRUMPY
From a Portrait by Septimus E. Scott

thought the night journey must have taxed his strength. However, he assured me he was perfectly all right, so I thought nothing more of it, and went out for a long walk with my daughter all over the grounds. That night when I was dressing he seemed very ill, and I was quite worried about him. It appeared afterwards that owing to the excitement of going to Balmoral, and possibly to the excessive hospitality of certain members of the household, he had got extraordinarily drunk. A most dignified old footman did his best with the young man, put him to bed and gave him things to try and sober him, and it was very carefully kept from me that he had been at all "the worse," and by night-time they had really managed to make him quite sober, to all appearances. But during the performance I suppose he had succumbed once more to the hospitable invitations of some of his new-found friends, and by the time I had been with my daughter to have a private interview with Their Majesties, when they most kindly complimented us and gave us beautiful presents, when I returned to my dressing-room, my dresser was leaning forlornly against the dressing-table absolutely, hopelessly "blind to the world." He gazed at me with lacklustre eyes, grinned solemnly at me, and to my horrified astonishment said, "Hullo, hullo, here you are again, and d'you mean to shay His Majesty hasn't raised you to the Peerage

—never mind, never mind, don't grieve about it—I'll (hic) I'll stick to you (hic) all the rest of your life!"—But he *didn't*, for I couldn't face the idea of such scenes in America; and if he behaved like that at Balmoral, what might he not do in Washington!

Some years later I was in San Francisco, and had to secure the services of a new dresser. My agent in advance advertised for one before I reached the Pacific Coast on my way back from Australia. He told me that seven men had applied for the post, and that he had chosen a man who was working as a tram-car conductor in 'Frisco! "Ah," he added, "but I think you'll like him, for he was valet to Lord Dudley the whole time he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland." He turned out to be the most marvellous and perfect valet. Never in my life was I so well looked after as by that man. *And his manners!* Well, I must confess they were just a bit disturbing out West, when he used to come to me, hat in hand (as I sat in the hall among a lot of tough-looking cowboys), and say most obsequiously in an extremely gentlemanly way, "Everything is now laid out, Mr. Maude, and your room is quite ready, sir."

At last the provincial tour was over and we started off for Canada on September 24th, 1913. A great number of friends and acquaintances came to see us off. There was a crowd of reporters and photographers at the station too. Twenty-two of us started. It was a

very happy voyage, marred somewhat by an exceedingly loathsome child who delighted in wandering round the decks in the afternoons and rapping sleeping passengers smartly just below the knees with a bit of wood! How he escaped with his life before the end of the voyage I have always wondered. We had several word rehearsals on board, and I remember one being most unceremoniously stopped by a huge iceberg being sighted quite close to the ship.

I opened at Toronto with *Toddles*—rather a mistake, I think. By Wednesday we produced *The Second in Command*, and had an enormous success, and our business was huge by the Thursday night, and then I finished up there with four performances of *Beauty and the Barge*.

After Toronto we visited Hamilton and St. Catherine's.

We opened in Ottawa on October 29th, and were most kindly entertained by T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia. They came three nights running to see our plays, and sent bouquets of flowers to my daughter and entertained us at lunch. I was able to make them laugh by an account of a conversation I couldn't help overhearing on the train. I never saw the speakers, but one man held forth for some considerable time on the advantage of *tact* in every class of business. "Why, look at George," he said,

“What has gotten him on?—why, Tact. True he has pneumatic tyres on the wheels of all his hearses—but what is best of all, he *sheds tears with the widows!*”

Mr. Tyler was still very doubtful about the probable success of *Grumpy* in New York, and persuaded me to allow an American authoress to come and see the play with a view to alterations. She came, but was so enthusiastic about the play that she never altered a word! Tyler was anxious that I should have a good press boom in New York on my arrival there, and had arranged for me to have an inaugural dinner given me by the Lotus Club. He had arranged for some wonderful speakers, including the great Melville Stone, and Sir R. Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada. It was arranged that I was to leave by motor car directly after the performance finished on the Saturday night, on a drive of fifty-two miles to Prescott, where I was to cross the St. Lawrence River by a steamer especially chartered to wait up for me, and at Ogdenburg on the south side of the river I was to go by train, arriving in New York well in time for my great Sunday-night banquet, while the rest of the company were to come on per Montreal, reaching New York later on Sunday night. Some thirty miles after we left Ottawa, after having been jolted about in the most terrible manner over the worst Canadian road I ever travelled on in my life, we drove by mistake right into a

farmyard, then came out and again took a wrong turning, burst a tyre twice, and finally skidded into a muddy ditch. My manager, my valet, and I slept the rest of the night in the car, and in the morning we were awakened by a farmer who dragged us out of the ditch with the aid of a team of horses. At last we reached Prescott, a little while after daybreak. But we had some considerable difficulty in getting across to the American side of the river, for my manager had forgotten to bring the passports, and we were shrewdly suspected of being fugitives from justice. However, the great river was at last crossed. Of course we had missed the train to New York, and I went to bed, while the manager, Mr. Harley, got through on the telephone to Mr. Tyler, who at once decided to charter a special train from Ogdenburg to New York at a cost of \$500. We ran sometimes at seventy-five miles an hour. I slept a good deal, and then got into my dress clothes, restudied my speech, nervously nibbled a little food, and reaching New York at 10.30 p.m. I arrived at the Lotus Club just as the last speech was being made. I was received with cheers, and Mr. Melville Stone said: "Well, gentlemen, Mr. Maude will now have a glass of champagne and a sandwich and then no doubt will speak to us." It was a nervous day, finishing up with a hyper-nervous night, as you may well imagine!

Next day a rehearsal was called for 11

o'clock, but nothing could be done, and my poor people had a hectic time, as every single item of theatrical effects had to be valued separately, and passed by the Customs Authorities. It was *The Second in Command* with which I opened. I fear the scenery looked rather shabby, and we were all in a terrible state of "nerves." But we had a wonderful reception. Of course, the Press was full of accounts of my adventurous journey of the day previous!

Everybody I met condoled with me on the fact that Wallack's Theatre had been chosen for my New York début, and most of my friends prophesied undoubted failure for the enterprise in such an old and practically disused theatre! I must confess I felt furious with the American managers for taking me there. But it was too late to grumble any more—although I had been doing so before I got to New York, you may be sure! Wallack's was a huge old-fashioned barn of a place.

I remember my daughter Margery was interviewed one day by a young lady who asked her a great deal about her reception by H.M. the Queen at Balmoral. My daughter described it all very modestly, and she was amazed when the interview was published, for the young lady interviewer had written: "Miss Maude stood upon the little stage at Balmoral Castle, paralysed with nervousness—her legs shook beneath her—when suddenly a

gentle and womanly voice stole from the Royal Box, 'Courage, my child!' It was the *Queen!*''

We didn't do much business with *The Second in Command*. John Drew had played in a long run of it years before. It was—as I found—stale goods. Then came *Beauty and the Barge*. That too had been played years before by Nat Goodwin—stale goods again—and although we had a great reception and the Press was again enthusiastic, we did poor business. Then my throat began to trouble me, and I had a bad time of it.

Every day we kept hard at work on *Grumpy* rehearsals. On Monday, November 24th, however, it was produced, and its success in New York was at once *enormous*. Innumerable calls and recalls, Press enthusiastic, overwhelming congratulations. The first-night house was small financially, but there was no doubt about it now—I had a real big New York success! Of course, every night I had to make a speech. I always did for ever after in America, subsequent to the penultimate act. I should think I must have made at least three or four thousand speeches from the American stage, besides innumerable other speeches outside during the War.

Princess Patricia had introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. Dana Gibson, who now delighted us with a friendship which has grown greater and greater as the years have gone by!

The business was still poor on the Tuesday night—but each audience was more and more enthusiastic, as was the daily press, but of course we were “up against it” by playing at poor old “Wallack’s.” Then on Wednesday our business doubled itself—the advance booking became enormous, and all was *rosy*! And our relief was intense. The success was so great that Messrs. Leibler decided to send the members of the company not playing in *Grumpy* back to England, and give up all idea of using the rest of the repertoire.

That fine old actor Dodson introduced me to the great and genial Schwab the Steel King, who later on through him gave me wonderful tips about steel, of which, alas, I was unable to take advantage.

The ways of the press agent in New York were distinctly strange. He invented a story that my daughter had a pet rat called a “Tango Rat,” and that it had escaped in our hotel, the Vanderbilt. The papers were full of it, and Margery was rung up all day on the telephone about it!

Among other eccentricities which he manœuvred was a weird luncheon given by the editor of *The World*, which was called a real American luncheon. The menu consisted of Applejack Cocktails, Steamed Clams, Fried Scrupple, Flapjacks, Roast Possum, Sweet Potatoes, Samp, Apple Butter, Piccalilli, Salted Pea Nuts, Home-made Ice Cream, Sweet Cider,

and Catawba Wine. The guests included, besides Margery and myself, Mrs. H. Gorst, the authoress, Miss Marie O'Neill, Miss Lindaf Hazeby, Signor Armato—Caruso and Fritz Kreisler were to have been there, but were prevented from coming at the last moment ! Lucky men ! I remember Mr. Roy McCardell making a most amusing speech, saying that he hoped we didn't think Americans really ate such stuff, which *he* thought *damnable* !

I remember going one night to a very wonderful house in Fifth Avenue, owned by one of the greatest of the millionaires. The dining-room was all decorated in marble and hung with priceless Sir Joshuas, Romneys, Raeburns, etc. The table was an enormous one. Towards the end of the supper, my hostess asked what was apparently amusing me so much, and I replied that I was trying to imagine how her butler (a very fat one) ever managed to put the huge silver vase of flowers on the middle of the vast table after the cloth was laid. "Did he crawl out on his tummy or how on earth was it done ?" I have never solved the riddle to this day !

Our business continued to increase every night. All sorts and conditions of people showered congratulations upon us. By Saturday, January 3rd, I was able to announce to the audience that our business for the previous week was bigger than any at that house for thirty-two years.

I have two delightful memories of that January 1914. One is of a party I gave to the old actors and actresses of The Actors' Home on Staten Island, and of a very charming and touching evening, and the other is the wonderful professional *matinée* of farewell by Forbes-Robertson of *Hamlet* at the Manhattan Opera House. A great and most impressive performance. Never shall I forget Forbie's speech to the players in *Hamlet* that afternoon !

We heard, to our great amusement, that an old lady had come to see *Grumpy*, and had remarked, "What a pity it is that Mr. Maude has waited to come to America until he is *so old* !"

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger arranged a great gala performance of *The Little Café* for my daughter and myself. We sat in a box decorated with flags, and behind a huge bouquet presented to my daughter. I was conducted in state all around the beautiful theatre, the New Amsterdam, and introduced to the principal members of the company, who all awaited me standing in a line. At the end of the performance, the Union Jack was unfurled behind the company on the stage and "God Save the King" was sung ; then came the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes, and the singing of "The Star-spangled Banner." An extraordinary *matinée* !

All my spare moments were now taken up in the preparation of speeches. Of course, I

met many delightful and interesting American actors and actresses about this time in New York. John Drew I had known years before, and always liked immensely. I had seen him act in the old days at Daly's Theatre in New York with Ada Rehan, and he was always a kind and true friend to me. And Laurette Taylor (Mrs. Hartley Manners). I value her friendship greatly and used much to enjoy acting with her in a little play we used to do consisting of a love scene, in which we both of us alternately spoke one word only. Her charm as a natural, unspoilt woman seemed to my mind even greater than her charm as an actress—though that was by no means small! Hers is a talented small family indeed, with a son who draws and paints and writes brilliantly, a pretty daughter who sings divinely, and a kindly English husband who has most undoubted charm as a playwright.

I remember that winter in New York was a very severe one indeed, and I suffered terribly from bad sore throats and awful colds. But as I was burning the candle at both ends, at 51 years of age, I deserved to suffer! And it was at that age that I first began to dance hard. Everybody was dancing-mad in New York, and I caught the infection—that was all. I once went to a ball at which, at 51 years of age, I was the youngest person present!

One of the finest characters I got to know

about this time was Daniel Frohman. Brother of the famous Charles, he has of late years devoted himself to the cause of collecting money to help the poor among our profession. Some day they will realise what a "Saint" they have in their midst. His efforts are absolutely unceasing and untiring. What an example! A great good man!

What a busy life mine was at that time in New York! But who could help being busy in such an atmosphere of untiring rush of work and pleasure? It is a wonder, though, that anyone leading a very active life in New York can manage to keep well.

George Cohan came round to see me one night. An extraordinarily clever man with his writing plays and songs and acting—an enormous favourite in America. Elsie Janis and her mother, wonderful people both of them—Elsie's mastery of music and the French language amazed me. Blanche Bates (another marvel in her way) I heard make one of the very best speeches I ever had the good fortune to hear. Bourke Cochran and his lovely wife, and Dana Gibson and beautiful Mrs. Gibson too, were great and good friends to us at that time, and so were Waldo Story and his talented and charming wife, Bessie Abbot of operatic fame.

All this time we were doing business averaging over £350 a performance. Receptions, dances, speech-making—what a whirl



CYRIL MAUDE AS MRS. GAMP

it all was! A big success in New York is a bewildering thing!

Sunday, April 26th, 1914, was a specimen day of the sort of life I was leading. In the morning I had to go to the Cathedral of St. John and read a lesson on the occasion of a service commemorating the birth of Shakespeare. I was *terrified* at having to march out in a long black gown in front of a congregation of 3,000 people and read the Bible—and that night I was given a great dinner by the Friars Club at the Hôtel Astor. Over 700 ladies and gentlemen were present, and among the speakers were Rennald Wolf, Dudley Field Malone, Raymond Hitchcock, and De Wolf Hopper.

Our receipts on the last night exceeded our wildest expectations, and on April 28th we sailed for England. The American managers were furious with me because I would stick to my agreement about leaving America, as they assured me—and I have no reason to doubt their word—that I would have been able to play the piece (*Grumpy*) for months longer. It had been a marvellous time in New York for me, and I hated saying good-bye to all my friends, but I enjoyed leaving in the full tide of success, and it was exciting to see how the play would succeed in London.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WAR AND AMERICA

GRUMPY was exceedingly hard work. It was extremely long, and I had to play the part using a false voice all the time, and to be in a state of nervous irritation for the entire four acts. The actual make-up took me three-quarters of an hour every night I played it.

And so in the spring of 1914 I came back to England and opened at the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, in the play. It was a great success once more.

Then came the War, and for the first time I sensed that I was getting an old man—52 years of age. Over age. It was a shock realising it. Lady Wyndham wanted me to go on playing right through the summer, despite the War—but I was obstinate about it, and closed, to reopen a few weeks later. Sir Edward Ward got me to start the organisation of The Special Constable, Actor Contingent. I did this and joined myself, and before I had to go back to America later in the autumn I managed to get laid up, for at 52 it was a bit of a strain playing *Grumpy* twice on a Saturday, and having to be out on duty as a policeman from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. I longed to

be able to be a soldier, but that was impossible, and I expect even had I been younger, in my poor state of health, I should have been pretty useless. So I went back again, according to my agreement, to play *Grumpy* in America, and opened at Boston on November 6th, after a long and tiresome journey in the *Lapland*. There were certain precautions being taken even then at sea, but nothing like there were later on. The old play caught on enormously. I took out with me this time a young Mr. Buswell to play the juvenile part. It was difficult enough to get young men at the time, but he had only just recovered from a serious operation and was not then fit to go to the front. He left my company in Boston, and went to work with Mr. John Hays Hammond, Junr. I have a vivid remembrance of going with young Buswell to a small party of five people given by that wonderful old lady, Mrs. Jack Gardiner. Her house is the great marvel of Boston. She left it at her death to the city as a kind of museum. She had taken a great liking to Buswell, who had a letter of introduction to her, and on his birthday she gave the aforesaid party. She made it the occasion for the opening of a new music-room, a perfectly exquisite long panelled room. As we entered it after passing through marvellous chambers decorated and furnished in various periods, we saw a long table laid at the other end in front of a fire of logs, and at one end of

the table a large pile of brown-paper parcels. The old lady took me aside and said, "You don't know it, but you have sent him a present!" And, sure enough, on his opening particular parcel he found a lovely present from me!

The whole lot of us in the company, assisted by new-found Boston friends, used to work at making bandages and cigarettes every morning except *matinée* days. Although of course at that time America was supposed to be neutral, everyone we met among the educated classes were extremely pro-Allies, and longing for America to get into the War. I have been at clubs there when the men sang "God Save the King," and "Tipperary" and execrated Wilson for keeping them out of it all.

The weather was appalling that winter, and I shall always think of Boston as quite the most trying winter resort I have ever struck—*far* worse than London!

I made friends with crowds of interesting people there, and I thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the Somerset Club. It is a perfect place of its kind, and reminds me always of the best possible English club.

I went out one day to the house of young Mr. John Hays Hammond, the great inventor. Later on, when I was in Boston again, he entertained me out there, and showed me a box on wheels which would follow a light anywhere! He also took me out for a cruise

in a launch which was directed by wireless from the shore, and after I got back to his place, he allowed me to direct the boat at the distance of about half a mile. It was a wonderful experience.

Early in the year 1915 I heard for the first time that the Leibler Company, which was running me in Boston, had gone bankrupt, and I shortly found myself free to go on alone without being "run" by anyone.

I played that time in Boston just under three months. Then we went to Philadelphia, where I got extremely ill with 'flu and a bad sore throat, but I played all the same, although I had to stay in bed all day. After Philadelphia came Washington, where I was still very ill. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the Ambassador at that time, asked me to lunch, and requested me to write to him from all the different cities to which I was going to advise him as to the feelings for the British in the War. I had a memorable time in Washington over my wretched voice, for gargling, spraying, application of ice bags, etc., took up all my spare time, with daily visits to the doctor.

On February 15th I was unanimously elected President of the Theatrical Managers' Association, of England, an honour which I greatly appreciated.

When I played in Baltimore, my old school-fellow, W. S. G. Williams, a leading citizen there, gave me a wonderful supper after the

theatre, at which for the first time I ate terrapin, and was waited on by gorgeous old coloured butlers.

After Baltimore, Pittsburg, a dirty, foggy place of boundless activity and wealth. From there we went to Cleveland, a city which has developed rapidly of later years, and the last time I played in it to some of the biggest weeks' business I ever did in my life anywhere. And then we went on to Chicago, where I was taken over the great stockyards, and marvelled at the miles of hanging meat, and at the wonderful firm of Sears & Roebuck.

Mr. William Moore, half English and half American, was the first to leave the company here and get out to the War. We gave him a great send-off. Mr. Herbert Marshall, now quite a famous and very brilliant actor in London, joined up later on. It was in Chicago that my engagement made to Messrs. Leibler came definitely to an end. It had been an anxious time working under their guidance, and I had felt very badly about having been taken in the first instance to Wallack's Theatre in New York.

From Chicago we went to Cincinnati, where I had the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Taft (brother to the former President), who own the most priceless collection of pictures in their old house there. It was in Cincinnati, a very German city, that we heard of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and

of the loss by drowning of my dear and valued old friend, Charles Frohman.

Then came Detroit, followed by Toronto. My second week there I devoted all my profits to the Royal Canadian Patriotic Fund, £800. I only mention this because directly afterwards I got my Income Tax Papers, and began to wonder whether I ought to have given so much, and on the top of that shock, I suddenly got an offer from a Mr. Morosco to go straight out at the end of that 1914 tour to Los Angeles, and do a picture—Peer Gynt, by Ibsen, for a large salary. It seemed as if Fate meant to reimburse me for the Income Tax Collectors' demand!

At the end of May I left New York for Los Angeles.

By the way, it was just about this time that I used to get letters from my wife describing the Belgian refugees she had taken in at our house down in Sussex. She said their favourite meal was kippers and strawberry jam—*mixed*!!

CHAPTER XXII

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

I REACHED Los Angeles, and at once set to work on my "picture" of Peer Gynt.

Here are some letters I wrote to my wife :

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL.

June 7th.

" I feel I must write to you simply directly after my first visit to the studio. It is all so strange here, and so utterly different to any place I have ever been in before ! But first of all, I have to tell you about yesterday of course. Well, in the morning at ten, Mr. Apfeld, the producer, who is a sort of king in the studio, came to fetch me in his car, and took me to various costumiers to get me rigged out properly for all the various vicissitudes through which I have to pass. First of all I had to be fitted for scenes in the beginning of the nineteenth century as a rich planter, and a slave dealer, and as a Norwegian youth, and as an old man. Then off I was carted to another place and made to look a trapper in the North-West. Then again I was taken to another shop to buy a cheap old-fashioned sort of suit for my life on shipboard ! And then to get a sort of linen suit for my life on the desert as well as a pith helmet.

" At ten this morning I had to be at the studio, to try my make-up. To my great

amusement I found old Herbert Standing there, made up as St. Peter. (There is a scene at the gates of Heaven, at which St. Peter stands surrounded by angels looking in the great book to see if he can find one single deed of goodness that Peer has committed! Alas! he cannot, and sends Our Saviour apparently to fetch Peer away, and have him melted up as not being good enough for Heaven, while later on the Devil finds he is not bad enough for Hell!) Fancy the lively old Herbert as St. Peter. He looked splendid, but Lord, how comically the idea struck me, and he would keep telling me the most amusing anecdotes of the old days in London at the Criterion, etc., while he was got up as St. Peter!!

“This is such a lovely place!!! I never saw anything like it in my life! Trees and palms and flowers of the most gorgeous description everywhere. I should simply love to live here, and so would you, I am certain, if you once saw the place. The weather is always lovely all the year round, and the nights always deliciously cool and refreshing, as also I understand are the afternoons! I have not seen much of the suburban part yet, but I hear it is quite too perfect for words! And I can well believe it! There are the most beautiful bungalows all over the place simply covered all over with lovely flowers of the most heavenly hues!

“All they wanted with me at the studio was to take one or two photos of me to see that the make-up was right. One paints oneself just a sort of yellow and darkens one's eyes. The valet and I have just got back to the hotel and I look forward immensely to my work, as it is all every bit in the open air, no electric light, for

it is always sunny here ! I have got only a tiny room in the hotel, but it is clean and quiet, which latter is a most sure comfort, as in my strenuous existence of the next fortnight or three weeks I expect to be very tired every night !

“The studio is an out-of-door sort of place with dressing-rooms all along one side, and different bits of rooms built all over a vast stage. The place is semi-glassed over, and is huge, and has all sorts of wonderful arrangements for shading ! Sometimes I have got to be up in the mountains, sometimes on the sea, and sometimes in it ! On a horse, on a pig, on the desert, in the forest, goodness knows where ! ”

Monday, June 8th.

“Well, first of all I had to be at the studio ready dressed by 8.30, and of course I duly was. When I got there I found a whole lot of supers waiting about to appear in a Virginian Ball. After waiting some time dressed up as a planter of about 1840, I was told to get into a motor with two seconds and a doctor all dressed rather like I was, and we were taken about three miles to some lovely woods in the neighbourhood of the mountains, and there we fought a duel, and I killed my man after rehearsing it several times ; there-upon a distraught maiden we had also brought in the car, and with whom I had been supposed to be carrying on at the ball, rushed to the dying man’s side, and wept over him ! She then rounded on me in the most violent manner, and I went off with my second, not caring a damn ! And so, as Pepys would have put it, back to the studio, where I indulged in a ball

of my own giving, and flirted with the maiden and was scowled at by the young good-looking man whom I had previously killed ! We also danced a Virginian reel and ‘ carried on ’ on a balcony, and I was struck on the jowl, whereat I was much incensed and challenged the youth to the combat at which I had previously killed him ! Meanwhile, in an interval, I had had some lunch which my faithful valet had fetched me from a pastrycook’s. Then I was told to jump into the car again, and I was taken to the outside of a lovely colonial mansion of mine in the South, and there I was seen explaining to some friends in bell toppers that I was going to leave the house, and go away and see the world !

“ It was by this time six o’clock, and Britton came home in a tramcar, and I had some dinner, and went to see John Drew and Alexandra Carlisle in *Rosemary*, and much admired him as the old man in the last act, but prayed to Heaven that I needn’t act when I am as old as he is, and have to try to look young ! Drew and I had supper together after the play, and talked of you all. I will go on with this to-morrow.”

Tuesday.

“ In the morning I got to the studio early as usual, and had to wait nearly an hour and a half before I was wanted. Then I was put into a car, with a strange young lady, whom I had not seen before, and, together with her mother, we were taken a good long way to a perfectly lovely house situated on high ground, with gorgeous mountain views at the back of the house, and a great, rather barren stretch

of country in front! On my arrival there I found myself drinking doubtful-looking mint juleps, with three other boon companions in the dress of 1830, or so, and presently along comes the girl I had arrived with in the car, and she drops her fan! I pick it up and follow her, as usual on the watch for a flirtation! Then comes another scene where I am looking after her as she is having tea on the verandah. (A man is mowing the lawn just in front of us, occasionally stopping to watch us, but not often—they are more than accustomed to movies here!) I then find myself in another picture, as I come up to the girl, sit down, and flirt hard. (I am getting very used to this flirting business in this place, it is becoming a habit!) One or two more scenes and I finish at the lovely old Colonial house (what we call Georgian, all painted white, and with pillars in front of it). *En voiture* again! We return to the studio.—‘Please, Mr. Maude, will you become young Peer Gynt now?’—Then I set to work to try and revive my youth, and get into my Rip-like rags, and continually make them with scissors and file and dirt look like Peer’s young clothes ought to. Again I find a fresh maiden, rather plump, but small this time, waiting for me (what a divil of a chap Peer was!!). I am at once in a scene where her young lumpish-looking husband is very upset because, though he has been that day married to her, she will have nothing to do with him, and has locked herself up in a barn. Nothing daunted I offer to help him by luring her out of the barn, and then I shut him in, and away to the mountains with her!!! Ha, ha!

“Then home very tired, but mostly tired in anticipation of what I have to do on the morrow. I have to be up by *four* ! ! ! !”

Wednesday.

“I was pretty tired when I was awakened at four, and I had a nasty headache too. However, up I had to get! We assembled at the station at about 5.30, and a very motley crew we were! A crowd of tired, seedy-looking youths, some of whom I gathered had not been in bed much the night before, and some who lived in the country, but who had come the night before to sleep in the town. Among them were some old mummers and a few Englishmen. And, keeping rather to themselves, were a lot of coloured men. Then of course there were the director, Mr. Apfeld, and his assistant, Mr. Whittaker, and the photographer, a very pleasant Italian, and his assistant. We all bundled on to a trolley-car sort of train and away we went down to the coast. We had to wait some little time on a wharf, surrounded by a lot of the usual sort of hangers-on.

“At last the small craft in which we were to sail hove in sight, and we all, a motley crew, bundled on board! I sat in the fore part of the little vessel. Nobody had taken the slightest interest in my comfort—I mean of course on the management’s part—and I had to sit wherever I could among the supers during the voyage of about three hours. However, I got hold of Mr. Whittaker, and told him I did not much appreciate that sort of treatment, and felt rather inclined to chuck the whole thing, and that I should see Morosco about it.

He, however, asked me not to do that, and said he would see to everything himself in future. At last we reached the island of Catalina, and, moored off the coast in a lovely little bay, we found a quaint old-fashioned yacht. I had at once in a very makeshift sort of a place, screened off from the cabin, to make up and dress as the slave dealer, a long grey frock-coat, dark hair, a long sort of wispy moustache. Then we did a scene in which I sold slaves to an awful-looking villain—a wonderful scene, with the slaves climbing over the side, and being taken ashore in boats. Then followed scenes with one of my numerous lady-loves, and finally I had to jump clean off the high bows into the sea to escape from the police. By the time I had to do that, I was so very tired that I would have jumped off anything and *into* anything they liked to ask me!

“We had lunch served out to us in paper bags, and my valet had luckily brought some liquor, and a little drop of brandy to buck me up after my dip—which I had, by the way, enjoyed thoroughly, although it was pretty hard work rehearsing the climb up on to the beach and falling over as I did so!

“I then had to make a complete change into Peer as an old man of 75, and have some scenes as the old chap with the captain of the ship, and then I had to make up again as Peer when he was about 65, and back we came again across the sea in two different ships, and then I was put ashore in a boat, and went through a scene where I was lunching with some friends under a canopy on the coast of the Mediterranean, and they deserted me, and went off with my yacht, and

I cursed the day I was born, and prayed to heaven to avenge me, and while I prayed I suddenly turned at the sound of the yacht exploding in the distance! They then did further scenes of the scoundrels who had robbed me of my beautiful yacht, getting on board, etc. etc.

“And at last, too late to procure any dinner in the dining-room, I got to the hotel. However, I got some in the grill-room, and after writing one or two very sleepy letters, I tumbled into bed. But, besides all this terrible work, there were some very pleasant sides to my day. An eagle was pointed out to me at Catalina, and also I saw flying fish as I crossed the bay. Then the scenery was gorgeous and the little bay in which we were anchored was a perfect dream—great wonderful barren rocks and the loveliest little glen running up from the sea. Perfect! All round me of course the most wonderful sea fishing, but not, alas, for me! Tuna, and all sorts of wonders of the deep. And a boat going round with a glass bottom for people to watch the wonders of the sea beneath!”

Thursday.

“Down at the studio as usual in the morning, and *dressed* as the *young* Peer, like whom this strenuous life of the last few days is anything but enabling me to look! We then bundled into the car and went into the woods up in the mountains, and this time I had to do the scenes where I met the pure love of my life. I first saw her going to church with her little sister (real good girls in the movies always have little sisters) and her aged but excellent mother and her old father, Herbert Standing,

again. And then I followed her up the mountain pass, and gazed into her liquid eyes with my bleared ones and gazed after her as she walked up to the photographer (that awfully nice Italian).

“After one or two of these scenes, back I was whirled in the ramshackle old car to the studio, where I had a few minutes for lunch, and then I was put in the car again, whose only recommendation is the excellent driver—and indeed we need one among these mountain passes! And away we went thirty miles into the mountains to a place called Chatsworth, where, by the way, a train was held up by robbers only last night. When we arrived at a weird spot far from the madding crowd, we got out of the car and began to tramp up the mountain-side. But we were stopped by an irate German female, who said she was not going to let us up on to her ranch without payment. Two dollars soon calmed her down though, and after a weary climb we at last reached our destination, which was a cave in the rocks at the top of the hill above her little shanty. There I was put through a scene in which I carried that maiden into the cave, only to desert her, to her great disgust, the next morning, and I can tell you I had a very hard time of it carrying her about! Then down the hill we came again, and at the bottom of it I had to change my clothes and make-up, and jump into the car again, and go on my way to L. A. again, and do another scene with a man got up as Our Saviour! And then into the car again, and make our way back to the hotel!—But at or before eleven I had to be in the night train for a weird place called Indio,

which is on the desert about 120 miles south of L. A.

“ Well, we reached this wild and weird spot at about five in the morning, and there we found buggies awaiting us to take us across the desert through a blinding sandstorm to a place called Palm Springs. It is known to be the driest place in the United States! It is just a little spot of green in the desert under the shadow of the desert, where invalids suffering from kidney troubles and from insomnia go to get well. Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson also used to stay there a good deal of her time, towards the end of her life. The hotel is kept by an awfully nice couple, a doctor and his wife. There I rested for about three hours, as there had been a mistake, and they had left my clothes at Indio! At last, however, they arrived, and I was able to be taken, dressed up as a Turk now if you please, to an Arab encampment on the desert about seven miles further along. I went in a car over a most appalling road, but once out of the awful dust-storm as we were under the shadow of the mountains. How the cars stand the rough travelling I cannot imagine! Over rough streams we went and at last we came in sight of a regular desert encampment, filled with Arabs and their women and dancing girls! Here I was put on an Arab steed, and made to enter the camp on it!! At my appearance, after careful rehearsal, the Arabs all rushed at me with drawn swords, which was *rather* embarrassing for the horse and for me (I had not ridden for some years!). I then had to dismount and holding up my hand appear to bless them, whereupon they all with one silent movie

voice proclaimed me Allah, and I, extremely pleased at their foolishness, blessed them again and went into the tent. (All this time the temperature was about 105.) Then occurred another scene in which I was seen watching the dancing girls, extremely immodestly clad, I thought (but I dare say I should not have thought so had I been a Turk!), prance about. I took a fancy to one of them (in the picture, I mean) and beckoned to her, whereupon she immediately flopped herself upon me and kissed me *hard*!! Then came another scene in which the dancing maid jumped on to the horse beside me and kissed me again! VERY warm work at 105 in the shade!!

“Then we got into a car again and were taken to a perfectly exquisite cañon, where we had our meagre lunch, and then did some more pictures of me going into the forest, which belonged to another part of the story.

“Then back across the desert again to the curious little hotel, and I then went and had a marvellous mud bath, three of us men at the same time. We got into a sort of mud hole, but you cannot force yourself down into the hole, as the sulphur water bubbles up so fast and strong! Then a shower and then home to the hotel, after having been introduced to a very interesting elderly doctor (a lady) who had a bungalow close by. Her garden was full of the most wonderful trees, including a lemon tree, on which she had grown a lemon about six times as big as an ordinary lemon, also a century tree—a sort of cactus which only blossoms once in a hundred years, and then it behaves *most* strangely, as it rushes up one single stem to a great height and gives

birth to a gorgeous blossom!! And then dies altogether!

“Back to the little hotel to a funny, nice little dinner, and then off in the buggies again, across the desert again, through an almost worse sandstorm again, a three hours’ journey to the special sleeping car again! Ye Gods, what a day!!!! —

“Back at L. A. by about six this morning (Saturday). Rushed to the hotel and got breakfast and had a bath, and then went to the studio again by about 8.45, and dressed as young Peer this time. Away we soon went to a lovely place among the hills, a big crowd of us too, and there we did the wedding holiday scene, etc., where I behave more disgracefully than ever, and carry off the bride up into the mountains! It was quite wonderfully stage-managed, to my thinking, and I do think I ought to know! Then again into the cars and away we were taken to a more wonderful scene in the mountains, where I did that extraordinary scene of putting my mother on the top of her hut and leaving her there. I was very nervous about it, as I had to put her over my shoulder and carry her up a ladder—no joke, I can tell you!

“At last we were finished after doing various other scenes, and so home to write letters and go to bed. Oh dear, I haven’t told you really half of this extraordinary week, I find, especially all the touches of comedy in the whole thing. Such weird, inexpressive, uneducated sort of people in this kind of work, but they are very intelligent in their way all the same!

“But oh, darling, I am so tired! I shall

post this now; don't lose it, will you, as I want to remember the most strenuous week in all my life!

"Your loving old
"CYRIL."

"I expect to get done by Wednesday week and get to N. Y. in time to get on the *Philadelphia en route* to see the loveliest family in the world! I will keep a diary again this coming week!

"CYRIL."

"Dost thou like the picture (business)? When you are engaged at a large salary for only two weeks, and they want to avoid paying for any more, then it is *vurry trying!*!"

June 15th.

"I now go on again from Sunday last, and try and describe my labours. I really find the work almost too much for me! I often have to change my make-ups three times a day, and my life is one continual long series of mad rushes in motor-car trips to mountainous places, and much exposure to the great heat and flies and ants and all sorts of beastly insects. We are as a matter of fact all of us working at a tremendous pressure, in order to finish if they possibly can before they have to pay me more money, which is due when they get beyond this week! On Saturday the business manager actually had the nerve to come and ask me to work on Sunday as well as on weekdays, in order, as he admitted, to get me through before they have to pay me extra money. This request, coming as it did after the most fearful week of terrific work,

was unbearably impertinent! And as you may well imagine, I declined! The man then suggested I should give in a couple of days next week, as I did not intend to work on Sundays!! This of course I also declined, and said I must be paid for the extra days *pro rata*! So they had to give way—but it *was* cool, wasn't it!!!

“On Sunday I hired a boat and went fishing all day by my lonesome, and I caught about fifteen bass! I got most fearfully burnt though, and look as if I were an extremely heavy drinker! At the hotel they told me the wrong place to go to for the boat, and I went in consequence first of all to a place called Long Beach, and found there were no boats to be had at all, so I got on a steamer and went round the coast to San Pedro, and there I managed to secure a boat and fished from about eleven until seven at night, and really had a capital rest, which I badly needed!

“Yesterday, Monday, I was here all ready at 8.30 as usual, and we were at once put into cars (I was put into a rather better one, as I had complained about being bundled into a rotten old car with property men spitting all over the place as had been the case during the week previous!), and then we were taken about fifteen miles into a desert place on the mountain-side, a small cañon, and there I was done in all sorts of scenes as young Peer in a blazing sun, and then later I had to make up as old Peer, and go through all sorts of other scenes, and then make up as young Peer again and roll into a stream and come up from underneath the water and go laughing off into the woods. At last we left off and got back to the studio by about six. And I lay down absolutely

dead, and my valet, thoughtful as ever, got me some tea, and then at eight I actually had to work again till nearly ten, doing melodramatic scenes in a very cleverly constructed scene of a ship's cabin. I had to escape down a trap, and next did a scene where I rushed through a lot of negroes, supposed to be slaves, and again escaped!!! I then returned absolutely done up to the hotel, where I gave Mr. and Mrs. Standing supper. She is such a nice woman, and greatly pleased me by her enthusiasm over your Babbie in days past!

“Up at seven this morning, and here I am waiting for my trousers to be dried (you remember I was in a stream yesterday), and typing this letter to you. I feel so sorry that my writing powers are so poor that I cannot describe properly the wonderful scenery I am seeing so constantly, but all is passing in such quick succession, that it is quite bewildering. Sea, sky, mountains, plains, sunsets, orange groves and lemon groves, desert, walnut groves, peach orchards, mountain cañons, mountain passes, lovely little bungalows, masses of flowers everywhere, rose trees simply lining the public roads for mile after mile. Add to this simply perfect weather, and there you are! But I am getting deadly sick of being here, and the labour of it all is tremendous!!! AND I AM LONGING TO GET HOME!!!!”

Wednesday.

“Now to tell you about yesterday. At the studio at 8.15 as usual, I made up as the Arab Chief, and was put into a car and taken about twenty-four miles down to the sea coast, and when we got to a very deserty part of the

beach I found the Arab steed there, and I had to mount her and do various scenes, together with the Arab maid with whom, as you will remember, I carried on most disgracefully in the desert last week ! We were given lunch in a little inn in a weirdly desolate part of the beach, in a place they desecrate with the name of VENICE ! To my absolute disgust, some thief had run off with my pet overcoat while I was acting on the beach ! ”

Wednesday, June 16.

“Then we were taken to lunch at a wretched shanty of a place on the seashore, but the only place available, and we had a miserable meal ! And then in we bundled into the car again, and away we sped to that San Fernando pass again to do some more pictures at my hut in the mountains. It is a lonely place, and the man who has to sleep up there and look after the place has been visited at night by a mountain lion, on two separate nights !

“I then had to change into the old Peer again, and act scenes with the Christ at the cross roads and then home in the car more dead than alive. But the car broke down twice on the way, and they had not got a proper pump, and it was ten before I was able to have my dinner ! To-day as I found I was expected to work at night as well as day, I stipulated that I should only begin work at twelve. First of all, though, at twelve I was shown some of my work on the films, and they are really most interesting, and everybody was very flattering about them. Well, after that was over, I did one or two scenes in the studio, and then off

we went again to the San Fernando pass, and did some more scenes with the Devil and the Christ figure, and then I had to change again from the old Peer to the young one, and have some scenes with the girl Solveig, and then, thank God, the sun set and we came home. We went about fifty miles in the car to-day, and considerably more than a hundred yesterday ! ”

Thursday.

“ I am here waiting at 9.20 to know what I have got to make up as this morning. Yesterday was an awful day ! I did not get back until about one o'clock ! For after finishing the above, I had to begin hard work again at seven with artificial light.

“ Well, after the little rest I had, and after a most enjoyable chat with a Mr. Garbutt, the head of this firm, and a most pleasant and interesting fellow, I had, under the glare of the electric lights, and feeling wretched, to do a death scene with my mother in the play, and then a very strenuous scene in the clouds driving a pair of very realistically faked reindeer up to heaven in a dream. Of course this meant a great deal of rehearsing, and the lights gave out, and different things went wrong, but it was all made bearable by the constant good-humour and indefatigable energy of the producer, Mr. Apfeld, for whose marvellous powers of organisation I shall always cherish the liveliest feelings of admiration and respect ! After all this I had to remake-up as the oldest Peer, and I then went through the most strenuous scene of the lot in a way ! It was the shipwreck, and there we all were on a platform, extremely cleverly con-

structed to look like the deck of a big ship. Five or six men stood at the four corners and tilted it this way and that, while men overhead sprayed heavy rain on us from above, and others showered buckets of water all over us ; meanwhile bombs of lightning powder kept exploding, everybody shouted and cursed, and the devil or Death or something horrible came out of the cabin and glared at me, and then came an awful scene with any amount of terribly realistic waves coming over me—and *at last*, home to bed by one o'clock !

“I will go on with this to-night after my experiences to-day ; at present I only know I have to be nearly drowned, apparently in the sea !!!

“I have just got back from a scene at a sort of menagerie ! I had to dress up as the semi-old Peer and go and do a scene in which I was escaping from a lion up a tree. First of all the lion was let on to the stage, and then he wandered about in front of the camera while the cameraman in a cage photo'ed him ; such a splendid-looking lion too. And then he was let out, and I was let in, and I had to climb up a tree, and was in a tremendous funk ; and then I came out of the cage very dirty and hot after my climb up the tree, and came back to the studio while some of the people were left there to get more photos of the lion rushing to the foot of the tree raging mad to get me !! And here I am having a bit of lunch prior to going and having a fight with Indians near a cottage in the mountains, and then, I hear, later I have to go and do a scene in the sea, with a cook and the devil. My valet has just

brought in the lunch, so I must stop! I got in such a mess climbing that tree. It was nervous work, as they said the tree was not quite safe!!!!

“Since then I had my lunch, a hamburger steak from a little shop near here, and a bit of currant pie—and then I was taken off in the car to a very picturesque place in the mountains near here, where I did two or three scenes with the Indian maid and her tribe (some of them were half-breed Indians), and I had a terrific struggle with the Indian chief and *killed* him! I was rather nervous about snakes all the time, as it was a very snaky-looking place, and a nasty rattler, as they call them, was found in one location in which we had been the other day, and was killed. The place where we did our Indian act was most beautifully scented by sweet herbs growing near by, they were almost overpowering! Then off again in the car, dashing madly back to the studio, there to change into old Peer and into the car again, and wildly rushing down to the coast to do a scene in the sea among the rocks near San Pedro. It was pretty rough and rocky. A sham log was put into the water and I had to cling on to it, and soon came the fat cook, and tried to hold on to it too, whereupon I, in the brutal fashion prescribed by Ibsen, beat off his hands and held him up by the hair and told him to say the Lord’s Prayer. Then in the play, you know, he says, ‘Give us this day our daily bread,’ and I let him go, saying anyone could see he was a cook! I was pretty done after the water business, and my valet gave me some brandy, and then, as soon as I was dry, back into the car and away to the hotel

about twenty-five miles off. Oh, I forgot to say, after the cook had gone down, the devil came up out of the water, and I had a short scene of horror with him. He had a wonderful make-up, most HORRIBLE ! After dinner, nearly dead to bed ! I can't sleep properly after all this work ! ! ”

Friday.

“ Arrived at the studio about eight, and am told I have to get up as a trapper Peer in a leather suit, the same as I used yesterday. We are off to a lake in the mountains ! I will tell you all about it later.

“ We went off in the car thirty-five miles right out to quite a wild place called The Craggs Club, far up in the mountains. I was fearfully tired after the day before, finishing up as I did with a very strenuous time in the sea ! I was already dressed as young Peer in a heavy trapper's leather dress, and then I was told to get into an Indian canoe, and to paddle across the stream, and a man would shoot at me, and splinter my paddle in my hand with a rifle shot. I objected to doing this very strongly in Anglo-Saxon, but on the nice Mr. Apfeld explaining to me that the man shooting was a great expert I consented to it. Mr. A. then told me that a few shots would sprinkle round me in the water first ! Jolly, wasn't it ! The wild and woolly with a vengeance ! However, it came off all right, the paddle was duly splintered while I was paddling, and the shot spattered the water round me. Then I had to be done paddling across the water with my hands, *faute de mieux*, and then a great fat Indian swam out at the canoe, and tipped it

over, and had to swim at me with a knife in his teeth, and we had a bloodthirsty battle in the water, and had to sink right down out of sight, and then he had to come up again dead, while I swam rapidly ashore! But the first Indian was short of breath, and I hear was funky of my knife, having once before done this sort of scene and having been stabbed by his excited enemy. So I had to do it all over again with another Indian, who looked like Sir Henry Irving when young, and he came at me most ferociously, and we had an awful ducking together, and I spluttered to the side and was dragged out more dead than alive! Then I had to dress as the young Peer again, in the rags, you know, and do another scene in the water, swimming about while a figure of a deer was dragged across the water to look as if it was swimming. Very cleverly done! And then I had to get into my own things and be driven home to the studio by about 4.30 absolutely done up, and thankful for a brandy-and-soda which my faithful valet had procured for me, and very thankful to get back from the perils of land and water, and the snakes and poisoned ivy and nettles, etc., etc.

“When my clothes for young Peer were quite dry, and I had had a bit of indigestible lunch, I dressed up as young Peer in rags again, and I did an extraordinary scene in a goblins’ cave surrounded by innumerable supers dressed up as witches and horrors of every kind. They offered me snakes and toads to eat and blood to drink. But I had already had my lunch, and soon we were dismissed, and I returned home to the hotel at about

seven. Twelve hours' work! Not so bad for an old 'un!!!! "

Saturday, 19th.

"Up at seven and at the studio by eight as usual. What horrors are in store for me to-day, I wonder!! Oh, I forgot to mention yesterday that one scene I had to do in the mountains was the pursuit of a buck and jumping on its back and being tossed up in the air and falling on a rock! Most unpleasant in its results in bruises and aches and pains! —Now it is the afternoon, and for the last few hours I have been doing scenes with the witches and imps and horrors in a cave fashioned out of scenery, rolling on the ground, etc., and, worst of all, holding one position for more than ten minutes, while a girl to whom I am supposed to be married, and who is really a fairy, or witch rather, is changed into a cow!! This of course is supposed to take place instantly, but of course the girl had to take time to change into a cow, poor thing. It was simply awful standing absolutely still like that all that time. I wonder some of the girls and children did not faint standing absolutely still with the heavy masks on!! In this last scene too the King of the Trolls orders the gnomes to put a tail on to me. The king was such an uneducated man, he actually said, 'Put a tail on to *he*.' I wonder if these movie supers call themselves actors!!! God save the mark!

"I have also just had to have a horrid scene with a pig, on which I was sitting astride with my witch bride! The poor bride was in great fear of the pig, which was an enormously fat one, and made the most hideous row imagin-

able, grunting and groaning and squeaking, and kicking up no end of a fuss. I have no doubt whatever that it thought it was in the Pigs' Hell!!!! I was very nervous too about the pig biting or scratching at me with its back legs! However, here I am back again in my dressing-room quite safe and well!

"N.B.—I have found the work so terrific that I have told them that, having realised, as I just have, that my full week is due to me to-day for next week, I must be paid the cheque to-day as per agreement!

"Up in the woods again about five miles off. More scenes with the screaming pig and also with a poor nervous little kiddie who was frightened and cried terribly. At last back to the studio, and requested to come down for a final picture to-night. *They have finished* it (and me) in the fortnight. I have worked daily about twelve hours a day. They have saved themselves some hundreds of pounds at the expense of behaving like slave-drivers. I start for England to-morrow via San Francisco (as I have to buy my ticket). There is just a remote chance I may be detained by them to-morrow if anything has gone wrong with the films, but I don't think it is likely. You will know, though, long before then by cable."

But I won't go through all the details of my letters. Suffice it to say that I was in a continual state of adventure the whole time, and sometimes so very tired that my valet had literally to lift me on to my bed. I remember one great nuisance in the studio was that the

spittoon used very largely by the rather tough company and the scene men, etc., was just outside my dressing-room door, and it was extremely unpleasant having to listen to the horrible noises continually while I was dressing. So I used to steal out of my room when I was pretty sure there was no one about and move the nasty thing a few doors down. However, it appeared that my door was the exact place near which it was supposed to stand, because, sure enough, I always found it had been brought back to my doorway again.

CHAPTER XXIII

AMERICA AND AUSTRALIA

I REACHED home in June 1916.

It was while I was there that my second daughter, Pamela, was married by the Bishop of London at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to Major William La Touche Congreve, to whom was awarded the V.C. after his death. His was a most lovable personality. He was adored, it seemed to me, by every man or woman he met. A great loss to our nation when he died. I was anxious about *Grumpy* being unequal to the demands of a third season in America, and I persuaded Mr. Michael Morton, who had done such good work for me in years gone by with his adaptation of *Tantalising Tommy*, to write an adaptation of a story of Stephen Leacock's. The play was called "Jeff." I produced it "on the road" in America that autumn season of 1915. I took a very great deal of trouble over it, but it turned out absolutely hopeless. I played an old Canadian barber in it, and I expect I was very bad. It was a sort of village play. Nobody cared for it, and I went straight back to New York and produced a play called *The Basker*, which George Alexander had done a

year or two before at St. James's, London. That also, although it was beautifully played by an excellent company, and mounted exquisitely, was a failure, and so I decided to do a tour of the South with *Grumpy* again. I got together a first-rate little company, including a good friend of mine, Fred Gatenby Bell, who remained with me for many years. I won't print the list of theatres in that tour in full, but this is how it began :

December 11.	Lyric Theatre, Allentown, Pa.
„ 12-13.	Trent Theatre, Trenton, N.Y.
„ 14-16.	Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, N.Y.
„ 18.	Orphean Theatre, Easton, Pa.
„ 19.	Orphean Theatre, Harrisburg, Pa.

and so on, and on, right through December, January, February, and March. Over sixty one-night stands and twenty or more three-nighters. A *very* hard-working tour, indeed.

In most of the towns I addressed meetings about the War, and made a considerable amount of money (usually £200 every time I spoke) for the Ambrine Fund for soldiers scalded and burnt in the War, which Miss Elsie de Wolfe was interested in.

About the middle of that tour I was visited by the Australian manager, Mr. Hugh Ward, partner at that time with Sir George Tallis, and he persuaded me to decide on proceeding from the Pacific Coast, when I got there, to Australia and New Zealand. Everything was to be made easy for me. No risk, a fine salary

and percentage, and they would pay the company. Meanwhile I was finding the tour of one-night stands a terrible ordeal. The South interested me, though, greatly. The old Southern houses and the families surrounded by patched grandeur of olden days before the Civil War. One place I remember going to—I was fetched from my hotel in a lovely old-fashioned phaeton in which my hostess drove a beautiful pair of horses. But the leather of the old carriage was all patched and peeling, and the very whip itself looked dowdy. In the house, the old family pictures were nearly falling out of their frames, and the furniture appeared to be all coming to pieces. Lovely horses and ponies everywhere though, and a perfect lunch and delightful people!

In one place, Texarcana, Texas (a one-night stand) I was just leaving my miserable hotel for the wretched theatre to appear before what I knew was going to be a really poor house. It was drizzling with rain, and all was gloom in the dreary wet streets. A young man came up to me and said, "Oh, if you please, Mr. Maude, may I walk along with you and talk to you? I am a Britisher and I have been right out West here for seven years, and I am so longing to speak with an Englishman again, if you don't mind." He seemed a lonely youth, and so I said, "All right, come along," and he then commenced telling me all about the town of Texarcana. "It is a wild,

tough place; murders here are very frequent indeed! D'you see the corner of that street—well, two men shot each other dead there last week! And down that stairway rushed a lot of men firing guns one day last month, and at least fifteen fell dead! Why, they are so set on murder here that family feuds exist like they do in Corsica, and one of each family dies alternately, killed by one of the hostile lot. Yes, sir, murder is very frequent here.” “Ah,” said I at last, after much more of these tales of death, “and *you*, are you getting on well here?” “I am indeed,” said he, “I’m a coffin-maker!” This is a true bill, and he was a most innocent-looking youth, who I am sure was not pulling my leg.

I can hardly remember any of the places down South as I look back at the list. I remember disliking the look of Tennessee very much, but then I was there in January. Perhaps that song of the Darkies is all right and fair about it at other times of the year! A most depressing place in the winter, though!

I have vividly delightful memories of New Orleans—although I only just escaped with my life there, as someone in a restaurant shot at a lady he had taken a dislike to, and just missed me! Charleston, South Carolina, I shall always remember as one of the most picturesque places I have ever visited—*full* of story. San Antonio, most picturesque of

cities with its Spanish and Mexican touches. Fort Worth, Texas, where a cowboy was heard to say as he left the theatre half-way through the show (speaking of me), "I can't understand a God-darned word the ole guy says!" (It was my English accent, not my elocution or lack of it, which was the cause of the trouble!)

Tulsa, Oklahoma, the great oil city, I shall never forget. Everybody there appeared to be, or to have been, or to be about to be, millionaires. A stupendous spot! What particularly interested me was the fact that the richest person of all near there was a negress. The Indian Territory allotted by the U.S. Government, which looked so poor and useless, had turned out to be full of oil! She was, I believe, half Indian and half Negro. I wonder what became of her!

Then I have a wonderful memory of a local doctor coming round to see me at some little place in North Carolina, I think it was, and making friends and asking me to come along and bring one of the ladies of the company to sup with him at his office in the little town. When we got there he showed us his case of surgical instruments on one side of the room, and his case of fighting game-cock spurs on the other side. The latter case appeared the best cared for. The walls were hung with wonderful water-colour sketches of roosters and cock-fighting in various stages—done by his Negro

servant. He summoned the coloured artist and bade him cook some quail, and we enjoyed them greatly. His ideas of hospitality with regard to whisky were very grand indeed, and if I had accepted all he wished me to drink, I doubt if I should have ever finished that Southern tour. After supper he had some game-cocks brought in and showed us a cock fight—the only cock fight I ever saw! He drove us to the station just in time to catch the one o'clock a.m. The car did a zigzag course, and he kept driving round and round the town before we got to the station. He seemed to like us so very much—at least he liked the lady. I sat on the back seat!

Roanoke, Virginia, I remember too, mostly because some cousins of mine live near there, and partly because it was there I was given some of those wonderful little natural stone crosses they find in the mountains in Virginia. There is a legend attached to them—the Virginian mountains are full of fairy lore. It appears that nineteen hundred and odd years ago the wee fairies were all dancing in their fairy rings and revels in the Virginian mountains, when a little fairy flew over from Palestine and told them, Christ was crucified. All the little fairies burst into tears, and all their little tears became little stone crosses!

At last we reached California. My business manager, a charming fellow called Theodore Barter, did not wish to leave America, and by

sheer good luck I had been enabled to secure the services of my dear old friend, Alfred Turner, again. After I had got rid of my lease of the Playhouse, which I did in the previous visit to England, Mr. Turner had joined Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and when he went back to England, Turner came to me and accompanied me all through my Australian tour. I also had to secure a new leading lady, which through the help of my daughter Margery, who was then in New York acting, I managed to do. She happened to be an Australian anxious to get home to her Motherland.

We had a delightful voyage across the Pacific Ocean, stopping for a day at Honolulu, and for another day at Pago Pago in Samoa. There were two very interesting men on board. One was a missionary, an old Scottish minister of the Presbyterian Church, who was the man who buried Robert L. Stevenson many years ago in Samoa. He had retired from his work as a minister, but hearing that the young man who took his place after he left Samoa was anxious to go to the front, he had offered to return even at his great age, and take up his work on the island again! It was interesting, as we arrived at Pago Pago, to witness the wonderful welcome given him by various chiefs who had come down to greet their beloved pastor. And I shall never forget his tall, gaunt figure as he stood on the shore

waving his farewell to us, the last white people he was ever likely to talk with again. I read an account of his death about three years later. Truly "he did his bit."

A letter to my wife about the time I got to Pago Pago :

May 29th.

"DEAR OLD THING,

"I'm sitting up on the upper deck in a lovely cool breeze, just about 14 degrees south of the Equator. We are bowling merrily along, free from any care except the ever-present possibility of a raider popping up on the horizon, and making things unpleasant for us by either sinking us or taking most of us and putting us on a desert island !

"Yesterday we had the most marvellous experience ! We landed at Pago Pago, the little and very lovely harbour in Samoa. When we approached the island we began to realise that we were about to see marvels, but everything exceeded all our anticipations ! The island itself is covered with trees of every possible beautiful and tropical kind. At the base of the hills, all along the coast, there are lovely beaches of beautiful white coral sand fringed with perfectly exquisite cocoa-nut trees. The sea is blue, such a blue as I had never seen before, shading sometimes into exquisite and perfect greys and greens and yellows ! Soon we turn the corner into a heavenly bay all fringed with these exquisite tree-covered hills. All among the trees we see native huts, apparently just thatched roofs on piles ! They have palm-tree mats slung round them on the colder

nights and when it rains. We approach the pier, and as we do so we are simply thrilled at seeing half-naked savages paddling out to meet us in queer little canoes with a small beam attached at the side to steady them. Queer little parties too we see of the strangest and weirdest folk ! At last the boat gets alongside of the wharf, and on it we see a few white folk, but nearly all the people are Samoans. A most picturesque-looking lot of people they are too. All the men and women and children are half naked ! It was just a little bit startling at first—but we soon began to feel that it was the really correct and proper way to dress ! Turner and I and the two girls left the ship and wandered along a little road, and simply felt amazed at everything. Oh, the queerest people that came along, just unspoilt savages, of the friendliest and gentlest kind ! They all started selling us necklaces made of shells and queer clubs and hula hula dancing dresses ! The road was really a long primitive street of huts at some distance from each other. Inside usually squatted a queer buddha-like fellow and a few children with practically nothing on any of them. Oh, how I wish I had really the gift of writing, so that I could describe to you that really marvellous walk along there under the palm trees, and the coco-nut trees, and all among the bananas and breadfruit trees and a thousand wonderful flowering shrubs of which I did not know the names even ! Up on one side, you understand, there was the towering hill all the way along—glorious sunshine, an atmosphere like a hothouse, the gorgeous bay, and a long and apparently never-ending procession of the strangest and most picturesque-looking half-

naked people that it has ever been my lot to see. Of course, we all walked along in a kind of perspiring dream ! We four went into one of the huts, and were regaled with the milk of coco-nuts which a naked old grandfather went out and picked for us. We all sat on a mat in front of two Samoan girls who said in their very broken English that they were nurses at the hospital. How I wish you could have seen us sitting there ! We were not allowed to take our cameras ashore, as it is an American coaling station ! Can you imagine the scene ? Then we walked along, often trying to make ourselves understood by the natives with more or less success. The men all have their legs above the knees tattooed wonderfully. Many of the men and women have their heads partially dyed with henna, which has a very quaint effect, and sometimes rather a pretty one ! Oh, it was all unbelievable and strange to a degree, and I never, never shall forget it ! It was three o'clock before the steamer's whistle called us to our senses ! And I am still living in dreamland.

“ Your loving old
“ CYRIL.”

(“ Time he woke up, I think ”) is a note I find attached to the letter which she had put away !

The other very interesting man was a great naturalist from the Pacific coast of America, who was on his way from Honolulu, where he had been engaged in discovering the particular kind of bug which was causing disease in some

crop there, and had now been engaged by the Government of Queensland to go there and discover an enemy which was ruining, I think, a sugar crop. His moonlight talks on deck will always linger in my memory—particularly his description of thrilling fights with octopuses in the gulfs of the Pacific up towards Alaska! He was delighted, when he went ashore at Pago Pago, to catch almost immediately one of those extraordinary leaf-like insects—the only one I ever saw alive.

Bathing was the great joy on board that vessel. The captain had a splendid big canvas bath rigged up on deck, and we all assembled about tea-time and enjoyed life hugely! There was a gentleman on board, though, whose manners were not of the best, for his great amusement was to dive down at the toes of the ladies, and then pat their calves as he came up again. There was much agitation on the ladies' part about this, and it was suggested that I should "speak" to him about it. I don't think he at all appreciated the remarks I had to make as I pointed out to him that such things were *not done*! When we arrived at Sydney I was at once given a mayoral reception, and I was horrified to find that gentleman among my kind hosts. Perhaps, after all, it was just his playful way with the ladies!

In Sydney I remained only a day or two, as I was to open first of all in Melbourne, which I

did and played to enormous business for six weeks. While there I was shown really great kindness, and attention, by Madame Melba. I am one of the few people who have heard Melba sing in *her bath*, and I can assure the world that it is then above all times in her life that she has sung most perfectly. It was wonderful. Directly I heard her go to the bathroom I used to stand in the passage and listen in amazement to the lovely voice. She was very kind too about singing! In the evenings after tea she would sing lovely little French songs. A wonderful hostess, Madame Melba! She was doing splendid war work of a quite unusual kind just then, in teaching poor girls for nothing how to sing. A great lady, Madame Melba!

Another of the great ladies of Australia was at that time Mrs. T. H. Kelly, with whom I had the honour of playing Sir Peter Teazle to her charming Lady Teazle in Sydney, and another excellent Lady Teazle with whom I played Sir Peter was Lady Susan Birch, now so famous as a maker of marvellous flowers out of seashells.

In Melbourne I suffered constantly from a form of annoyance to which I had only been subjected twice before, and that was twenty or thirty years previously—anonymous letters. It seemed almost as if there was an epidemic of anonymous letters raging about that time. Is there anything much more cowardly than the anonymous letter-writer? Can't you picture

him, or possibly more often her—the anonymous letter-writer? When my eldest child was born I went down the next morning ever so happily to the Vaudeville Theatre, and was greeted with the most bestial anonymous letter a man could receive—but even that was almost beaten by one I heard of being sent to a lady whose little child died at birth, *congratulating* the lady, as then the child would never be able to live to be ashamed of the lady's mother's past life!!

When we reached Sydney a very bad coal strike broke out, and for nine weeks we played to bad business. Indeed we only just kept the theatre open. Imagine it in a place like Sydney, where theatre-going public nearly all arrive by tram or bus or train, and all those ways of reaching the theatre, or at any rate of returning home, were denied them. On making my farewell speech in Sydney I told them that there was one thing I really could congratulate myself on, and that was that I must have greatly improved the *boot* trade!

I played in Melbourne again. We put on *General John Regan* by Birmingham, after producing it in Sydney. People seemed to like it enormously—particularly the wonderful performance by a young actress in my company called Miss Betty Murray, who has now, I understand, married a multi-millionaire. She played an Irish slavey in the most perfect way, the pretty slattern to the life—a great

performance. She was also quite perfect as the maid in *Grumpy*.

When I first played that play in New York, there was a fine performance of it given by children, and the little maid was played by a dear little girl called Miss Sibylla Bowhan. She went through terribly hard times later on, but has since made at least one brilliant success both as dancer and singer. It was extremely interesting to watch her clever work and big success after admiring her acting as a little child so much.

Of course, we went to Adelaide, a delightful place, and naturally full of memories for me of many years ago. And to Brisbane too, where I bought one of those amazing little teddy bears which live up in the gum trees and eat eucalyptus leaves only—the dearest little pet it was—but it died of pneumonia when we got back to Melbourne.

I was particularly interested in visiting New Zealand, and was greatly impressed by the charm of all the people there. At Dunedin I had a remarkable day's fishing. We were out at the mouth of the harbour after red cod, and as we drew the fish up we had a fight for them both with albacore and albatross. Quite the most exciting day's sport I ever had in my life! Sometimes we would catch the albacore with their teeth buried in the cod, and we caught at least one greedy albatross.

Christchurch, so wonderfully like a small

English cathedral city, we loved, and I gave my annual Christmas party to the company there in the form of a picnic. It was great fun!

I had some excellent trout fishing both in the South Island as well as the North, and of ka-wai fishing too some very happy days. In fact, one great fisherman to whom I had brought a letter of introduction preferred to take me up a neighbouring river after the ka-wai, as he said I should get finer sport. It was a very swift-running stream, and I caught a lot, averaging about ten pounds each. I have caught them out at sea with bits of meat and with long spoon baits. One morning two of my company and I got sixty-four in an hour or two—sometimes two ten-pounders on at once! In Rotorua and round about Wairakee I had most excellent sport with the trout. One day I got sixteen fine fish, just under four pounds in weight each of them, in the course of an afternoon! Our Maori guide amused me very much, as on taking me to a certain famous trout pool he kept expatiating all the time on our way there on the enormous amount of potatoes to be found close by where I was to fish. “But are there plenty of trout there?” said I. “Oh, yes,” he always replied, “yes, yes, and oh, plenty, *plenty potato!*” He cooked our trout by binding the fish with reeds and holding it over the flames, and then regaled us with the *potato!*

My keen fishing companion was a young lady in my company who would stay in the water up to her waist all day and every day in pouring rain rather than miss the chance of a fish !

What a glorious country New Zealand is ! Rich farming land and wonderful sport. Salmon, trout, quail, deer. The licence for fishing costs only £1 per annum, and one pays £3 a year for the right to go deer stalking and secure the finest heads in the world.

Coming back from New Zealand to San Francisco, we put in for a few hours at Fiji. The amazing costumes of the East Indian settlers there, with their marvellous colours and the enormous number of bangles worn by the women, were very remarkable.

Again, on the way back we stayed for some little time at Honolulu, and then embarked afresh in a very rickety old steamer for San Francisco, which we reached in calm weather and without the mishap we could not help anticipating. All the tiny upper deck cabins opened sheer on to the deck, and if the weather had been rough I cannot see how any of us would have got down below to the dining saloon ! Most of the time on our way back from New Zealand the captain and crew were very nervous about raiders who were supposed to be about there in the Pacific.

I then took my company up and down the Pacific coast, playing a night or two at all sorts of sometimes very weird places, in lovely

scenery and amidst astonishing groves of fruit trees. At one place we found great excitement as a lady was being tried for murder in the court house of the little town—the dining-room was filled with lawyers, witnesses, etc., and incidentally the lady's husband was there too. She was of course acquitted next day for the murder of the gentleman who had attempted to make love to her, and I heard afterwards that her husband was given a far higher appointment in the company for which he worked—owing, I suppose, to the good advertisement his innocent wife had introduced into the firm.

I had a wonderful party given me once by the Bohemian Club, of San Francisco. They knew that I was very anxious to see “the Grove” which lies among the mountains, and consists of a group of huge redwood trees averaging 300 ft. in height and of a diameter often of 70 ft. And so about forty of the members took me out there one day to stay the night. A marvellously beautiful scene met my astonished eyes when I arrived. I have never in all my life seen anything more impressive or more awesome. After a very cheery dinner, they lit up the grove with coloured fires and gave an entertainment in the *al fresco* theatre.

I shall never forget the crossing of the western deserts of California and Colorado. How one would occasionally pass by a great covered waggon and encampment, so reminis-

cent of the old days. Prairie dogs too of course we saw in thousands, looking like a cross between a tiny kangaroo and a rat. And then the lovely mountain gorges and the snow-capped mountains! Memories too I have of the groves of oranges, olives, and lemons in California, and the lovely pepper trees, rubber trees, bananas, pomegranates too and geraniums. But the desert seemed to leave the most lasting impression! Only sage growing on it, and but scattered bushes of that, and—just sand, sand, sand, waves of it like a yellow sea! The abomination of desolation, but gorgeous under the rays of the sun when either rising or setting. One morning I awoke before sunrise and saw—the foreground just arid desert, in the distance an endless chain of mountains, and just above them a tiny streak of gold, just merging at last into a tender streak of blood-red, and then the heavens all round as if they were on fire. A gorgeous awakening!

And now finished my touring with *Grumpy* and my return to New York.

I opened with the play by Haddon Chambers called *The Saving Grace*, which had been played previously in London by Charles Hawtrey, and was a great artistic success in New York, but did not draw big money there. We had an excellent cast too—but it came a bit too late. It was a War story and the War was fast nearing its finish. In Philadelphia and other cities

we did far bigger business with it though. It was under the Frohman management, now captained by Mr. Al Hayman, that I appeared. A wonderful performance was given in it by the lady who appeared as my wife—Miss Laura Hope Crewe. I must confess I revelled in my own part myself, and enjoyed my success in it. The girl, my daughter in the piece, was first excellently played by Miss Kathleen Nesbitt, and then by Miss Betty Murray, who gave a very lovely and natural performance indeed. The latter young lady was engaged originally for the part and indeed played it for a week on tour, but she was suffering from the most terrible bad cold in her head, and had a swollen face, and the manager, as well as the author, got frightened about her and, not having seen her act previously, imagined that she was always like she was at that time, unfortunately for her, and took her out of the part, to her very great grief, poor child. However, she was reinstated when we went on tour and made one of the biggest successes in the play. This comedy was the last production of Haddon Chambers before his death. He was a very lovable fellow—extraordinarily youthful-looking for his age and a most amusing companion.

It was during my work in New York at the time of *The Saving Grace* that I did a picture which entailed stage expression, which I call LUNCHEON WITH THE YELLOW FACES.

“It is quite time we had some food,” said

the director, the all-powerful, the ruler of my movie destinies those yellow weeks. We had been working hard and with appropriate gravity in a graveyard (no subtle joke intended, please) all the morning. As we bowled down Broadway I had succeeded in avoiding the public gaze most successfully by sitting with one hand covering the side of my face, and with the other hand holding down low the brim of my hat. Occasionally, though, I would see some poor lady give a jump as she caught sight of a weird old yellow face peering sideways out of the window, but we sped along so swiftly that I imagine she merely thought her liver was a bit wrong. As we crossed the ferry, I couldn't help wondering what sort of a strange old thing people would imagine they had got on board if I attempted to get out of the car, so I cowered inside it. At last we got to our destination, a cemetery near some ammunition and explosive factories, and filled with the graves of dead Germans.

Was I hypersensitive that morning or was it, after all, any wonder that I, an Englishman, half Irish, should feel something uncanny in the place I had to work at that moment and its strange juxtaposition to the explosive factories? Occasionally we would hear the deep booming of guns, and I was informed that it was the noise of the trials of the explosives, destined, many of them, to aid in defending my beloved country, my wife and my children. And here

was I doing my best in a strange sort of way to make enough money to pay the fearful taxes which loom before us in the mist of anxious war clouds. Here was I, doing my morning's work in a cemetery literally crowded with dead Germans, Germans who had probably died full of patriotic enthusiasm for their Fatherland, and not Germans filled with the amazing doubt, like so many nowadays, as to the wisdom or the righteousness of the war lords, who have their former country under their thumb.

Oh, the irony of it all ! I, the picture puppet, have to walk down the avenue of Brichsteins, Hechsteins ; and then, hand in hand with my little granddaughter of this movie morning, kneel down and weep and pray over the tomb of a Schnickenbutzenhausen ! Over and over again we come sorrowfully down that melancholy path and kneel down. The mother of the child has moist eyes. I wonder why. The baby girl tells me, in an interlude while we are waiting for the producer to think out some even more touching way in which I can show my movie feelings in mute appeal to Heaven, that " we have got two graves in our family somewhere here, where Gran'pa and Gran'ma is buried, and our baby, too." And as I approach the mother after my work is over, for the first time I feel touched and sorrowful for her. She tells me quite simply that her husband was a German, but the hyphen seems

to have quite slipped away since *Lusitania* day. "He is against 'em now, but he thinks that the war could be easily stopped by the States refusing to supply ammunition to the Allies." Big booms in the distance punctuate her remarks, and I set her wondering by telling her that I have this morning been informed by someone who knows that only a tenth part of the ammunition used at the front came from this country !

But even graveyard work does not stop hunger, and away we all speed to the lunchroom of a group of the great picture-producing studios of the world. We feel we are approaching something strange as a cowboy or two gallops past. Is it my fancy that the cowboy suddenly gets just a trifle more debonair and perhaps a little more wild and woolly as he sees he is being observed by the occupants of a smart car ? And is it my fancy again that he seems to lose his Western look when he sees merely yellow faces looking out at him !

We drive to the door of the lunchroom, and as I enter I must confess to a feeling of shyness at my strange appearance. But I find myself surrounded by such a remarkable crowd of weird-looking people that I soon feel completely at home. Every possible kind of character is having lunch there, and the yellow paint makes us all look none too desirable as acquaintances, I can tell you. Every imaginable kind of costume is there too, and one

soon learns to feel no possible kind of surprise in turning from the table where is seated an old Irishman of the most broken-down type eating his lunch very calmly with Marie Antoinette, and again contemplating the frail Camille discussing the latest success in the picture line with the magnificent-looking Mexican and a parlour maid and a Dutch peasant. Of course, you have seen all that kind of thing at the fancy-dress balls, you will say, but, believe me, it all assumes a different proportion in the sunlight among the Yellow Faces.

And we take ourselves very, very seriously, we Yellow Faces ! And, please, why shouldn't we ? I am only an amateur at the game and feel always that I am regarded as some amateur would be on adventuring into stage life. It isn't how long have you been on the stage or how many theatres have you owned, or how many hundred plays have you yourself produced that is the question now. It is how many pictures have you appeared in ? Do you register well ? I keep wondering how they like the look of their faces on the screen, most of them, or whether they loathe them as much as I do mine when I see it in my mirror, and keep wishing that Fate had made my chin a little less long or my nose a little bit longer.

Everybody seems to know everybody more or less, and everybody looks kindly at me and seems to welcome me with his eyes. The

most of them seem to have quite wonderful eyes too, both men and women. Useful features in the movies, perhaps the most useful of all! Here comes a man in a strange garb whom I seem to remember. Yes, he is one of our biggest actors now devoting his time entirely to this work, and with visions, likely to be shortly realised, of retiring with a good fortune to that lovely little place on the coast.

"Not had an accident yet," says he, piously tapping the chair I sat on. "But how I love the risks I take! It is one long thrill this life of mine now! I must confess, though, I am rather dreading the having to jump off a fire-escape on to a motor car rushing by at a great speed this afternoon. *Quelle vie, mon dieu, quelle vie!*" It was Douglas Fairbanks!

I am greeted by a charming young actor from the Comédie Française who is over here after doing fine work in the French trenches, and is now engaged in a more peaceful task until his leave of absence comes to an end. He tells me how very nervous he always feels as he acts before the camera, knowing that it is to be recorded now for all time, this acting of his, and that he cannot determine to play it better "to-morrow night at the Comédie!"

Here is a French producer from top to toe, evidently an artist of the finest calibre. One longs to work with him. It must be like sitting to some great painter!

Everywhere there is enthusiasm among the

Yellow Faces, enthusiasm and great interest in their approaching fates. What may they not have to do after lunch and is this their last one? Jealousy there is too among the Yellow Faces, not so much of each other (though I did catch sight of an old gentleman with such an interesting face looking sourly at me as much as to say in a very kindly sort of way, "What the —— is this old bloke doing here!"), but jealousy of one firm for another and loyal jealousy of Yellow Faces working for one firm about the other firm possibly having a greater success than their firm!

Many and many an interesting story is told too about the melodramatic adventures the lunchers have endured unflinchingly, and ever and anon there come through the windows the shrieks of a crowd in a neighbouring Spanish market-place where what they are apt to call "a big scene" is being enacted!

"We've had a wonderful time this morning," says a horrible-looking ruffian who passes our table; "we wanted two old women to appear in a fright in a crowd, and we got two fearful-looking old harridans out of the street close by. And act—didn't they act? Sarah Bernhardt wouldn't have been in it! They were simply terrified!!!"

He introduces us to another man (they are, I believe, both dear good fellows at home, and go to church very regularly, but now, even armed *cap-à-pie*, I would not go home with

either in the dark), and this new-found disreputable-looking Y. F. bursts at once into long descriptions of perfectly blood-curdling scenarios he had conceived, and placed advantageously for himself, but to the possible detriment or possible destruction of many a movie actor and actress and the certain terror of many a child for all time. Hear one about the crocodiles that begin to nibble at the opposite ends of a hero at the same time when he is bound with cords to the villain he has succeeded at last in causing to go off into a dead faint by forcing his thumbs into the other's eyes after learning that he (the villain) had seduced in the early 'eighties his (the hero's) sainted mother—fade away—and then * * *

But no, I can't bear it after lunch. So I will merely end like the French novelist does when things get a bit, well, *pas pour les jeunes filles*, with an *—and a few more * * * *.

Everyone knows how New York celebrated the Armistice Day too previously, owing to a mistake in the news. It was indeed a wild day in New York, that first one. Everybody seemed to have gone absolutely stark staring mad! In the business part of the city they celebrated it in the morning by throwing out of every office window tons of torn-up waste paper. I left a few days afterwards for England again, and we celebrated the real Armistice Day on board ship.

While on my way home I settled by wireless an engagement to play in *Lord Richard in the Pantry*, a very amusing farce by the brother of the architect of the Playhouse, Mr. Sidney Blow, and Mr. Douglas Hoare. Mr. Tom Dagnall was the manager. Directly I returned to London I made him cable to New York and secure Miss Connie Ediss for the part of the cook in it. People were kind enough to praise me in that play—but *she* was really the *making* of it. It was quite a lively farce and funny in its way. We did enormous business, and it ran for six hundred performances, that is, right into 1921. The very lovely Miss Billbrook was my leading lady, and a quite wonderfully good performance of a kitchen-maid was given by Miss Bowman. Poor Tom Dagnall was a great sufferer from very bad health. He was a very brave man and a very plucky one, and was marvellously helped in his managerial trials by his wife. I always called her Bunty because——

A good many years ago when I was playing in Edinburgh, a very sweet young lady with a strong Scottish accent, but a very pretty one, asked to see me, and told me she was very anxious to go on the stage. I was quite frank with her, and told her that the Edinburgh accent would be terribly against her, and that first of all she should devote herself to getting rid of it.

I never saw her again for years. When

Bunty was such a success, and I was looking everywhere for a pretty young Scotch lady to play the part on tour, a very smart young person with a perfect English accent came to see me. She looked ideal for *Bunty*, but, said I, "Can you speak Scotch?" "Why, don't you remember me, Mr. Maude? I'm the Edinburgh girl you advised years ago to go and get rid of her Scotch accent—well, here I am, but I haven't forgotten I'm a Scotch girl—listen!" Needless to say she was engaged at once!

That was Mrs. Dagnall—my manageress!

After *Lord Richard* came a revival of *Grumpy*, with but poor success—because a railway strike came on and lasted long enough absolutely to kill our business.

At that time we had a house down near Bexhill-on-Sea, in Sussex, and the only way I could get down there on a week-end was by going on a charabanc. I remember being greatly amused by a conversation I overheard between two shop girls sitting behind me. They were discussing the behaviour of one of their two young men, one of whom was always keeping the charabanc waiting an extra long time outside the hotels which we stopped at on our way. "Oh, yes," I heard one of them say, "yes—there he is again, that Fred of yours, always keeping us waiting while he finishes his drink—it's reely too bad!" "Yes, dear, I know," said the other. "But he can't 'elp it—you see 'e's such a daredevil!"

There sat next to me on that charabanc an old lady, who, though she told me "'er husband were a caretaker in a ware'ouse," still talked to me most discreetly and in a most ladylike fashion. She discussed her child's health—the child, a poor pale little mite, was sitting by her side—and told me she was "taking 'er for a week at 'Astings, to cure her of the Unæmia." She said pleasant things about the parson we passed going to church, and about the Sunday-school children, and the church bells "a-ringin'," and the lambs "a-bleatin'," etc.—but all in such a refined and gentle way, alluding occasionally too in a gentle, loving sort of way to "Father," sitting on the outside, nearest to the pavement, of the row just behind us. At the top of the hill going down into Hastings, the charabanc stopped to put people down who were sitting in "Father's" row just behind me, and "Father" courteously got right off the conveyance to make room for the other passengers to get off. "Mother" meanwhile prattled on in her old ladylike way of country delights and her child's dresses. Then on went the charabanc. Suddenly "Mother" looked round to say something to "Father," and, lo and behold, Father was not there! He had failed to get up in time before the vehicle started, and was running along behind us trying to catch us. "'Ullo, my Gawd, where's *Father*?" cried Mother. "Where's the b——y

fool gone ? ” (Oh, what a shock that word “ b——y ” was to me coming from Mother’s chaste and ladylike lips !) “ Where’s the b——y fool gone ? ” And then standing up, after yelling to the driver to stop, she screamed out, to the intense delight of all the other forty-odd passengers sitting behind in rows, “ Come ’ere, you b——y fool—you b——y fool, come ’ere.” Then, as Father mounted the carriage again, she subsided with a groan, and became ladylike again. While as for Father—I heard him mutter to himself breathlessly, “ She always calls me a b——y fool—and—and—I suppose I’ll be one some day ! ”

I think it was shortly after that run of *Lord Richard* that I became greatly taken by a play, as did George Grossmith. As I rehearsed in it I became absolutely convinced it would be a failure and entreated him not to produce me in it. He thought I was wrong, however, and insisted on doing it, but I was right after all. It was a terrible failure, and yet it was by a brilliant man. I shan’t mention either the name of the play or the author. I want to forget them—because of the great unhappiness the whole thing caused me. Every critic on the London Press seemed to rise up and damn me with vituperation. Never surely did any man get worse notices than I did. They took no count of what I had done before—they simply went for me. And yet I had worked terribly hard on that bad part and had done

my level best to play it well—besides, of course, doing my level best never to play it at all! Well—well!!

I had now reached the year 1921, and after that dreadful failure I took *French as She is Spoke* out in the provincial halls until the spring of 1922, when I reappeared at the Criterion in *The Dippers*, by that excellent writer of that form of the drama, Ben Travers — another Old Carthusian, by the way! In this play I was glad indeed to be associated with a very charming young actress, Miss Binnie Hale, who since then has developed into a star of considerable magnitude. It was a great pleasure to work with her. Unfortunately for me, I had it in my agreement with Mr. Dagnall that if he wished he could send me out to America in the play. I was very anxious to get out of this, as I did not wish to appear in the States in that class of work. So I arranged to give him lunch at the Berkeley and kept tempting him with offers of money to let me off the bargain. I began with £250, but at last I had to promise him £1,000 before he would let me off!

I had unfortunately conceived the idea that *If Winter Comes* would make a most successful play, and I secured the rights and then persuaded Basil Macdonald Hastings to do the work of adaptation. He did it splendidly! Owen Nares purchased the English rights and started its career on the stage with a very

successful tour, but when he brought it to London it turned out a failure. However, before the London production I had made an arrangement to go out and play in it in New York, under the management of Mr. Charles Dillingham. I took out with me those three clever ladies, Miss Billbrook, Miss Peggy Rush, then Lady Dunsford, and Miss Mabel Terry Lewis. Hastings "produced" the play, which had a marvellous reception, but it shared the same fate in New York as it did in London. I had very few opportunities of making the audience laugh, and they resented that, as always before I had done so in various plays. And so it was a failure, and the question was, What was to be done?

One day before *If Winter Comes* was withdrawn, I received a note from Mr. Dillingham asking me to read as quickly as possible a comedy by Mr. Fred Lonsdale, called *Aren't We All*. I sat up late that night reading it, and came to the conclusion that it was one of the most brilliant little comedies I had ever read; but here we were well into May and the hot weather coming on, and this was essentially a society play. However Dillingham was good enough to believe in my powers as a "draw" and, despite the fact that the play had been only a moderate success in London, he determined to put it on in a fortnight. Seldom have I worked harder than I did on that play's rehearsals. We had an excellent little cast,

and a capital and most kindly producer in Mr. Hugh Ford, and we secured an enormous success. The theatre never had an empty seat in it, and right through all the hot weather too. It was wonderful! So hot was it also that our sufferings in the theatre were intense. On *matinée* days I used to go back to my hotel (the St. Regis), where I had a bedroom on the sixteenth floor, and after a prolonged cold shower bath lie prostrate on my bed with nothing on but a wet towel soaked in alcohol and water around my waist. I had been told that was the best way to get the body cool—and I found it absolutely true. After I had played in the piece for about four months I received a letter from my son telling me that my poor wife had suddenly to be operated on, and then followed a second letter saying that though the doctor felt sure she would appear to get better after, he was certain she could not live for more than a year and a half, possibly not for more than a year. They begged me not to return home directly though, as it would only frighten her, and do far more harm than good. I had of course to tell my friend, Mr. Bruce Edwards, the second in command in the Dillingham management, and he promised that if I was sent for suddenly I should go at once. It was difficult to play that lively comedy all those months with the knowledge of what was going on at home.

The Christmas of 1923 had just passed when

I received a cable summoning me to return at once. I made every arrangement to catch the first steamer sailing for Europe and, reaching Boulogne in a Dutch ship, I caught a train to St. Moritz, where my poor sufferer lay. There we watched over her for several months, and then took her back in an ambulance coach to Coire, and carrying her over to another ambulance car attached to a train bound straight for Paris. There the poor little soul seemed to get a little better, well enough at any rate to be again removed to the little home she loved so well on the south coast at Little Common, near Bexhill-on-Sea. There for weeks and weeks she lingered on, my daughter Pamela, my son, and I watching over her, but at last she passed away in peace after much suffering (1924). On the cross over her grave are inscribed these words :

“ Dying to leave a memory like the breath of summers, full of sunshine and of showers, a grief and a gladness in the atmosphere.”

She was a great sufferer and very brave indeed. A great actress.

And W. B. Maxwell wrote of her in *The Times* :

“ Although it must be more than thirty years ago, I remember as if it were yesterday going with my mother to a play by Bronson Howard at the old Court Theatre. Our friend

the acting manager, taking my mother to her box, told her that she was about to see a wonderful new young actress—by name Miss Winifred Emery—of whom the management thought all the world. Then, turning to me, he said, ‘As to *you*, of course you’ll fall in love with her.’

“I did so. And I can truly say that I remained in love with this charming actress ever afterwards. It happened to thousands of other young men at the same time. For Winifred Emery possessed from the beginning a power that I have recognised only in a few illustrious French actresses; merging herself completely in the characters she impersonated, she was able to evoke a passionate and yet almost impersonal admiration. Thus, speaking for the other thousands as well as for myself, we had no selfish or vainglorious wish to meet her at a dinner party or touch her hand at a ball; we wanted, rather, to chop wood and draw water for her, to go out into the world and fight for her and, if necessary, to die for her.

“The tale of her youthful success needs no re-narration. With her charm and prettiness always increasing, her art always deepening, she showed herself in the work of her maturity not only dazzlingly attractive, but a great actress.

“Now that she is gone, now that there has arisen a generation that knew her not, it seems an act of justice as well as loyalty at once to put the claim on record that she belonged to and must be classed among the great actresses of her time. If only by the big rôles that she sustained she earned the big title. A hundred years hence it will certainly be given her by

anyone writing a history of the stage in her period, for he will find her associated with the highest aims and largest endeavours. He will not be able to write of Irving, Shakespeare, and the Lyceum productions, of Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, of Sir Herbert Tree's amazing efforts and unchecked expenditure on behalf of the drama, without speaking, too, of Winifred Emery. Reading contemporary criticism, he will be no more able to omit her name than the names of Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, Marie Wilton, Ellen Terry, Madge Kendal, or Mrs. Pat Campbell.

"I used the word 'loyalty,' and she herself was essentially and unchangingly loyal—loyal to her family and friends, loyal to the management, the company, the author. Probably only the authors themselves could say how much they owed to her for the bright intelligence, the wide knowledge, and the love of literature that enabled her to interpret so accurately and present so surely. I know myself that her notion of studying a part was to study the whole play, and to attain a clear understanding of the author's meaning and intention in regard to his entire work before she attempted to further these aims in regard to an integral portion of it; and it always seemed to me that beyond bringing one character to life, she had a faculty of striking a note that stimulated life in every other character. Passing over her realisation of Goethe's Marguerite (a symbolic figure of radiant purity and innocent loveliness that was as fine as the legend itself), I would cite as instances of this particular power her Beatrice

in *Much Ado*, Babbie in *The Little Minister*, the surprising young lady in *The Manœuvres of Jane*, and her Olivia.

“But perhaps the strongest example of it occurred in *Lady Windermere’s Fan*. This was a play of amusing and unanticipated words, with a commonplace melodramatic plot rather older than the hills. Lady Windermere is the pivot of the scheme. She is the only sincere person, talking seriously of serious things among a crowd of *poseurs* uttering their prepared witticisms. If you did not believe her, if you could not believe that there was real human feeling behind all the unreality and chatter, no ordinary audience would have supported it. Winifred Emery made you believe—by striking that infallible note of hers in the opening words of the play.

“I spoke of this to poor Oscar Wilde and he paid a cordial and grateful tribute to the actress. Of course, it would not have been Wilde if he had not added something gravely idiotic. I remember he said that half the battle was won by the charming way in which Miss Emery did her hair, and its delightful neatness; because, as he explained, with a woman of Lady Windermere’s character and social position there is never the smallest curl astray.

“Above all she was a *moving* actress. She moved one with exquisite pleasure and vague, yearning regret, she moved one to pity and to hope. In a moment she could make one sorry for her or glad for her. She could make one laugh or cry exactly as she pleased. She could do it with a gesture, an attitude, or a single word. She had a little break in her

voice that brought tears, perhaps unexpectedly, from some very hard and long-dry eyes.

“The inscrutable gods were lavishly kind to Winifred Emery, up to a point. Then they seemed to avert their faces and to forget her. They gave her great talent and beauty, immediate and sustained success ; * * * *

* * * * they gave her charming, highly gifted children who adored her. She herself was the best of wives, the best of mothers. The happiness of her domestic life was unbroken and without flaw. She lived surrounded by pleasant things in the house that she loved and had helped to make beautiful. She had means ample enough to indulge her immense generosity towards those who were less fortunate.

“But the bad time came. Her health broke down ; illness jeopardised her career and presently destroyed it. And then I think that, except on the surface, she was very unhappy. She rebelled against the cruelty, the injustice of fate. For, before all else, she was a child of the theatre. The theatre was in her blood ; it was her tradition and her faith. Not to act, not to continue acting, was in her case a synonym for not existing. Her last long illness brought her suffering, and yet strangely brought her peace too. She never knew how ill she really was ; but she felt the old fires dying down, the art desires growing weak ; until finally the art side of her nature was vanquished, the human side prevailed.

“Except in her art she was simple, not complex. Indeed, she hated entanglements, subtleties, and intricacies. To her, things were always black or white, right or wrong,

good or bad; and in spite of her temperamental gentleness she could astound one with the downrightness of her judgments and her total disregard of extenuating circumstances. Yet, as her children know best of all, her sympathy and fidelity were wonderful if you came to her in your troubles. Although such a gentle, graceful creature, she became then as granite in the solidity of the support she offered you. The grip of her slender hand brought strength, the look in her steadfast eyes gave courage. When sickness took her from the footlights it was a loss to the English stage. Now that death has taken her from the sunshine and the moving air it is an irreparable loss to those (and they are many) who loved her."

(In the above, where the asterisks come, I have left out what Maxwell said about myself, because I do not feel worthy of it.)

My son and I felt we could no longer live at The Corner, Little Common, and we started off on a motor tour to try and find a new home. When we reached Torquay my Uncle Herbert Hanbury Tracy suggested we should go on to Dartmouth, and have a look round. I went to two agents, but neither of them gave me the least hope of finding what I wanted—an ideal little country house by the sea. Suddenly, however, the second agent I went to tossed across to me the tiny snapshot of a little house, saying, "I don't suppose you would care for this—but I believe it is soon coming into the



market." My delight was great, for I now saw the picture of the very house I had only imagined, and did not know existed. "Where is it?" I said, "in Ireland?" For it looked like a little Irish house. "No, sir, just around the corner; an admiral has lived there for fourteen years, but now wants to go and live on more level ground." I rushed off to my solicitor, and at last, after weeks of negotiation, I secured the little house. I first heard of my good fortune by wireless on my way back to America, where I was due to continue the run of *Aren't We All*, which had been so calamitously broken the Christmas before.

My cousin, of whom I have spoken, undertook to arrange for all the decoration of the house, and most kind it was of her. She loved the place, turning it into the beautiful little house it is—panelling one part, hand-painting the walls of another, forcing a doorway through the back of the house into an old barn and turning that old place into a most perfect room 48 ft. by 18 ft. Goodness knows what she didn't do out of the kindness of her heart, and I returned after months of work to my perfect little Paradise, which I always love to show people, and love it afresh each time as I show it.

Then that next season from October 1924 to 1925 I was touring in America with *Aren't We All* with a charming company and under the wing of my good friend, John Donnelly,

about whom I have only one complaint to make, and that is that he does not live in England, and with my dear old secretary, Frank Ranney, best of pals and kindest of comrades. How wonderful real true good friends are, and how one misses them! That is the worst of it all, caring for people both in America and here too.

I remember an amusing experience of my good manager, John Donnelly, at a club at which we stayed in Philadelphia. A waitress mistook him for a deaf man who frequently used the place for breakfast. She shouted everything at him, to his great surprise, and kept advising him what to eat, simply yelling at him.

During all that tour my house was being reconstructed and decorated by Dame Eva, and I had wonderful letters and plans from her. It was thrilling reading what she was doing to the place. She loved it as much as I did and do.

In April I returned home to revel in my first spring in Devonshire, in my own home. My son met me at Plymouth, and we motored home, along the most glorious seaside drive in England—the whole countryside ablaze with spring flowers. How wonderful it all seemed, and *seems*, for that matter!

But before I had left America, Charles Dillingham had made me promise to return in the next autumn and play until the spring of 1926 in a new play by Michael Arlen.

And then Home—after forty-two years.

I was very lucky in my household, and had but very little trouble in that way. My daughter, Pamela Fraser, on the contrary, was constantly worried by her domestic vagaries, and wrote the following little poem, which she forwarded to me recently, and which I now offer as a recitation for householders having trouble with their servants :

COOKS

Before to Paradise I go,
There is one thing I'd like to know.
Among the many mansions stated,
Do cooks have to be situated ?
Because if this will be the case,
I'd rather choose the other place.

And yet—one never quite can tell,
I might be far worse off in ——,
By having to say " How d'you do ? "
To Cooks I'd given notice to ;
And would they triumph at the change,
Having no need to rake the range ?

I'd find dear Kate who used to glower
And serve lunch late by half an hour,
And Susan who gave pounds of meat
To all the stray dogs in the street,
And Jane who thought it would demean
Herself, to keep the kitchen clean.

I think I *will* risk Paradise,
And find a Cook who's really nice.
The Judgment Book would help a lot,
In giving likely ones to spot,
And Mrs. Hunt a saint would be
There to assist eternally.

(Mrs. Hunt, by the way, as all the London world knows, has a great Servants' Agency.)

At last came the autumn of '25, and I had to go out and act again with a clever cast of people, including the brilliant Alma Tell, Edna Best, Herbert Marshall, and Alfred Drayton. We were produced by Winchell Smith, a good friend of mine, and for a good time the play succeeded wonderfully. About Christmas-time, though, the business slacked off a bit, and we went on tour, doing in most places phenomenal business.

Then home to Redlap in the lovely spring of 1926, a wonderful autumn there enjoying lots of good shooting, then a winter in Mentone and now—

* * * * *

Now, much as I have loved the theatre, I hope never to have to play again, but to live my life down in Devon mostly, with perhaps short visits to London and its wonderful theatres, with trips abroad and possibly to America, and to live at peace, remembering with gratitude all the good people I have worked with for so many years and among whose fine characters I have found so many great examples of unselfishness.



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